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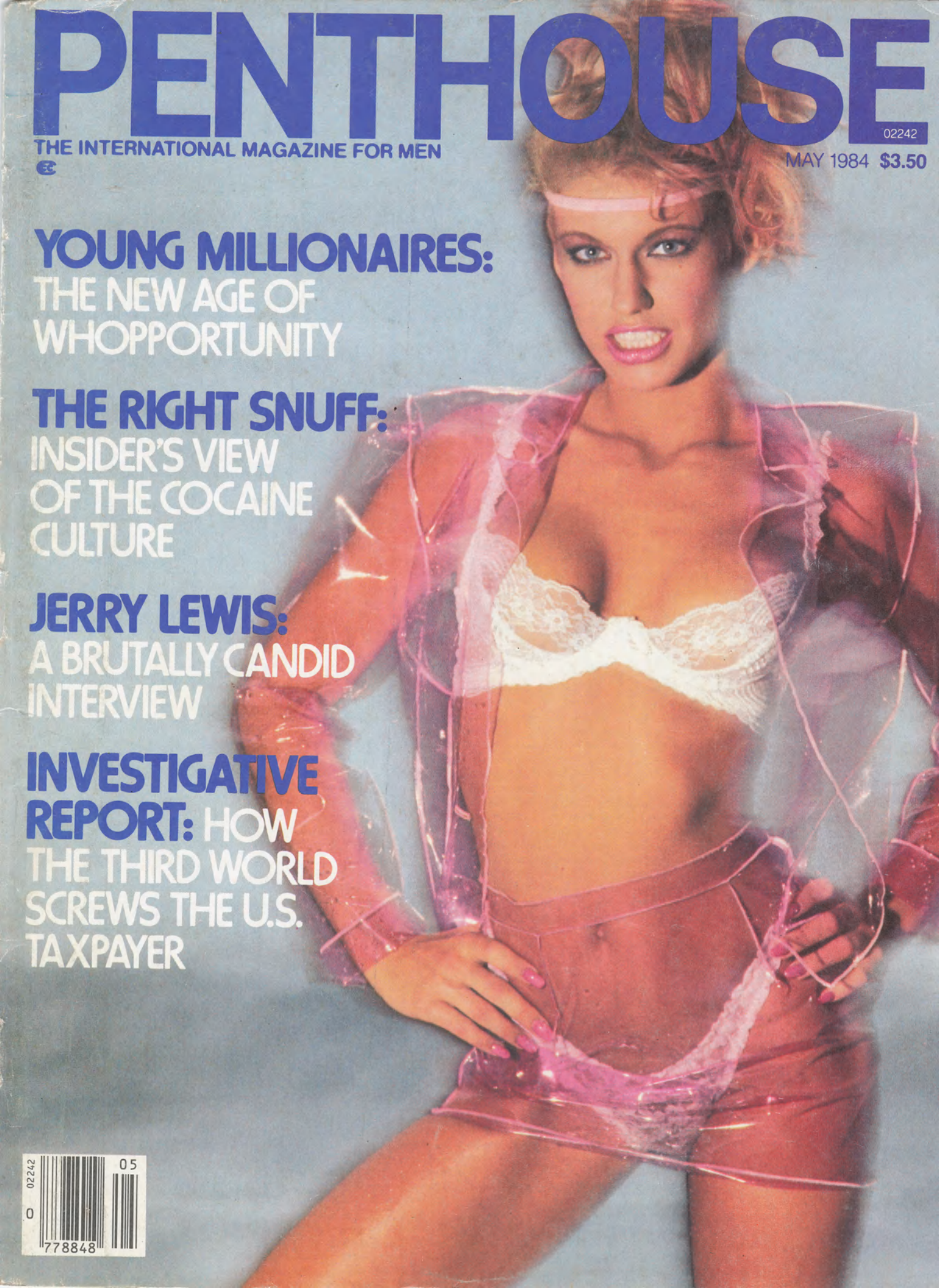

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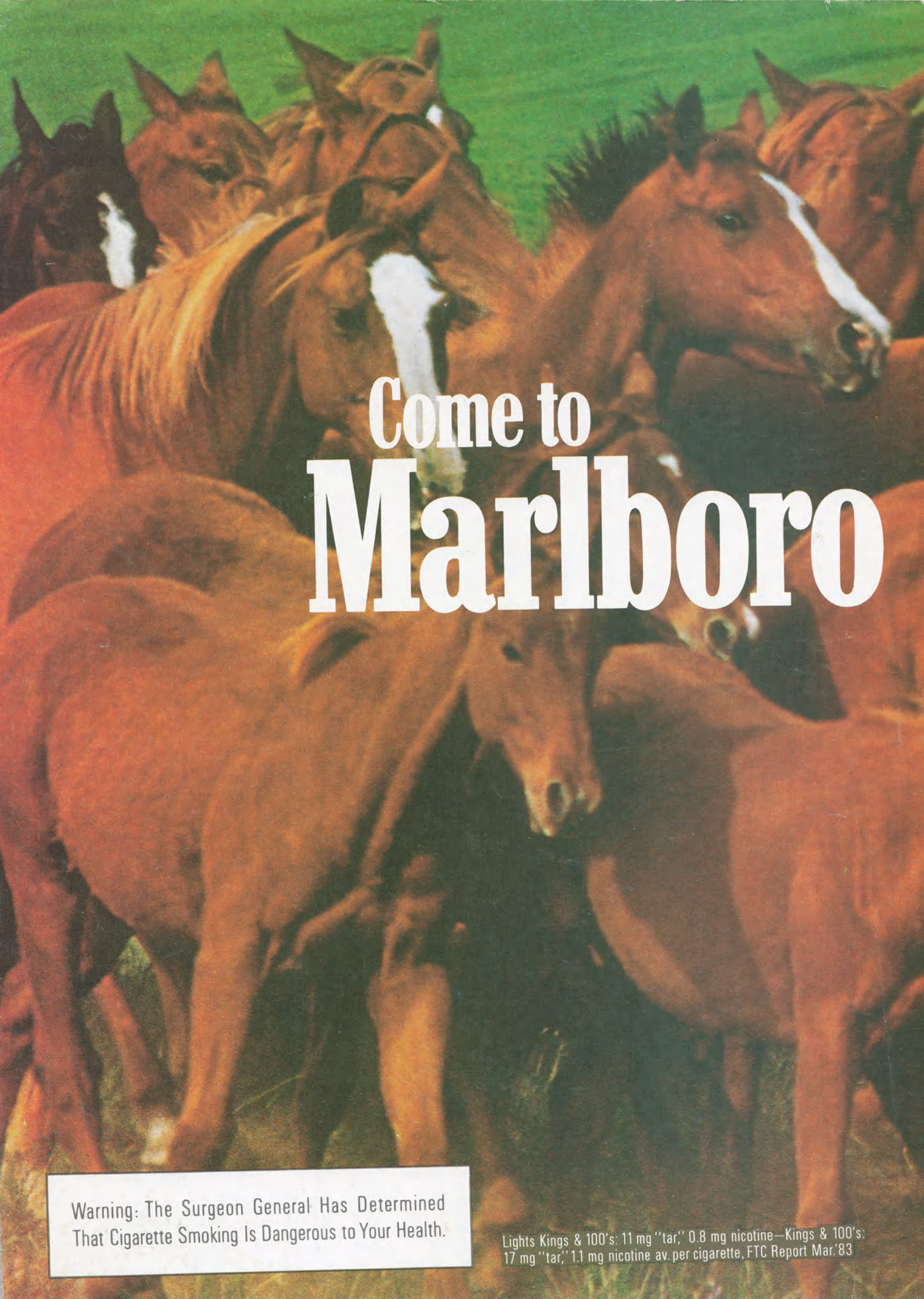

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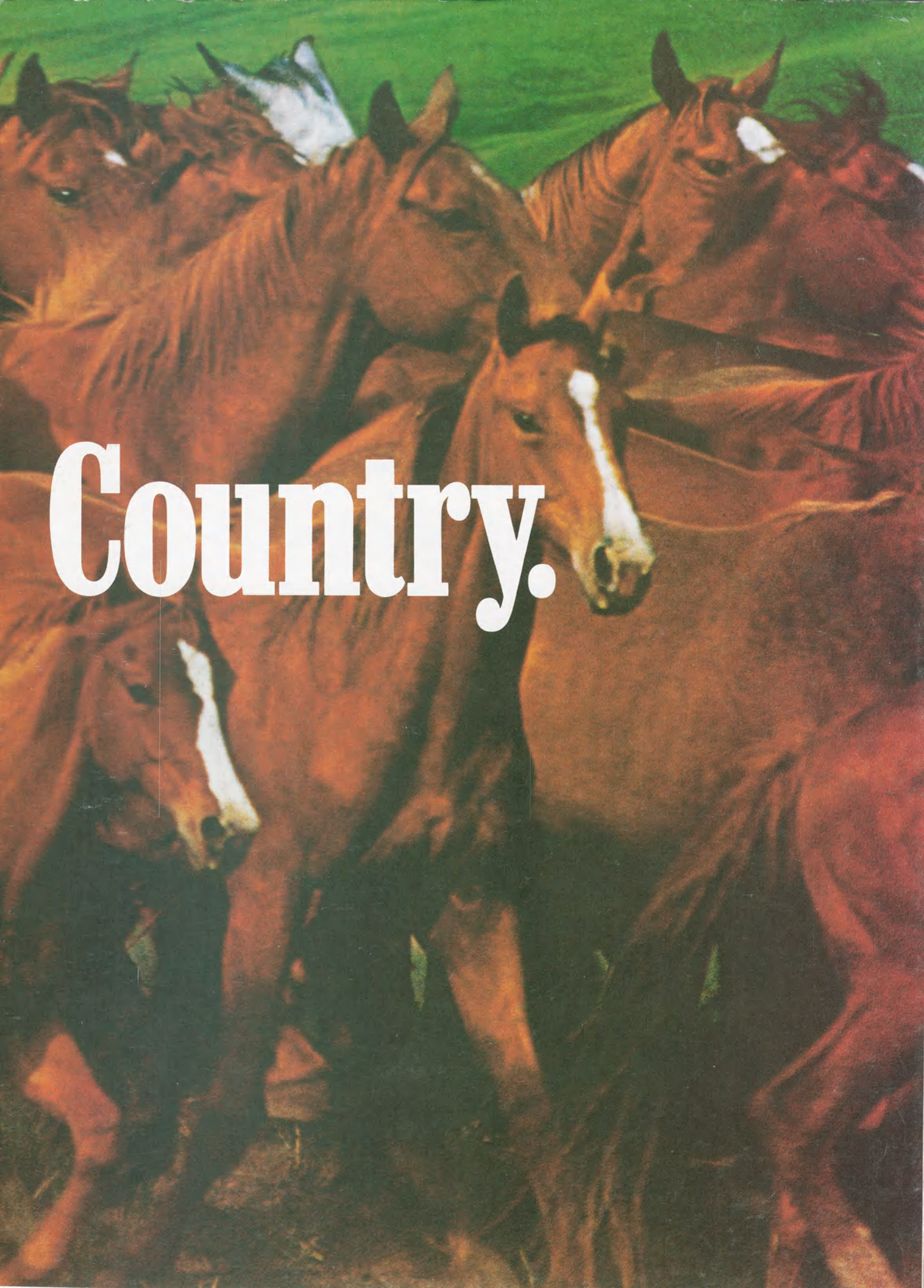
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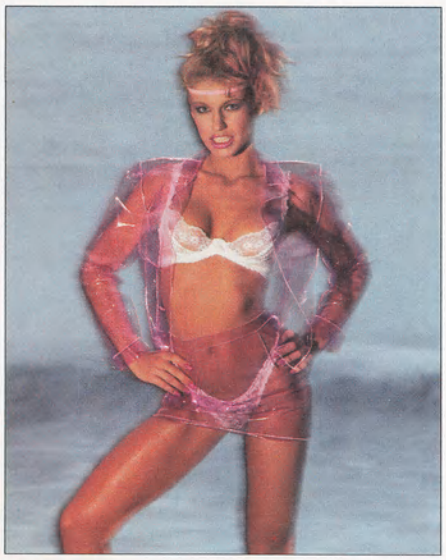

This month's cover features Pet of the Month Holly-O who was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, *see page 20.*

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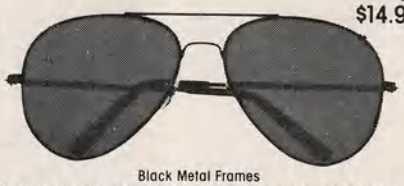

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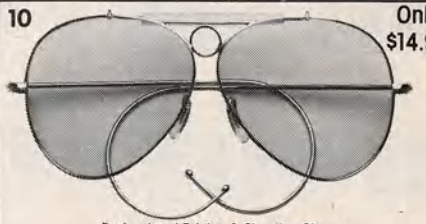

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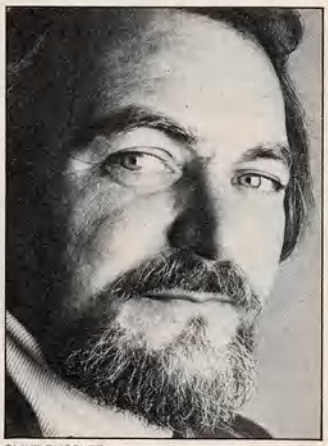

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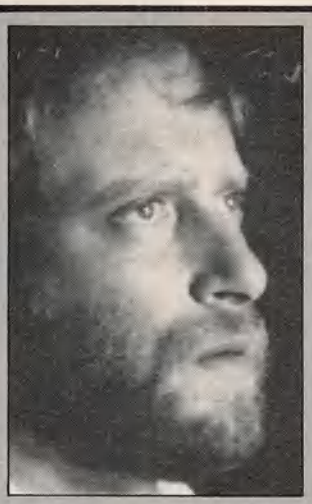

GIL STONE IN MEMORIAM

It is with great sorrow that we record the untimely death, after a short illness, of Gilbert Stone earlier this year. Gil's paintings often graced the pages of *Penthouse, Omni,* and other top-flight magazines around the world. Making more use of elongation than possibly any artist since El Greco, Gil, at 43, represented the vanguard of American artists and showed us what magazine illustration could become. A winner of the prestigious and coveted Prix de Rome while still a student, Gil spent considerable time there developing and polishing his talent. He eventually became a three-time gold medal winner at the Society of Illustrators and a professor at the School of Visual Arts, in New York. For the past several years, Gil had been engaged in a series of paintings for his friend, Bob Guccione–a commission that he was tragically unable to complete. His personal warmth and enormous appetite for life, his family, and his art–indeed, his passion for all those things he considered beautiful and worthwhile–will long be remembered by those of us who knew him, respected him, and called him "friend."

HOUSECALL

At an age when most teenagers are thinking of senior proms and how to get into college, there are thousands of others who spend their time trying to survive in the living hell that is America's juvenile-prison system. In "Kids Who Kill" (page 54) reporter **Michael Disend** describes his extraordinary journey through these tragic prisons, where he met with some of the most brutal young criminals in the country. Disend talked to them, and then he talked to the often hapless adults who try, one way or another, to keep their charges under control and out of trouble. His conclusion: "These kids' treatment in jail will have a tremendous effect on the way they will treat us when they get out." Or as the director of the Goshen Secure Facility in upstate New York told Disend: "If you take a kid and beat and beat and beat him, then you have an animal." At a time when 87 percent of Americans believe that youth crime is rising dramatically, Disend's report becomes all the more urgent.

If these very young, very violent criminals seem to be a perversion of our traditional American notions of prosperity and success, the exact opposite is true of the three enterprising whiz kids who are profiled by **Ralph Gardner, Jr.**, on page 72. Taking advantage of the opportunities opened up by the computer revolution, these three young geniuses had the talent, foresight, and drive to make it big before their thirtieth birthdays. Excerpted from the forthcoming book *Young, Gifted, and Rich* (to be published by Wallaby/Simon and Schuster), these stories of success show how it is still possible to realize one's personal dreams and make a fortune at the same time.

A not-so-inspiring scenario for success is the "Banana Republic Bailout," described by National Taxpayer Union Chairman **Jim Davidson** on page 68. Basically, this scheme involves our largest banks loaning billions and billions of dollars to tottering Third World and Communist dictatorships. When these loans default, we the people of the United States pick up the tab. In short, writes Davidson, "People who have no access to credit for their own purposes must stand by and watch their government spend tens of billions to subsidize big banks and the nationalized foreign competitors of American industry."

This month's exclusive *Penthouse* interview with **Jerry Lewis**, America's most successful comic star, is an outspoken and outrageous portrait of a man who descended into hell and then fought his way back to the top (he was nominated for an Oscar for his role in last year's *King of Comedy*). Lewis, whose addiction to the painkiller Percodan drove him to bankruptcy and to the point of suicide, sat down late last year with *Penthouse* writer **James Delson** for two weeks of no-bullshit conversation. The result (page 108) is an extraordinary interview.

This month's fiction is a preview of what is sure to be one of the summer's blockbuster best-sellers: "Deep Six," by **Clive Cussler** (page 116). Cussler, whose previous successes include *Raise the Titanic* and *Night Probe*, tells the story of a Secret Serviceman's nightmare: the disappearance of the president of the United States. But this time, the nightmare really begins when the chief of state returns. *Deep Six* will be published shortly by Simon and Schuster.

Other unforgettable features include Humor Editor **Bill Lee**'s sardonic nosegay to the all-pervasive culture of cocaine: "The Right Snuff" (page 123); controversial superlawyer **Roy M. Cohn**'s "Advise & Dissent" on why the press won't give President Reagan a break (page 96)–an article sure to be as controversial as the pugnacious Mr. Cohn himself; **Alexis Bespaloff**'s overview of the increasing success of California wines in the international arena (page 146); and Associate Editor **Karen Schwarz**'s fascinating account of how some of today's most successful rock stars are trading in their guitars and drums for a much more subtle and challenging instrument–the computer (page 46).

There's nothing too challenging, however, about the sensuous allure of our spring Pets–unless you're of a mind to resist. But who amongst us would be so foolhardy? It's a struggle one is certain to lose...a defeat more sweet than any fleeting victory could ever be!

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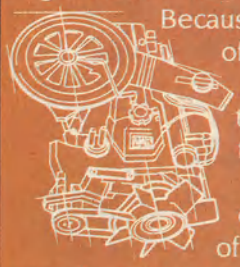
The all-new Toyota 4x4's are turning the truck world upside down!



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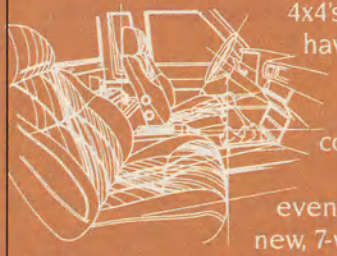

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ELEVATED SENSATION

I am a five-foot-six, 25-year-old California girl with a firm 36-23-34-inch body. Since this doesn't seem the appropriate place for modesty, I will admit that with my waist-length blond hair and my suntanned figure, I have no problem turning heads both at the beach and at my office in downtown San Diego.

After reading the exhibitionist articles in "Forum," the stares from the men I passed each day began to take on a different aspect. Knowing that most of them would give anything to watch me slowly take off my clothes in front of them really turned me on.

On weekends I began to wear revealing tops, shorts, and dresses, with little or nothing on underneath, and I started creating situations in which truck drivers, grocery boys, and service-station attendants could catch glimpses of me.

Although I have to dress fairly conservatively at work, I began wearing extremely sheer bras that allowed my 36D tits to bounce almost out of control. On occasion I would not wear panties, so that I could think all day about what the men in the office would do if they only knew.

Then came the culmination of my ultimate fantasy. It began one evening when I was leaving work. I was going down in the elevator by myself when it stopped and four businessmen stepped in. I was wearing a light-colored blouse through which the outline of my nipples could easily be seen. The stares began as soon as the men got on the elevator and ended only when I got in my car in the parking lot at ground level.

On the way home my hand slid under my dress, and I rubbed myself to a climax thinking about what those four men would have done had the door of the elevator opened to reveal me standing naked inside. I was brought out of my daze by a trucker driving next to me on the freeway, who had honked his horn at seeing that my hand was under my skirt. My exit was coming soon, so I pulled my skirt all the way up to give the driver a good look at my blond pussy, then winked and turned off the freeway.

That night I decided I had created a fantasy that had to be fulfilled or it would drive me crazy. I spent three days finding an appropriate building far enough from my place of business so nobody would recognize me.

I found an office complex about ten blocks away where many of the employees appeared to work until eight or nine o'clock every night.

After work on a Friday night, I went straight to the building and placed in the women's rest rooms, on three different floors, small bags containing shorts, a shirt, and shoes. I walked around outside for an hour trying to muster up my courage and returned around 7 P.M.

I chose the tenth floor as a starting point, since all the lights on that floor were off by six o'clock every night. I then went into the women's rest room on the tenth floor and took off all my clothes. My hands were shaking so badly I could barely undo the buttons and hooks. I took a deep breath, opened the door, and peered down the hallway. As I had expected, the floor was quiet.

I quickly walked out of the bathroom and straight to the elevator. It seemed to take forever for the elevator to reach my floor, but finally the door opened. Nobody was inside. Without looking back, I stepped into the elevator and pressed the buttons of the three floors where I had placed clothes earlier. Now there was no turning back. A million things raced through my mind, including worries about what could go wrong. I might run into a group of women or a cleaning lady, or stop on a floor where there was no bag in the rest room—anything could happen. My stomach was in knots.

But nothing was happening on the first floor where I stopped. Nothing on the second. By this time if nobody was in the hall on one more try I was prepared to run to the bathroom, dress, and go home.

Then, as the door on the third floor opened, I froze. There, waiting for the elevator, were two men in business suits, carrying briefcases. One looked about 45 and the other about 28. They were talking as the doors began to open, but their mouths dropped to the floor when they turned and saw me standing stark naked in the elevator, tan lines and all.

The younger one reached out and held the elevator door open. The older one dropped his briefcase, stepped inside, reached out to grab my left tit, and began kissing me furiously on the mouth. After a couple of minutes he grabbed my hand and walked me out of the elevator, and the two of them escorted me down the hall to an office.

Once inside, the younger one came out of shock. I reached out and began undressing both of them, while they caressed my tits and pussy. By this time I was dripping.

When they were both naked I led them over to a large oak desk with a high-

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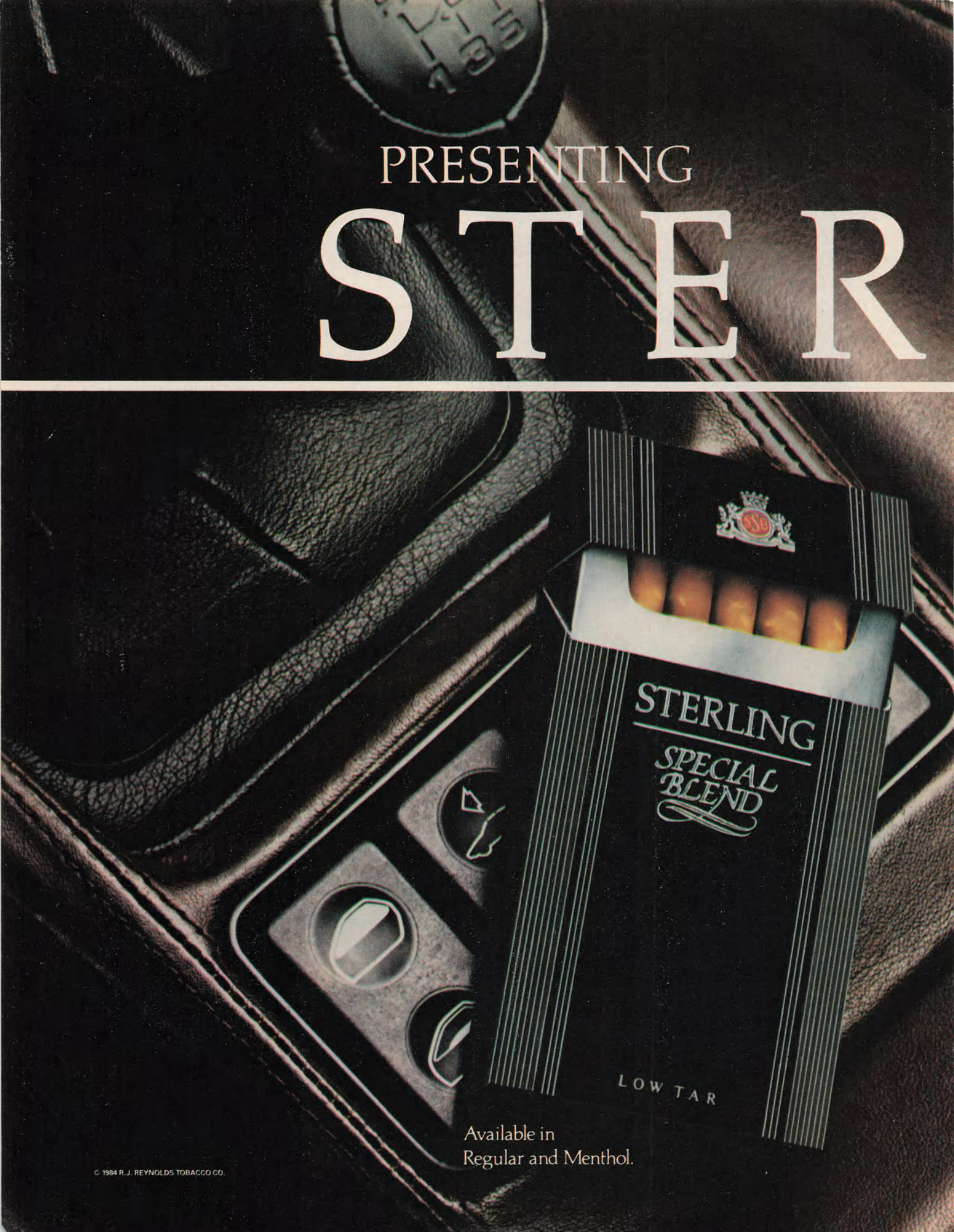
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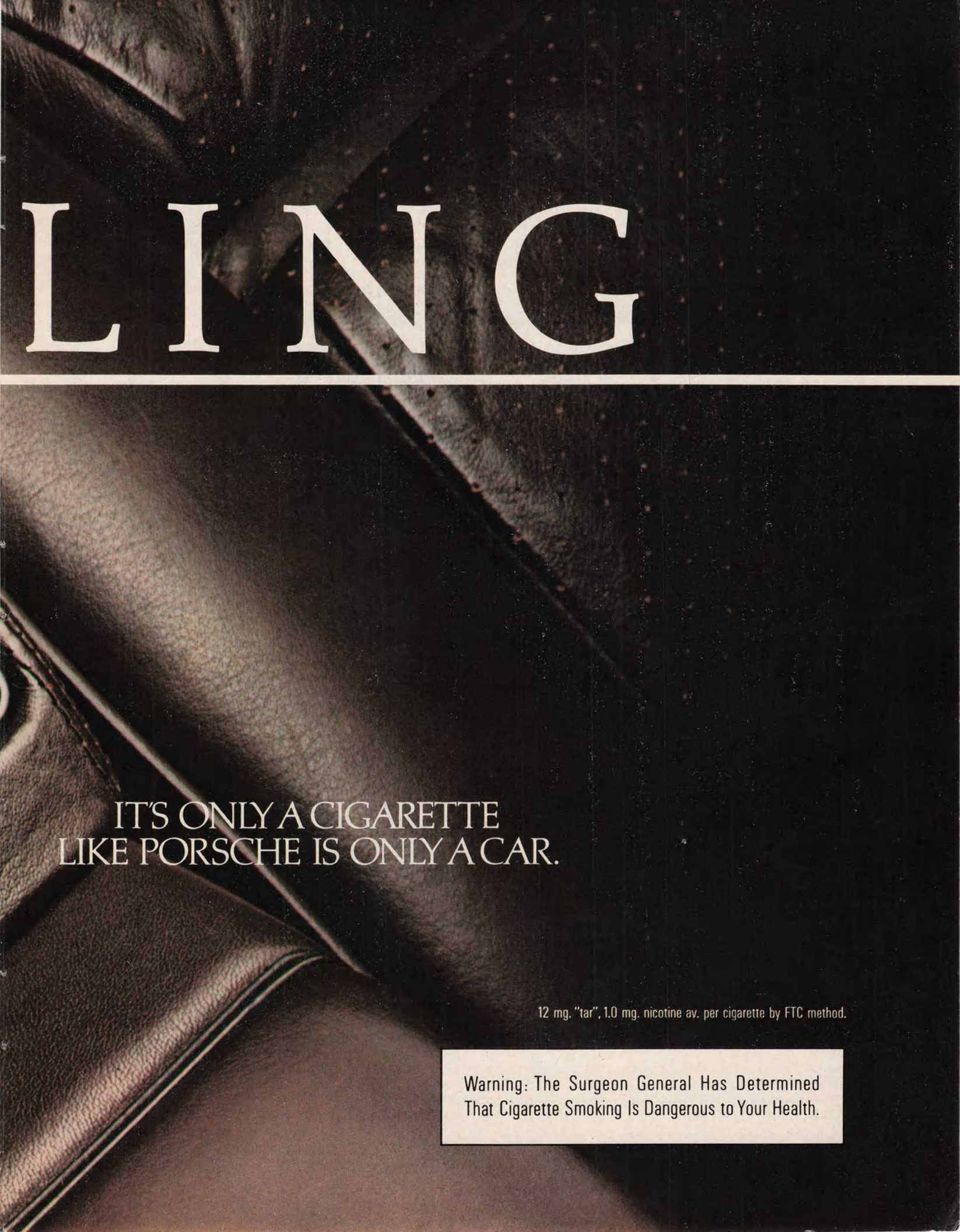
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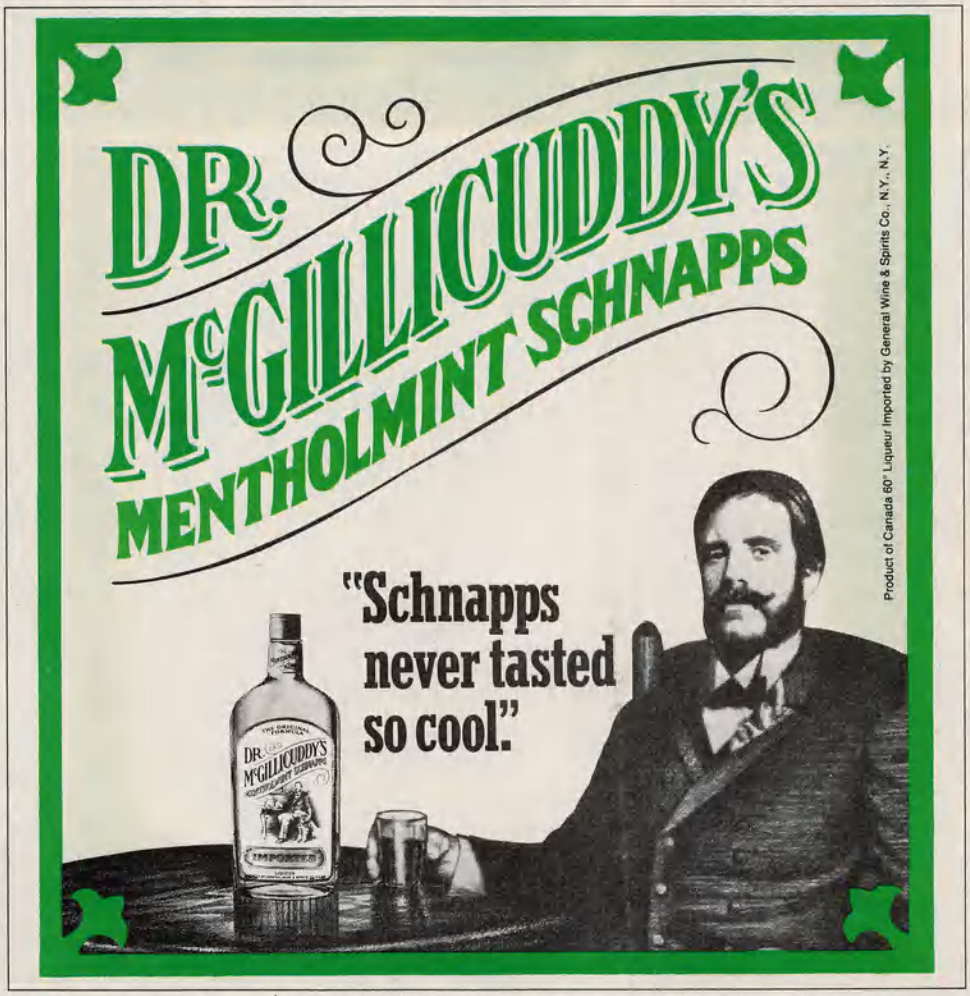
backed leather chair. I pulled the chair out and had the older man sit in it, with the younger man sitting on the edge of the desk facing him. I eased back onto the chair and my backdoor lover's waiting cock and, at the same time, leaned forward to swallow the beautiful seven-inch cock standing at attention in front of my face. They both reached for my tits and moaned in ecstasy at the same time.

We fucked and sucked in this position until I felt the one underneath me shoot what seemed like a gallon of come up inside me. Not long thereafter, the other shot his load in my mouth, just as I climaxed.

They switched positions and we began again. I licked my come off the older one's cock and then proceeded to work all three of us into another series of violent climaxes.

Then, as quickly as I had entered their lives, I kissed them both, gave their cocks one last squeeze, walked out of the office, and headed straight for the rest room. I dressed quickly, ran to the elevators, and went back to the tenth floor, where I had started from. I picked up all my clothes, left the building, and drove home satiated, my fantasy fulfilled.—*Name and address withheld*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SHAMPOO, SET, AND SHAVE

A year ago, I went to get my hair cut at a salon that I frequented. The guy who cut my hair was a part-time stylist who attended night classes at the nearby university. Todd was not your stereotypical effeminate hairdresser, and we had gone out on a few occasions. Our relationship, however, had never been more than platonic.

The shop he works at has private stations. On this particular day, Todd was in the back getting a cup of coffee when I walked into his station. One of the other stylists had apparently borrowed the electric clippers Todd uses on male customers and had left them on the chair. I picked them up so that I could sit down, and was casually examining them when he walked in. As I handed him the clippers, I joked, "Were you planning on shaving my head today?" I was a little surprised when Todd became slightly uncomfortable, and even more surprised when I noticed a growing bulge in his pants.

I was curious to find out what had excited him. Since I was only wearing jeans and a sweater, I figured it wasn't how I was dressed. I guessed it was the electric shears and decided to find out by continuing to joke about them. I made comments such as, "I'll bet you'd like to shave all the women that come in here," and "Do you think I would really look better shorn?" I watched him in the mirror as I went on, and sure enough the bulge continued to grow! I don't know why, but for some reason this fascinated me. I didn't mention the clippers again while I was there, but did manage to ask him out for that night.

We went to dinner and later to a bar, where I finally asked him about the clippers. He again became embarrassed but confessed to fantasizing about shaving the head of a female client. I was surprised to find myself becoming excited as he described his fantasy, and agreed to let him shear me if he bought me a wig that looked like my present hairstyle. He called me the next day to tell me he had bought a wig and that he had the key to the salon. I agreed to go with him the following Sunday while the salon was closed and let him shave me. As Sunday neared, I became more and more apprehensive. Since I'm good-looking and go out on dates quite often, it was hard for me to believe that I was going to allow some guy to shave me.

When he picked me up on Sunday, he seemed in an unusually good mood. We went straight to the salon, and as soon as we were at his station, Todd told me to take off my clothes. I quickly stripped and sat down. I was nervous, but somehow aroused. Todd placed the clippers at the back of my head and quickly ran them forward. I closed my eyes as a large clump of blond hair fell in my lap. Looking in the mirror, I saw the bald swath the clippers had cut. I felt a strange erotic feeling as my hair fell to the floor.

In no time at all, Todd had completely cropped my head. He put down the clippers and smeared shaving cream all over my head. I was in ecstasy! He then shaved my head with slow, long strokes. I couldn't believe how good it felt. He wasn't through with me yet, however. He picked the clippers back up, spread my legs, and proceeded to shave off my pubic hair. The shaving cream and razor soon followed, and I could not believe how wonderfully naked I looked. I mean utterly *naked.* Todd slipped out of his clothes and began rubbing me down with body lotion. One hand massaged my bare scalp while the other stroked my bald pussy. I began to come almost at once and had multiple orgasms leading up to a final climax when he finally rammed his penis into my bald cunt.

Todd and I married after he graduated, and I still let him shave me. He received a degree in finance, so Todd no longer works at the salon, and I have become a contented bald housewife. Every morning Todd and I take a shower together, where I submit to a thorough shaving. When I go out, I still wear the wig he bought me, but I long for the day when I can display my bald head in public. And this is the reason I have written to "Forum." I hope to encourage more women not only to allow themselves to be shaved but also to help bring about the day when bald women can proudly walk the streets without ridicule.—*Name and address withheld*

HANKY SPANKY

Last August, I traveled to Louisiana to spend my annual two-week vacation with my stepbrother, John, his wife, Muriel, and

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their two daughters. Their elder daughter, Gayle, is simply the most beautiful girl I've ever known. She is 19 years old and quite experienced for her age.

I was left alone with Gayle on the sixth evening of my visit. John and Muriel belong to a husband-and-wife bowling team, and that night was their weekly match. They took my younger niece with them, but Gayle stayed home to watch a movie on TV. I told John that I had been looking forward to seeing the same movie and stayed home to keep Gayle company.

We were watching a *M*A*S*H* rerun when Gayle sarcastically called Major Burns a shithead. I was very shocked to hear her using such language and I knew John wouldn't approve. I told her that if her father were home, she would surely be punished.

Throughout the program Gayle continually used foul language, trying to impress me with her maturity. I finally got fed up and grabbed her by the arm and lay her across my lap. I unsnapped her shorts and let them fall to the floor, explaining to her that her father would do the same thing had he been there.

She protested, saying, "Oh, Uncle Ted, please don't hurt me. I won't do it again." She was pleading like a little girl half her age. I could sense she was enjoying her punishment and that her defiance and pleading were only an act.

I admired her smooth, perfect ass for a good length of time while she squirmed and mock-pleaded for mercy. Finally, I brought my hand down hard on her bare-ass cheek. Gayle screamed with pain, but I raised my hand and brought it down again with all the force I could muster. I spanked both cheeks until my hand was stinging so badly that I couldn't continue.

When I stopped, I noticed I had an enormous erection. My cock pressed the material of my shorts tightly against her belly, but she didn't seem to notice. I was feeling guilty about the harsh punishment I had administered, but I was too turned-on to let Gayle up just yet.

I daringly massaged her ass cheeks while apologizing for spanking her so hard. I explained that massaging her ass would make her feel better. As I gently stroked and squeezed the soft, bright-pink skin of her buttocks, she started moaning. I knew she was enjoying the pain-pleasure when she started squirming and moving her ass under my hands in rhythm with her deep moaning.

Without even considering what I was doing, I slid my right hand between her ass cheeks and down the length of her hot pussy slit. I couldn't believe how wet and slippery her snatch had become in such a short time. She gasped when my middle finger found her throbbing clit. As I rubbed her clitoris with my middle finger and thumb-fucked her vagina, I massaged her ass hole with the middle finger of my other hand. Her whole body quivered as she came.

I helped her up off my lap, and as she stood facing me she removed her shirt to reveal her gorgeous naked body. I was very embarrassed, my face red as a beet. I could hardly believe what I had just done to my own niece and I begged her not to tell her father. To my surprise, Gayle wrapped her arms around my neck and bent forward to kiss my lips, saying, "Don't worry, Uncle Ted, I won't tell Daddy that you spanked me."

I felt relieved, but became more nervous than ever as she straightened her back and started gently squeezing her healthy tits and pinching her long, hard nipples. There was a fire in her eyes I had never seen before as she stared directly at my crotch and added, "I won't even tell him how good you fucked me."

Gayle fell to her knees, and with one quick motion pulled off my swim trunks and slid my erect six inches into her mouth. I sat speechless as she expertly sucked and licked my cock and balls. I was almost ready to come when she pulled her head away from my jewels and softly said, "I want to feel your hard cock in my hot little pussy. Please fuck me, Uncle Ted. Fuck me doggy-style."

Even though I was still in a minor state of shock, I was in no position to argue with the lady. I moved behind her and positioned myself on my knees, my throbbing cock only a few millimeters from her juicy slit. Gayle rested on her knees and shoulders as she reached back between my legs to help guide my prick into her pussy. I began fucking her slowly at first, as she massaged her clit with one hand and gently squeezed my balls with the other. Between moans and grunts, Gayle said, "Please squeeze my ass, Uncle Ted. Squeeze my ass cheeks hard. I want to feel your fingers buried deep in my tender, sore flesh. Oh, please, Uncle Ted!"

It wouldn't have taken much persuasion; I was very eager to hold on to her ass cheeks as my thrusting became harder and faster. I removed my hands from her hips and showed her no mercy as I grabbed her red, glowing skin. I grabbed two handfuls and squeezed as hard as I could. As I forced the tender flesh of her ass in and out with all the strength my fingers could give, the thrusting of my cock became faster and faster.

Gayle was moaning and crying with the intense feelings of pleasure and pain. She flicked her clit even quicker as she came in one long, satisfying orgasm.

She then removed her hands from her crotch and braced herself on her elbows so that she could help get my rocks off. I pumped in long, fast strokes as she moved her body forward and back, meeting my movements stroke for stroke. Loud slapping noises filled the air as my balls banged against her pubic mound with each inward thrust. Although I knew the tremendous pain my hands inflicted on her ass cheeks was increasing, I never re-

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Consumer Orientation
No. 26 in a Series.
Subject: Design objective: The consummate blending of performance and luxury.

26 Porsche 928S

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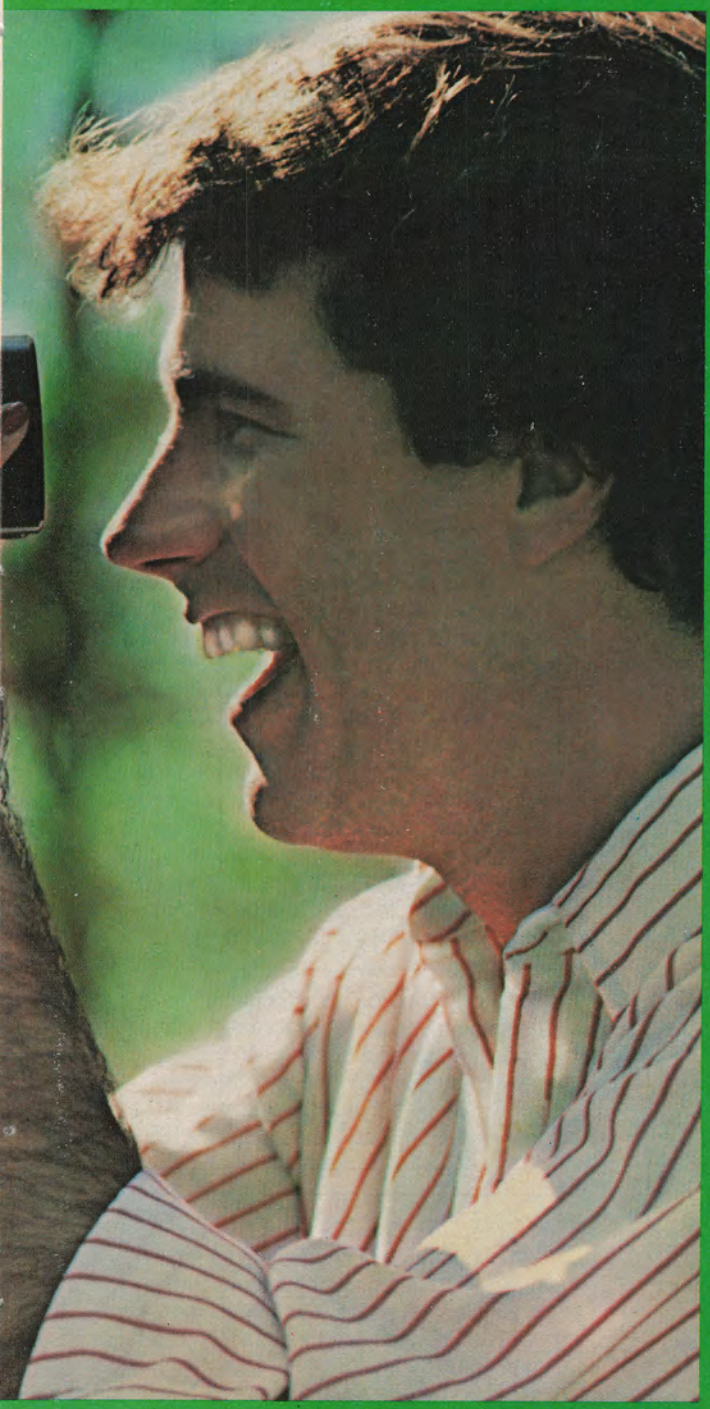

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linquished my tight grip. She was crying harder, but she kept on humping my rod until I came.

My orgasm was the best I've ever experienced. I thought my cock would never stop pumping jism deep into Gayle's hot, juicy hole. I came for at least one full minute. That may not be very long for some men, but it seemed twice as long and twice as enjoyable for me. Finally, I released my grip on Gayle's ass and my limp cock fell from her wet pussy.

Gayle and I showered and changed into our bedclothes. I wore a T-shirt and boxer shorts; she wore a two-piece, non-revealing pajama outfit. We cleaned up our mess and sprayed the musky living room with deodorizer. Then we fell asleep in each others' arms on the sofa, watching the last half of the movie we supposedly stayed home to see.

When John, Muriel, and Lisa returned home from bowling around eleven, they were not at all surprised to find Gayle and me snuggled closely together, dressed in nightclothes. After all, my family has always been very close!

As for the remainder of my vacation, Gayle and I had only two more lovemaking sessions, each of which was great.—*Name and address withheld*

SATURDAY RITUAL

During the past few months my best friend, Tracy, has been coming to my apartment to escape from her uncaring, unfaithful boyfriend. On these occasions, Tracy, my boyfriend, Tom, and I would put some money together and buy a few bottles of liquor. Until this past weekend it's been nothing more than talking, laughing, and getting high. And when Tracy left, Tom would say, "When are we going to suck Tracy's cunt?"

Anyway, we had planned to get together late Saturday night after Tracy and I got off work. Tom was waiting for us as usual, sitting on the bed, pouring a drink, and listening to jazz on the radio. Tracy and I took our usual places on two chairs facing him on the bed.

Anyway, after drinking a few scotches, I decided to make my first move on two unsuspecting people. Since my toes were directly facing Tom's groin, I straightened my leg out and let the base of my foot fall gently but noticeably on Tom's crotch. I then looked toward Tracy, who was somewhere between shock and nervousness. I looked back at my foot and kept rubbing it on Tom's crotch until his cock was rock hard and the surprised look on his face changed to a look of *What's next?* I took my leg away, knowing he could take care of himself, and turned my chair slightly toward Tracy. I then did the same thing to her with my right foot—as I had done with Tom. Softly I rubbed and caressed her pussy with the base of my foot. In the meantime Tom had unzipped his fly and was jerking off to the scene he had waited so long for.

By this time Tracy was definitely aroused. She couldn't take her eyes off Tom's hard dick. I removed my foot and let Tracy rub herself with her hand. I then got off my chair and knelt next to her, unbuttoned her blouse, and licked and sucked her pointed little nipples. I next held her hands back so that she could no longer finger her gaping pussy hole. Somehow she had managed to wriggle her way out of her tiny panties and had hiked her skirt up. I began to lick my first pussy like an expert. I flicked my tongue back and forth on her clit while she oohed and aahed. When she could stand no more, I said to her, "Suck Tom's throbbing dick and you'll get just what you want." This was what he had been waiting for. By now he knew I had planned this evening's events, and he knew I wanted it done my way. I could tell he had been ready to come by just watching me go down on Tracy's hot, dripping cunt as she writhed and cried out in pleasure. So I said to him, "If you come now I won't let Tracy suck on your tool, now or ever."

I don't know what got into me, but I was controlling the situation. I was wasted and void of all reservation. Tom lay down as Tracy straddled his legs and went down on his begging cock. He reached for her tits and was in total ecstasy, knowing I was watching it all. I took off my clothes and began to share in Tracy's joy as we sucked and licked and kissed every inch of Tom's massive loin. The excitement was at its peak for all of us. I knew we had to come at the same time, so I climbed on Tom's face and let him lick my sodden grotto. At the same time, Tracy sat on his dick, riding it and reaching for my tits till one of us let out a scream, followed by the others. By all means it was the most intense orgasm we ever experienced.—*Name and address withheld*

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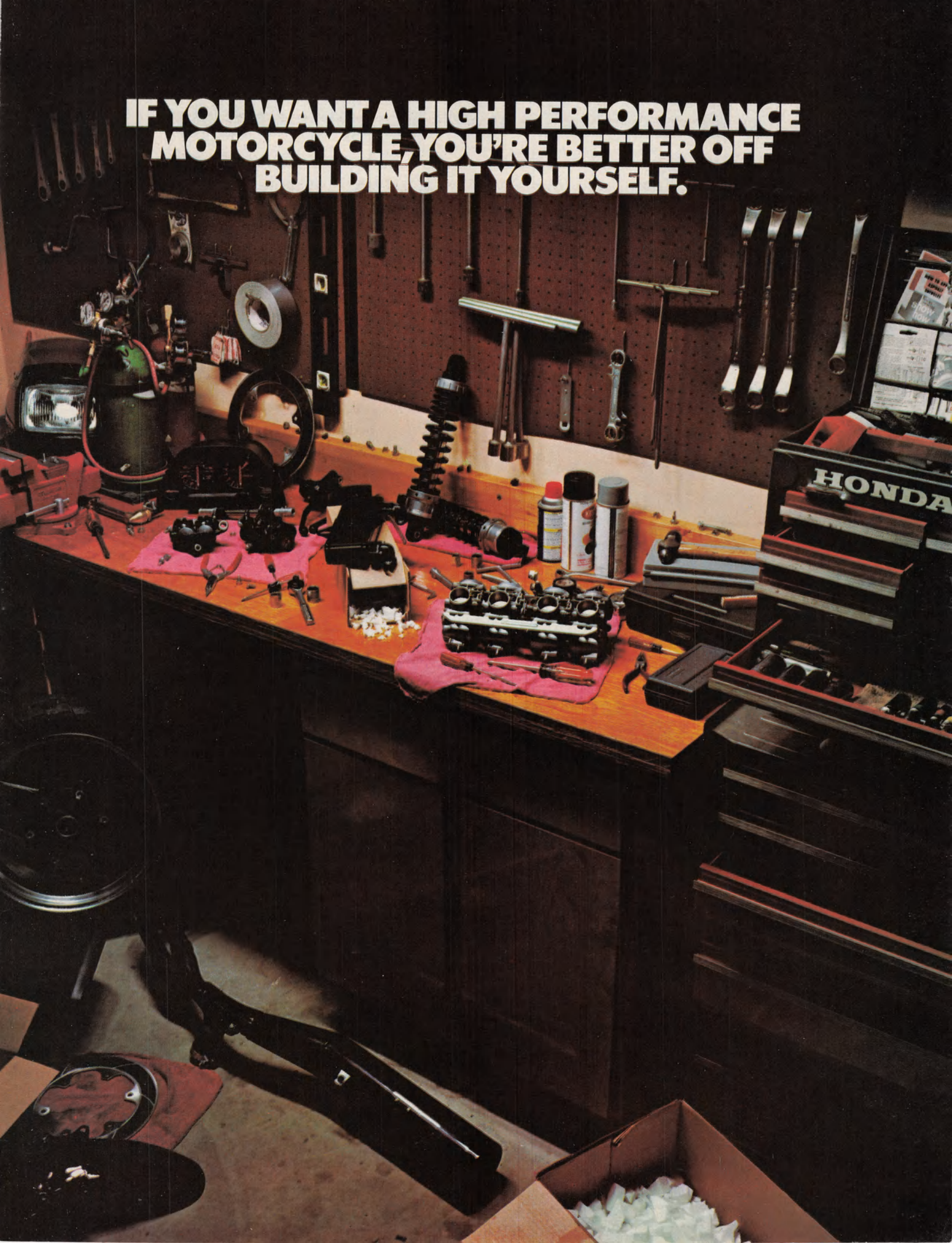
PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Holly-O, appearing on page 75, was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Tammi McAndrus was photographed by Allan J. Wash with a Nikon F2 camera body, an MD3 motor drive, and Nikkor 180, 135, 80, and 24 lenses. She appears on page 58. Dennis Manarchy's portfolio, which appears on page 98, was photographed with an 8 x 10 Sinar, with the exception of "Greased Nude," which was shot with a Mamiya 645.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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

HARD TIMES FOR FREEDOM

Moments after the February 1984 issue of *Penthouse* hit the mailboxes and newsstands, my phone began to ring. I am writing in reference to the photo taken by the *Columbus Dispatch* at our fund-raiser for anticensorship last year, which appeared in "Hard Times."

We appreciate your interest and willingness to help educate your readers regarding the threat to our freedom to learn. Because of the recent increase in censorship attempts (especially since the 1980 election of President Reagan), we too are falling on *hard times* as we try to make our meager local budget stretch in order to fight the tidal wave of attacks on individual freedoms.

Being a nonprofit, tax-exempt, educational organization, we welcome contributions and memberships from individuals and organizations who wish to support our work. Tax-deductible gifts should be sent to People for the American Way, 447 East Broad Street, No. 113, Columbus, Ohio 43215.—*Joyce Garver Keller, Ohio director, People for the American Way, Columbus, Ohio*

TRAGEDY

In Lurigancho Prison—the "Devil's Island" of Peru—I read "An American Tragedy," by T. D. Allman, in the January 1984 issue. In my opinion, the truth was made obvious. The rape and murder in El Salvador of four American nuns was the act of the gangster government that ordered it. The ugly American, our embassy in El Salvador, continues to shield the killers from justice and conspires to hide and abet El Salvador's criminality. It is appalling but not surprising. Murder with impunity and government by violence prevail throughout Latin America.

Recently, in Peru eight reporters were murdered in order to silence their voices of protest. Two Americans were injected with poison, which the government wrote off as suicide. Prisoners who create problems are locked in cells and burned to death if they persist. Last month, a government hit squad machine-gunned to death a nun and eight unarmed young men. The press and TV were invited so that the slaughter of the troublemakers could be shown live (or dead) on prime-time television. It was Peru's end-of-the-year message of state to those who would dare protest—an open invitation to appear on TV live, or dead. As a rationale for the murder of brown-skinned citizens, Peru lives by this motto: Pizarro lives. I, too, want to live. Please do not print my name—TV live, or dead, is not my thing.—*Name and address withheld*

MURDER AT THE MET

Here's to David Black for his tough yet sensitive, awful yet beautiful tale "Murder at the Met" [February 1984].

Mike Struk and Jerry Giorgio also deserve credit for the careful, thorough, persistent kind of police work that solves crimes, although in cases like this one, the thrill of victory must be muted by the sad and mindless stupidity of it all.—*Wally Parker, Fall Creek, Oreg.*

There is absolutely no excuse for your lurid, exploitive article about the sexual assault and murder of Helen Hagnes Mintiks [February 1984, "Murder at the Met"]. As a professional journalist, I was disgusted to see the gory details of her attack paraded under the guise of investigative reporting. An article that goes to the extreme of pondering how the attacker's knife felt against Ms. Mintiks's breasts and thighs is obviously appealing to the most prurient interests of your readers.

Damn! Why didn't you just cut the gratuitous police-investigation bullshit out and put the bondage and rape sections in *Penthouse* "Forum"? That's where they belonged.—*Deborah Smith, Marietta, Ga.*

I would like to comment on your article "Murder at the Met," which appeared in the February 1984 issue. I have followed the case very closely and I don't understand where Mr. Black obtained his information. From what I've read, I was under the impression that scissors were used to cut the clothing off the victim, but Mr. Black states that a knife was used. When I think about the whole case, however, the knife issue seems very minor.

What really concerns me is the fact that an innocent man is spending his life behind bars. Regardless of what anyone thinks, every story has two sides and Mr. Black's rendition of the cops' plight during this case is just that—a story.

I must agree that these supercops are very intelligent—they had the ability to fabricate an interesting plot for their marvelous story. On the other hand, I have to believe that they have sick minds because of the grotesque way they described how this mysterious murder took place. In viewing the picture that Struk and Giorgio painted, I have come to the conclusion that these two men are more capable of committing this crime than is the passive,

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loving person they have convicted. My opinion is that the wrong person was sent away. And my hope is that one day justice will be served and we can all renew our faith in the system.—*Dorothy M. Fayad, Staten Island, N.Y.*

I must say that I was appalled at the lack of tact used in the writing of "Murder at the Met," which appeared in your February 1984 issue. Several of the writer's comments were unwarranted and uncalled-for. Although I am no expert on the case itself, I do know about as much as one can about stagehands and, more specifically, the stagehands at the Met at the time of this incident. Being a personal friend of several of the stagehands and engaged to one of them, I can honestly say that the crew was unjustly portrayed. The writer's comment about there being "more sex backstage at the Met than at Plato's Retreat" is not only a fallacy but also a cheap shot. So was his comment about the crew being "mostly rough-and-tumble guys . . . not the kind of men who'd be happy to see cops hanging around." The writer should have been more interested in the authenticity of his statements—not sensationalism. This only makes me wonder how much more of this article is fiction and not fact.—*Name and address withheld*

David Black replies:

I'm sorry that Ms. Smith was offended by the description of the crime, but she should understand that if I did not describe the crime in detail, I would be covering up its true horror.

Ms. Fayad apparently did not follow the case as closely as she thought she did. In his confession, Craig admitted to using a knife to cut off Helen's clothing. As for her assertion that "an innocent man is spending his life behind bars," the jury found Craig guilty.

As for the anonymous letter writer who objected to the characterization of the backstage activities, the "Plato's Retreat" comment was, as the letter writer should have realized, hyperbole—although the comment certainly had some basis in reality. The comment about the crew being "mostly rough-and-tumble guys" was a description of how one of the detectives perceived the backstage workers.

SILKWOOD

My attention has just been called to the excellent article "No One Killed Karen Silkwood," by William Tucker, in your December issue.

It was a most valuable contribution in helping to set the record straight on this controversial case. I compliment you for publishing it.—*Reed Irvine, chairman, Accuracy in Media, Inc., Washington, D.C.*

EDWARD TELLER

It has always been the consensus among the scientific community that Edward Teller is nothing more than a bad joke. Your February 1984 interview further confirms this viewpoint.

We found it exceedingly difficult (as usual) to find even a few verifiable facts in his parochial, right-wing rhetoric. It should be quite evident to anyone reading the article that Teller is just another typical government yes-man.

Penthouse is to be congratulated for showing the American people just how really dangerous this man is.—*Name and address withheld*

Take Edward Teller [February 1984]—please. It is high time that "the father of the H-bomb" be exposed for what informed scientists know him to be—a dangerous, embittered, cold warrior who is blind to all options other than a "Holy War" against the Communists.

Edward Teller has become a perennial embarrassment. Let us hope that he can be led gently out to pasture and that his place at the president's ear will be taken over by a more farsighted and clear-thinking scientific adviser, of which there are many.—*Dirk Hanson, Ely, Minn.*

OUR RIGHTS

Several months ago I happened to glance at an issue of *Penthouse* and found Sidney Siller's first "Men's Rights" column. Since then I have followed it every month. I applaud *Penthouse* for being the first major magazine to publish such a column and Mr. Siller's call for a unified men's movement. We are long overdue for a critical analysis of feminism and the implications it holds for the rights of men.

In January, Siller hit the mark dead center. If we are going to resolve this battle between the sexes, men need to get involved and educated.

In the future, I hope Mr. Siller will evaluate the traditional roles of men and women and define our legitimate rights. Also, a piece on the contradictions and dishonesty of feminism with an examination of the political dynamics that have led us to our present state of affairs would be quite helpful.—*David Sundheimer, Cary, N.C.*

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In Search of Justice is a men's-rights organization in Canada. You can understand, therefore, our pleasure when we learned that you added Sidney Siller as a contributing editor to write a regular column on men's issues.

It is encouraging to see growth in this long-overdue area. And we look forward to Mr. Siller's future commentaries and other writing on the matter of rights relevant to men.

Again, our compliments on the excellent writing in your publication.—*R. Virgin, president, In Search of Justice, Ontario, Canada*

Sidney Siller's open letter to Mario Biaggi, New York congressman and member of

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the House Subcommittee on Select Education, in the February 1984 "Men's Rights" column prompted me to write this. I realize that *Penthouse* is considered a men's magazine, but we wives also read it. I'd like to point out that the above-mentioned letter could have been written on behalf of women's rights as well.

I was divorced five years ago. My ex-husband used to bad-mouth me to my children and give them the third degree after each of their visits. So, to make things easier on them, I moved out of state and left my children with their father.

From my new home, I wrote and called my children and sent money regularly. But my ex-husband and his new spouse kept up the slander and wouldn't let them write or talk to me on the phone. Finally, they even denied my summer visitation rights. That was it. I quit sending money.

Siller stated, and I agree, that support and visitation should not be viewed as separate legal and moral issues, because in fact they are profoundly interrelated. Federal legislation definitely needs to enforce visitation orders. But assurance that the judges will do this is an entirely different matter!

I wrote letters to the judge explaining why I wasn't sending any money. And after nearly two years, I haven't heard one word!—*Name and address withheld*

ARMY FOOTBALL

I am writing this letter in response to Cadet Steven F. Cummings's defense of Army's poor football program [February 1984 "Feedback,"] after Army was cited in your "20 Worst College Football Teams" [October 1983].

First, why is it that Navy and Air Force, but not Army, are capable of good, competitive, and occasionally winning football teams? I'm sure the naval and air-force cadets have just as many duties to perform as Army's. What makes Army so special?

Second, why is it that whenever an institution is criticized for its athletics it always uses the same sob story about having more important things to worry about?

Whether or not such a statement is true is irrelevant. The purpose of a top-20 or worst-20 poll, as the case may be, is obvious. It tells us which teams to be on the lookout for during the season. If Army cannot produce a good football team they should be willing to recognize it.—*Mark Gamble, Madison, Wis.*

HYPNOTIC HEATHER

Your pictorials are usually very moving and "Taking the Fast Lane" [February 1984] with Heather Lynn is one of the best ever. Mr. Wash deserves an award for capturing Heather's fantastically tanned body bathed in luscious tropical sunlight on film.

Your pictorials bring many of the world's most beautiful women to print and this one is a crowning victory! Thank you and please maintain your excellent

work!—*Name and address withheld*

When I saw Heather Lynn's tempting curves and flirting grin, I said, "Wow!" I, too, work out toning up my body and would like to keep *up* with her—if the offer still stands. I'll more than match her stamina.—*Jack Spittler, Elmhurst, N.Y.*

Heather Lynn has the most incredible body I've ever seen in your magazine since Corinne Alphen. Heather's body speaks for itself, but her hypnotic stare drives me wild. If at all possible, my friends and I would like to see an additional shot of this California beauty.—*Raymond R. Ford, Olean, N.Y.*

Take another look (above) at our flirtatious Pet bathed in a Heather-purple swirl. Are you guys sure you can keep up with her?—The Editors

THE DISGRACEFUL MEDIA

I do not know who Mr. Forster is ["Advise & Dissent," February 1984], or why he finds himself qualified to pass judgment on the media's performance during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982. He doesn't specify the date of his guided tour by the Israeli Army, but we were given to understand that he was there after the rubble was cleared. We do know, however, that he was there "to tape a series of 15-minute television interviews for an American radio syndicate."

If he had gone to Lebanon on his own two weeks after the start of the invasion, he would not have marveled at "housewives carrying shopping bags" (a strange symbol of normalcy in a war-torn country) but would have been disgusted, like so many Israeli writers, at the totally unnecessary human misery caused by indiscriminate bombing of residential areas.

By becoming a propaganda mouthpiece, Mr. Forster is totally disqualifying himself from his role of self-appointed media critic. He also reported the biggest lie of the invasion when he wrote that to prevent civilian casualties Israeli soldiers engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Can he provide one instance of hand-to-hand combat during this "deluxe" war?

Why don't you review the Israeli media's generally remarkable coverage of the war? You will find that there was none of this hand-to-hand combat that you are talking about. You will find that in the first days of the war most Israeli casualties were taken when they were fighting the Syrian and Palestinian forces in the lower Bekaa Valley, and that there was hardly any resistance in Tyr and Sidon. The casualties came much later.

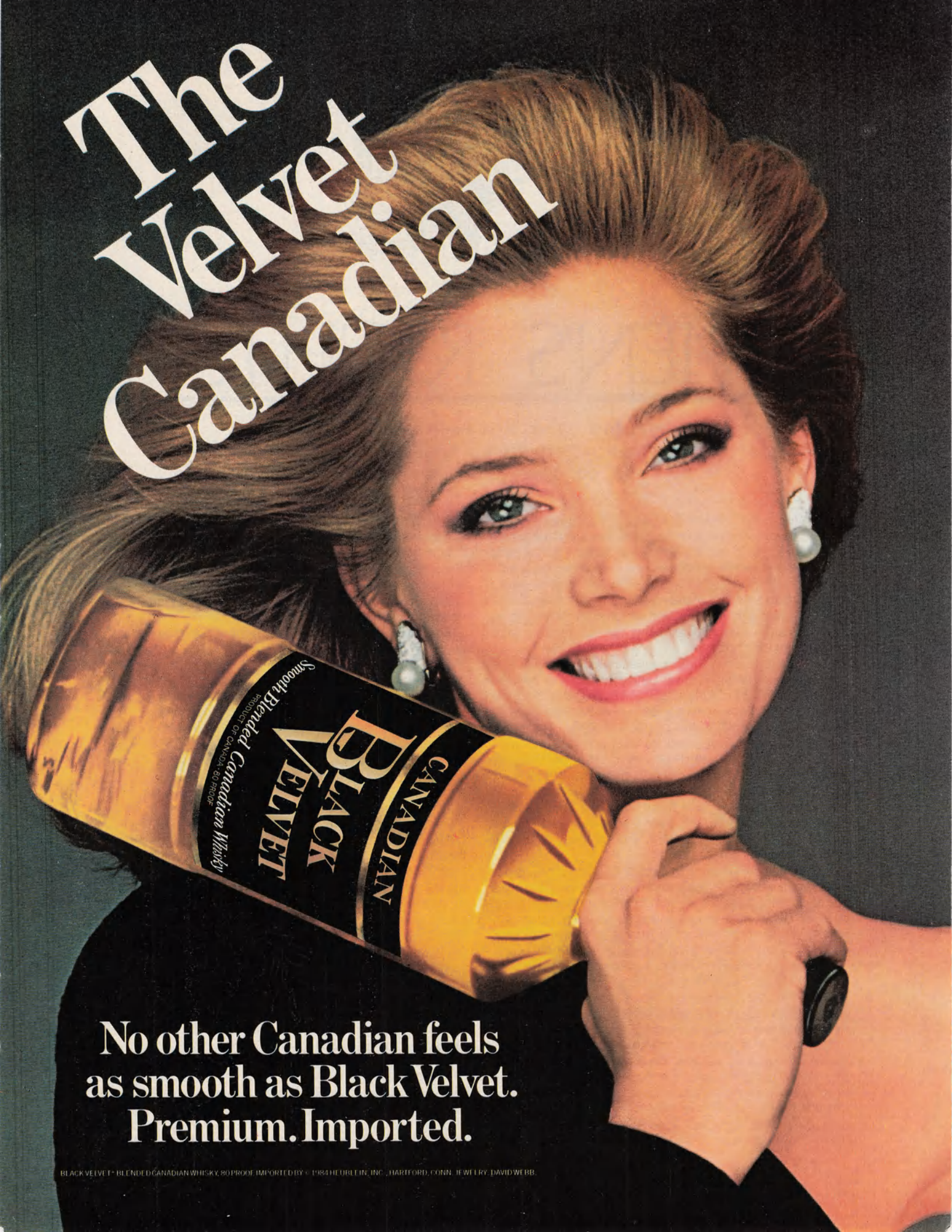
Mr. Forster, I can tell you that Israeli aircraft, gunboats, and land-based artillery pounded residential areas of Tyr and its environs from the early hours of June 5, 1982, until noon of June 7, when they finally decided to move into the town. The famous "early warning" to the residents of Tyr came exactly two hours before the final push into the town on June 7. Are you able to tell me the need for this shelling? Even the most naive of fighters would not hole up in Tyr, the tip of a peninsula, which was patrolled by Israeli gunboats on all three sides. No, Mr. Forster, you have no right to criticize anyone, no matter what your motives are. Let the ones who suffered on both sides argue about it. The media, including the Israeli media, made mistakes, but at least they were risking lives to get facts under impossible conditions—and not "taping television interviews for American radio stations" under Israeli guidance and after the worst was over.—*Name and address withheld*

Arnold Forster replies:

Does this person ask that his name be withheld because he is still in Lebanon and thereby gives away the game? What's he afraid of? Getting caught between all those Lebanese factions still indiscriminately killing one another and the innocent civilian caught in between? These are the people, not the Israelis, who have laid waste the land—together with the PLO and the Syrians who seek to gobble up all of Lebanon. And the killing goes on to this very writing.

How come not a word of complaint from this anonymous correspondent about Arafat's murderers who over seven years killed 100,000 protesting Lebanese? Why no grievance against the land-greedy Syrians who, supplied by the Soviets, have turned the outskirts of Tripoli into a civil-war arena for the PLO where hundreds of noncombatants have already died? Why no cry of anguish that Beirut is today being leveled by the Arabs? This is in the absence of the Israeli military, which was forced out by the Western powers many, many months ago.

I suspect this letter writer is himself one of the very men I had in mind when I wrote my article. His letter, in microcosm, is the documentation for my case.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MEN'S RIGHTS

"Joint custody has won the increasing support of professionals and experts, but judges continue to hammer out "safe" decisions—sole custody to the mother."

In more than 90 percent of all disputed custody proceedings, sole custody of the children is awarded to the mother. As a result, fathers suffer—and the children suffer from the absence of fathers, who are often relegated to alternate weekend visits. Almost every fair-minded person knows that this system of parental arrangements in divorce cases is damaging, but the best suggestion for an alternative approach—joint custody—has run into judicial, legal, and feminist opposition.

Joint custody effectively means that parents have an equal voice in rearing a child. Both participate in the decision-making in the issues affecting health, education, and social and religious development. Joint custody does not necessarily mandate equal physical custody. The parent having physical custody decides daily activities.

Divided and split custody are distinguishable from joint custody. Divided custody is where physical and legal custody are shared by the parents. The parent having physical custody at any given time has concurrent legal custody. Split custody is where an Order grants legal and physical custody of a child to one parent, and another child or children to the other parent.

For the last six years, joint custody has won the increasing support of professionals and experts as the best possible custodial arrangement in the cases of many divorced parents. But it is a fact that in several of our court systems fathers still have little chance of gaining joint custody of their children. "Courts, looming in the background as the enforcer, have put a wall around children that strangers can penetrate, but which excludes the father," Mel Roman and William Haddad conclude in their book, *The Disposable Parent.* Busy judges clearing calendars usually hammer out "safe" decisions—sole custody to the mother.

The question of whether a court of law is the proper forum for making custody decisions is a relevant one. Research and clinical experience have documented the fact that children who fare best after a divorce are those who are free to develop loving and full relationships with both parents. Researchers, both men and women, have also concluded that, following a divorce, the needs of the whole family must be considered in order for any one member to thrive.

Supporting this thesis, a National Institute of Mental Health conference has concluded that continuous, meaningful contact with the non-custodial parent is a critical factor in the child's post-divorce adjustment. Members of the conference agreed that joint custody was an important and desirable alternative for divorced parents.

The members were also struck by the fact that books such as Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* and Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* do not say a word about the custody of children after divorce. The subject is virtually ignored in feminist writing. If child custody is mentioned at all, the tendency is to call for more stringent enforcement of child-support payments, the creation of more and better day-care facilities, and split work shifts for women—all implying that exclusive maternal custody is taken for granted. Ironically, the conference members concluded that the very conditions that feminists decry within the intact household are encouraged in the divorced one.

The adversary legal system often escalates the conflict between mothers and fathers in order to establish which is the "better" parent. (Is this in the "best interests" of the child?) Joint custody, on the other hand, makes for less animosity between father and mother, and it permits the children to have close relations with both parents. Certain states grant jurisdictional power to their judges to enable them to make a joint-custody award, but the judges of this country have not yet made the case-by-case commitment in custody cases to consider awards of joint custody. About 18 states, by statute, preclude an award of joint custody unless extraordinary circumstances are met. In New York State, legislation in favor of joint custody was ignominiously vetoed by the state's governor. The best approach for any state would be to do what California did in 1980—statutorily create a presumption in favor of joint custody.

The need for passage of the statutory presumption of joint custody in states such as New York is equally as important as the ERA. I have always supported the ERA, but it is difficult to support it unconditionally—without the feminists supporting the presumption of joint custody.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

When I met my current lover, Joey, he was 22, but he had had only one sexual experience—one quick and unpleasant two-minute fuck with a college professor. Outside of that, he had never touched a woman, whereas I had had a great deal of previous experience with men. Before we ever met, Joey and I would always eye each other in the grocery store where he worked part-time as a clerk. He's a shy type and would get very nervous when I was around, dropping vegetables on the floor, stumbling in the aisles, etc. Once, watching while I picked out frozen foods, he knocked down a whole stack of soup cans.

Then one day, he was standing on a ladder arranging some bottles of applesauce on a high shelf. I came over and commented that his arms were very muscular and asked if he liked to exercise. He was so nervous that he was shaking and just managed to utter that he used to be on his high-school swimming team, but that since he'd started going to night school, he had to preserve all his energy for his studies. I said I knew of a kind of exercise that only increased one's energy. He stuttered, "W-w-what kind could that be?" I handed him a piece of paper with my address on it and said, "Show up at eight and you'll find out!"

That night, I greeted him at the door wearing a long black robe and instructed him to take a shower while I poured some heady wine. When he came out of the bathroom, I was sitting on my water bed with my robe open just enough to expose my black stockings and garters. I handed him a glass of wine and told him when he finished it I'd show him more. He gulped it down in a flash, whereupon I leaned back and took off my robe. I was wearing a black corset, laced up the front with a red ribbon. Joey's cock automatically stood at attention.

I knelt at his feet and began to give him a "toe job," slipping his toes, one by one, in and out of my mouth. Then I ran my tongue up his legs and circled his ass hole. Skipping his rock-hard penis, I continued to work my way up till I reached his nipples, which I softly bit until they were hard and erect. I put one of my breasts before his lips, then pulled it away just as he was about to put his mouth around it. I knew I was teasing him, but I figured the only way to get a guy as shy as him to let loose was to get him so frustrated he'd eventually just go wild.

Now he was begging to fuck me. I told him I wasn't quite ready and took a huge dildo out of my dresser, pulled my panties down a few inches, and plunged it inside me. I knew Joey was aching as he watched me. I pulled out the dildo and pushed it lightly against his anus while I ran my hot tongue around his lovely balls. Finally, I slipped off my panties. Before I let him slip his shaft in, I made him promise to drink every bit of his come out of my cunt. He would have promised me the moon at that point, and now he readily agreed.

After he exploded inside me, he put his face between my thighs and sucked out every drop of his own juice, the honest guy! Then suddenly, he looked at me and his eyes were hot as a tiger's. I knew he was letting me know that he was the one in charge now.

In a moment, he was on top of me, slipping his cock up my cunt and saying if I didn't come, he was going to stick it up my ass. When he was satisfied, he took out his dick and put it in my mouth. At the same time, he slipped a finger up my ass as a warning of things to come if I wasn't a good girl. Then he leaned back and commanded me to stroke him all over. Soon he shot hot come all over his stomach and then pushed my head down and made me

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lap it up. After we both came again, we lay back and fell into a blissful sleep. When we woke up, Joey was once again as shy and gentle as a lamb.

I was wondering, Xaviera, if you share my opinion that the guys who come on like "macho men" are usually letdowns in the sack, while the quiet ones are very often a wonderful surprise? From the moment I saw my shy, spectacled guy, I knew for sure there was a real tiger underneath that exterior!—E.P.

Your situation is the opposite of the old story where the prim-and-proper secretary, with her hair pinned up and her glasses on the tip of her nose, turns out to be some wild sex kitten the minute her boss takes off her glasses and lets down her hair. You've been lucky enough to find yourself a terrific pupil who, though inexperienced, was capable of everything you could dream of.

I fully agree with your conjecture, and I still get a kick out of teaching some naive, inexperienced man the ropes. In the lectures I give on sex at universities all over Europe, I always advise that the best thing a man or woman around the age of 20 can do is to have an affair with someone older and more experienced. Once one has been taught the art of loving, and has become acquainted with the numerous possibilities for pleasure, he or she can avoid a lot of sexual problems in the future.

SOLE SEARCHING

From all appearances, I seem to be a conventional, successful, and healthy-minded man, devoid of any oddities or perversions. But it has been only with the greatest effort that I have managed to suppress an overwhelming, insatiable, and eccentric inclination.

My problem is this: I have a strong desire to massage, kiss, lick, and suck feet. No other parts of a woman's body so arouse me as her toes, heels, and arches, and my mouth is drawn to them as a bee is to honey. I have fantasized about attending a private women's party and worshiping the feet of each of the guests. I can even imagine the sensation of removing their high-heeled shoes and stroking the tender flesh of their soles.

I have not been able to find a single woman who enjoys foot attention. In desperation, I am writing to you for your advice: How can I locate women who enjoy having their feet loved? Perhaps there are establishments that cater to foot fetishists? Also, do you think it is possible for a female to gain pleasure from this treatment?—N.A.

The answer to your query is so obvious it's amazing you've overlooked it. Of course, there are establishments that cater to foot fetishists. They're right under your nose. They're called shoe stores!

All you need to do is get yourself a part-time job in a ladies' shoe store and you can worship as many female feet as you have customers (or rather, twice as many). You would also be surrounded by ladies' footwear—a pleasurable accessory for any respectable foot fetishist. You could even collect your clients' discarded shoes for private contemplation.

Another possibility would be to study pedicure. In time you could open your own salon, accepting only female clients. Imagine the lovely women who would be slipping sexily out of their pumps and nylon stockings to place a slim, naked foot into a hot, perfumed footbath that you've prepared. Then you'd caress her ankles, massage her feet to ecstasy, clip away at her toenails, and possibly even paint her nails to prolong the treatment. You could also become a podiatrist or advertise in a local paper as a talented masseur whose specialty is the care of women's feet. And if there is a lady who has the potential to get turned on by your fetish, this treatment will certainly capture her attention.

ZOOT SUIT

Early on in our relationship, my lover, Nelly, admitted that she was bisexual and was sleeping with a woman regularly. I asked Nelly if her partner, Denise, would like to try a threesome. She made a phone call and Denise said she'd be right over.

The three of us really got it on! Nelly took out her camera and we took turns taking erotic pictures. After that night, we started meeting on a regular basis and Denise would bring along her own camera as well. Soon we started to have contests for the kinkiest picture of the night. Recently, our photographs helped introduce us to a new lover and a new fetish.

Coming home from work one night, I saw that Nelly had company, a young Danish woman named Leslie. Nelly was off in the kitchen and I excused myself to go and get out of my business clothes, leaving Leslie all alone. When I returned, I was shocked to discover that she'd found the whole stash of photos. She wasn't at all upset, however. In fact, a minute later Nelly had to come in to see what Leslie was laughing so hard about. When she saw her going through the photos, I thought she was going to shit in her pants with embarrassment. But Leslie just turned around calmly and informed us, "You Americans are too inhibited about sex. You should be more open-minded, like the Danish!" Then she asked if we would like to "explore the new world" with her. Nelly and I eagerly agreed. Then Leslie got up and went into the bathroom, yelling over her shoulder to get the camera ready!

Nelly and I got undressed, jumped into our king-size bed, and tried to figure out what Leslie had in store for us. A while later, an ominous figure covered from head to toe in shining black rubber appeared in the doorway. A black mask, with openings for the nose, eyes, and mouth, concealed the face. Tight rubber gloves that reached

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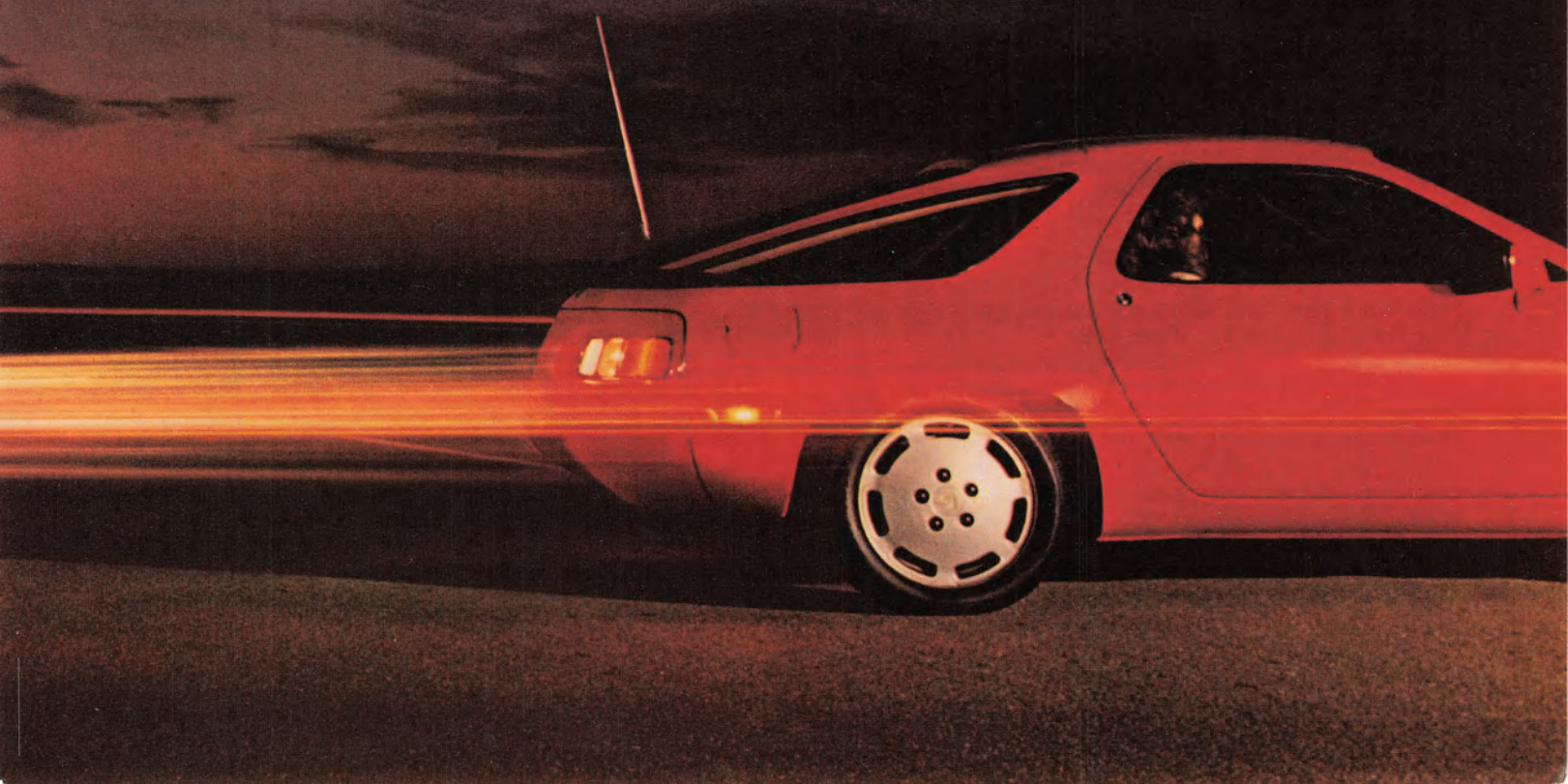

up to the armpits covered her arms, and shiny black stockings caressed her shapely legs. A black rubber corselet sheathed her torso and pushed her breasts up very high. "Don't be nervous," said the voice, which was Leslie's. She reached into the bra of the corselet and pulled out a pair of shiny rubber panties with a long, black-rubber dildo attached to the front.

As I watched her slip them on, my cock grew hard as a rock and Nelly's sexy, slim torso was squirming with delight. Leslie slowly crawled onto the bed and started to rub one of her gloved hands up and down the length of my shaft. When I was ready to shoot my load, Nelly suddenly sat up, grabbed the camera, and took a great shot of my warm juices gently flowing over Leslie's rubber hands.

Then Leslie turned to Nelly and stuck a wiggling snake tongue out of the mask. Nelly's eyes grew wider and wider as Leslie very slowly got on top of her and buried her black-masked face in Nelly's dark bush. Then she slid up Nelly's body, licking her stomach, her hard nipples, and her velvet neck. She kissed Nelly once and then entered the big rubber cock into her dripping pussy. From then on the action got steamier and steamier, and we all took turns playing photographer.

The next morning we drove an exhausted Leslie to the airport and picked up Denise on the way home to show her the new pictures. When she saw them, she said she had to try it, too. The problem is that Leslie has moved and we can't find any rubber clothes! Do you know where we can locate some or can you suggest any alternatives?—B.S.

People who adore the smell and touch of rubber are by no means rare. I myself have always been fascinated by it. This probably stems from my childhood. I was a bed wetter until the age of ten, and my mother used to put a rubber sheet over the mattress. (I was finally cured of this habit by my father, who offered to reward me with 50 cents for every night I didn't pee in bed. I guess my early business sense prevailed over my unwillingness to get up in the middle of the night!) Ever since then I have been intrigued by rubber. I love the feel of a doctor's rubber gloves as he examines my body. Rubber raincoats are also appealing, especially if they are black, shiny, and tight around the waist.

To get the equipment you desire, you might check out the *Latex Annual* (catalog no. 31), Evelyn Rainbird, Ltd., P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631. Send a check for $15.00, plus $2.50 postage.

MADE TO ORDER

Due to the nature of my job, I frequently travel to major cities around the United States. Over the last couple of years, I have patronized escort services in these cities, and my experiences with them have been varied. I have spent highly enjoyable evenings with beautiful girls and some dreadful ones with boring dogs.

Judging from the number of these services in any major city, I assume that a large number of men employ them. I know your readers will be interested in any advice you can offer.

My first question is: How does one select the service with the best girls? In some cities there are so many agencies listed in the phone book that it's difficult to make a decision. Next, once I've decided on an agency, how do I go about obtaining their best ("10") girls? In the past, I've asked over the phone for descriptions of the available girls (blond, brunette, tall, short, etc.) and based my decision on the agency's opinion. However, I've found this method very unreliable and have spent many a night paying $100 or $200 an hour for a girl who couldn't turn on the horniest bastard in the world. I hope you can recommend a way of getting one of the agency's more pleasant-looking employees.

Another question I have is: How can you know if the girl you acquire is careful about her hygiene? Is it generally acceptable to inquire about this? I'd also like a girl to wear a particular type of makeup and dress—for example, I get really turned on by women who wear tons of colorful makeup, high heels, and stockings with a garter belt—but have never requested this because I didn't know if it is legitimate to ask. Can you supply some insights?—P.C.

Obviously, selecting a girl through an agency manager over the telephone has as much risk involved as buying a secondhand car without seeing it. Similarly, it is possible to go to a restaurant someone has recommended to you and wind up having disgusting food, rude service, and an exorbitant bill. The only answer to your question is to learn by experience—if the service is bad, don't use it again. An alternative would be a good brothel where you are offered a choice of girls in the flesh and owe no more than the price of a drink if none of them appeals to you. Most girls will be happy to come to your hotel for a set fee (which should be negotiated with the management beforehand).

As far as cleanliness is concerned, most hookers are probably more worried about hygiene than you are. But if you feel your girl is not squeaky clean, you can have her take a bath when she arrives.

There's nothing unreasonable in asking a girl to wear special makeup or clothes, or even a kind of costume that would turn her into a character from your fantasies! But remember that she is a working woman and may not possess the fancy items you desire. You would be obliged to buy her the sexy negligees or garter belts you long to see her in.

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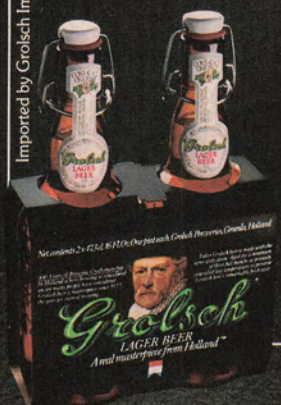

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ALL-PURPOSE CELEBRITY INTERVIEW

BY LAWRENCE EISENBERG

First you saw her as the Darvon-addicted butcher in Woody Allen's *Anxietyosity*. Then she was the anorexic bigot in Sidney Lumet's *The Ballad of Shirley Chisholm*. Her next role was as herself, when she accepted this year's supporting Oscar.

What's it like to go from obscurity to worldwide fame? In her suite at the Pierre, Lisa Eiger runs unmanicured fingers through long, blond hair and takes a long drag on her slim cigar.

"What's fame?" asks the former Orange Julius girl. "An Oscar's great for the box office, but it's no guarantee of creative freedom. Oh, I get a lot of Clayburgh's castoffs, but who needs that merde? Redford wants me for a film. . . ." She shrugs. "What chance does a woman have, creatively, in a Redford flick? I'm going to Cannes. But you know something? Joe Papp doesn't think I'm ready for Shakespeare, that s----!" (She uses an archaic expression for a male contraceptive.)

But surely an Oscar has to be a great honor.

"The real honor, of course, is the nomination," Lisa answers, "—being in the same category as Lisa Hartman, Lisa Eichhorn, Lisa Eilbacher, and Jill Eikenberry. Who wins is pointless." She yawns loudly. "I'm still exhausted. Preparing for a role takes a lot out of me. I didn't just *read* about hookers, I became a hooker for three months."

Lisa's eyes drop to a loose thread on her mauve cashmere sweater. She pulls on it. "Norma's designing crap these days," she says, pointing to a forest of pilling all over her famous chest. "The gown she made for me for the Oscars began to unravel in the limo; that's why I wore the tuxedo when I accepted. Everybody thought I was butch. But Betty Bacall understood."

Is Lisa going to live in Hollywood?

"*Only* when I have to work there." She brushes ashes off her mauve leather jeans. "I got great insight into myself on my recent retreat in Kathmandu. I was just telling my nutritionist today that you lose your soul out in L.A., you become part of the anti-intellectual fantasy world of druggies and Mercedes. I need to stay close to my roots in my walk-up right here in New York."

"But you're from Miami," I say.

"I mean my *spiritual* roots. Look, it's important to not lose touch with the people on the street. If I become too insular, how can I grow? Just last night I was rapping about this with Mick and Dustin. Even Vitas agreed that you've got to keep laying your life on the line, creatively speaking. As an artist I'm constantly looking for a way to stretch myself. I'm not choosy about the forum. I'm talking to my business manager now about doing a one-woman show in Union Square park next summer. I'm calling it 'Woman Is Me.' Bill Hurt says he'll do it if I will."

"Where does William Hurt fit in to a one-woman show?"

Her smile puts Goya's *Maja* to shame. "If you don't understand that, there's nothing I can tell you."

"Okay, tell us what you'll do in the show," I want to know.

"A soupçon of Plath . . . a bit of Jong . . . some Jean Harris . . . a lot of my own poetry . . . and a few surprises. Meryl and Carly have promised to be ushers on opening night," she says, with a self-effacing giggle.

Though she avoids talking about it, a lot has happened in Lisa Eiger's social life since she won the Oscar. Liza tossed her the party of the year in Lenox Hill Hospital's new Halston Pavilion, and Bob Hope has asked her to entertain the troops in Puerto Vallarta. Not to mention her love life. But even though her index finger sports the 44-karat diamond, which she is reported to have received from billionaire Adnan Kashoggi, her sole comment is, "I'm a very private person."

GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

Her bodyguard stands in the doorway, indicating a phone call.

She disappears into the bedroom. Quiet murmuring, then, ". . . You can take the Carlton and shove it! If I don't get a suite at the Hotel DuCap you can play Cannes without me!" Slam of phone. She returns to the living room and shakes her head. "Honestly, that studio is something else. All I want to do is simplify my life. Keeping your integrity is a full-time job these days. Oh, look, I'm due down on Greenwich Avenue. Would you know what subway I have to take?"

I give her directions as she shakes my hand at the door. "I hope I haven't bored you too much," she says, as the door is closing. And I think: Lisa Eiger is an actress for her time, bowing to no pretentious show-business precedents, always taking chances. I hope she wins the battle for her integrity.

TV

HOT SHEETS

It is smirkingly remarked within the television industry that ABC stands for Aaron's Broadcasting Company. *The Love Boat, Fantasy Island, Dynasty, Hart to Hart, Matt Houston*—every one of these hit ABC series is produced by Aaron Spelling. With each passing season his power grows greater and more pervasive, as the network's fate becomes more and more dependent on him. ***Hotel,*** Spelling's latest enterprise, has been by far the most successful of the new ABC shows.

Hotel was inspired by the 1967 movie of the same name, which was based on Arthur Hailey's novel. But the show is really the product of a long-winning formula, a formula brought to perfection (or its TV equivalent) by Doug Cramer, who has been Spelling's partner since 1977, the year *The Love Boat* first sailed across the Tab-dark sea. Doug Cramer's formula is a simple one in which unrelated vignettes unfold, or sometimes wilt outright, in common, romantic settings—from a cruise ship to a magical isle presided over by a bad Mexican actor and his troll. In this case the setting is the imaginary St. Gregory Hotel, a facsimile of the elegant Fairmont, in San Francisco.

The star of the show is James Brolin, in the role of the hotel manager, Peter McDermott. Bearded and stately, he roams the St. Gregory like an Ahab gravely awaiting the fateful return of the great white Rotarian conventioneer. His assistant, Christine Francis, played by pretty Connie Sellecca, seems to expend no small amount of energy trying to get him to look at her breasts. Julie Grey, the desk clerk, is played by Shari Belafonte-Harper, risen from her Calvin Klein commercial. Overseeing all is the matriarchal owner of the St. Gregory, Mrs. Cabot, done to the hilt by Anne Baxter. But, as with *The Love Boat* and *Fantasy Island,* the real stars are the various guests who check in each week, sully the sheets with their mawkish melodrama, then vanish with the wind.

Thus far in the first season of *Hotel,* the guests have been involved in all manner of salacious goings-on. In one episode, Carol Lynley played a lesbian playwright whose stay at the St. Gregory was devoted to convincing her old college roommate (Barbara Perkins) that they should bump pussies. The roommate eventually fled and had sex with a male stranger in another room, "to prove to myself that I wasn't gay." This episode was advertised by ABC in *TV Guide* as "FORBIDDEN LOVE! A woman risks everything for a single night of ecstasy!" The accompanying illustration depicted Barbara Perkins: her nipples visibly erect beneath a satin camisole and her waist arched orgasmically as she lay alone in bed. The show itself included no such scene.

In another episode, Monte Markham portrayed a bitter, wheelchair-bound paraplegic. Apparently refusing to make like Jon Voight in *Coming Home,* he was unresponsive to his wife's suggestion that "There are other ways to make love." The wife (Constance McCashin) crept dejectedly into the bed of James Brolin, who seems to regard coital solacing as a part of his managerial duties. Meanwhile, down in the lobby, Harry Belafonte's daughter flirted in Swahili with a tall, dark, divorced fashion buyer from Nairobi.

Adrienne Barbeau showed up last January as a wretched single-mother heroin junkie. Her boyfriend shot her up and her son fretted. In the end she detoxified in ten seconds flat, and all was well between mother and son.

Just as the occasional flock of fawn-eyed orphans is shepherded aboard *The Love Boat* by missionary nuns every Yuletide or so, members of the lower classes find their way into *Hotel* through the charity and compassion of the St. Gregory's owner, Mrs. Cabot. When a humble fisherman named Tomasino (played by Michael Constantine in a manner owing much to that of Mr. Botchagalup on the old *Abbott and Costello Show*) lost his home to fire, the St. Gregory put him and his family up for free in a suite. Of course the real-life Fairmont Hotel, which charges upwards of $115 a night for two (depending on the view), is not known for such beneficence.

The most unforgettable episode of all, perhaps, was the one in which Liberace gave a command performance for a Cleveland couple who had journeyed to the St. Gregory to celebrate their anniversary. There he sat at his piano on the stage of the St. Gregory's grand showroom, grinning as only he can grin. "Any requests?" he intoned. Hesitantly, the couple asked for "As Time Goes By," and Liberace, still grinning as only he can grin, complied. The couple held hands as Lee was resplendent before them. Neither Carol Lynley offering her body and soul to Barbara Perkins nor Adrienne Barbeau with a spike in her arm could compare with this sight; and the camera, like Dante from the seventh circle, withdrew.

A year ago, before *Hotel* came into being, Doug Cramer told me, "A television-maker gets very, very frightened when he gets good reviews." As for the bad reviews, "All you've got to do is keep laughing all the way to the bank." It seems certain that *Hotel* will be with us for years and that its producers have little reason to be frightened and great cause to laugh. —*Nick Tosches*

Hotel's *James Brolin and Connie Sellecca: checking out the guests.*

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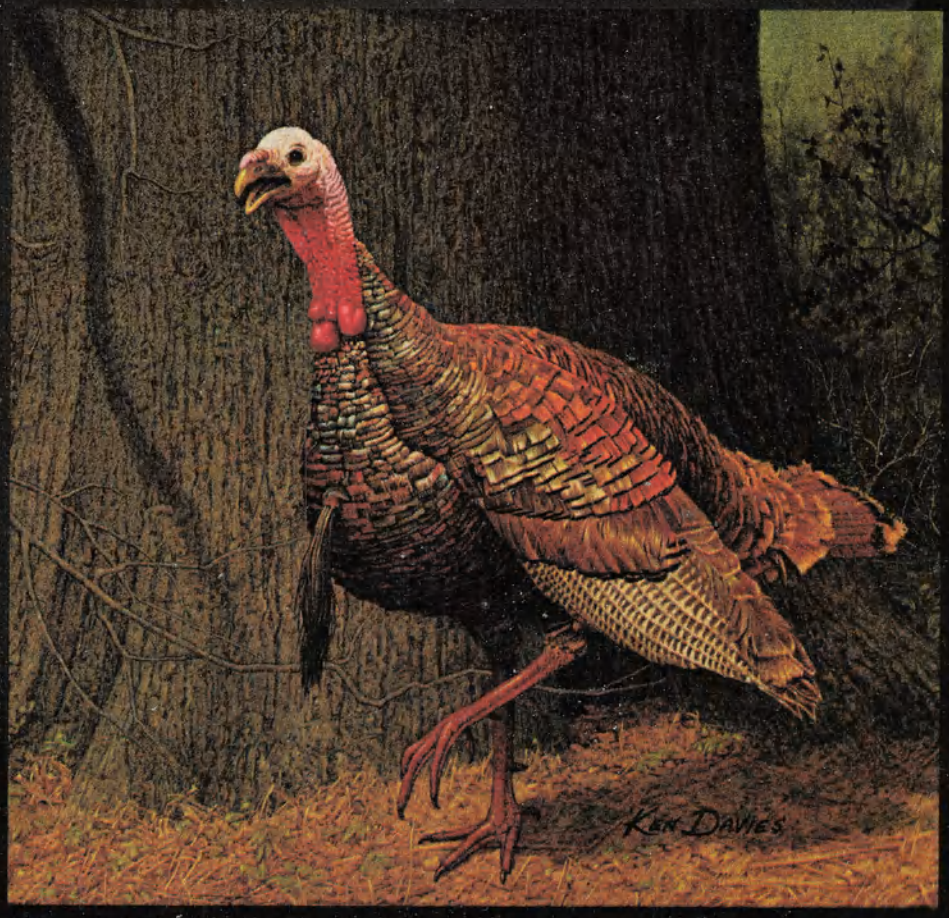

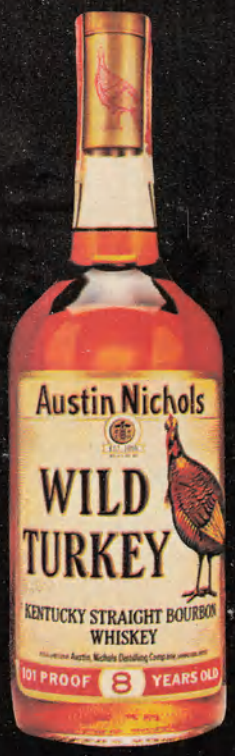

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COMPUTERS

MUSIC FRIENDLY

The ability to play a musical instrument, to fly effortlessly through scales and chord progressions, has always seemed to be the sole province of the gifted among us. The rest of us simply can't move our fingers correctly or count out a beat.

But manipulating sound electronically gives us greater agility with music, and manual dexterity takes a backseat to creativity. You don't so much "play" music as program it. Computers are now standard equipment for Herbie Hancock; the Culture Club; Earth, Wind and Fire; and other artists. But you don't need to be a superstar to be able to afford a synthesizer, computer equipment, or music software.

After catering exclusively to rock groups and professional composers, Syntauri (Los Altos, Calif.) recently introduced **Simply Music** software as part of its computer-music hardware/software packages, which are compatible with the Apple II computers. The system, one of the most elaborate being marketed for nonprofessionals, consists of a four- or five-octave keyboard that connects to the Apple, two foot pedals, Simply Music courseware, and a recording diskette. You choose from three learning modes—easy to play, traditional piano, or improvisation—and progress at your own pace. A choice of screen displays allows you to view a note-labeled keyboard, a colored bar system, or standard musical notation. Notes appear on the screen as you either play along with prerecorded music on the software or compose your own. It is possible to teach yourself to sight-read by playing along with prerecorded music because the piece will not advance till you hit the right note. As you become facile with the system, you can embellish the prerecorded music or your own compositions with up to 100 instruments. The capability to transpose as well as instantaneously change the order of musical sections obviously encourages faster composition. A five-octave system costs $1,500; a four-octave system, $1,000.

A less costly musical program, which you buy as you go, is **MusiCalc** (Waveform, Berkeley, Calif.). It is designed exclusively for the Commodore 64 and requires a disk drive and TV to act as monitor and speaker. A built-in synthesizer on a chip called "SID" (Sound Interface Device) gives the Commodore a nine-octave range and three voices. (Voices are like tracks of sound that can be played simultaneously.) MusiCalc 1 introduces you to the basics of theory and composing ($75). In MusiCalc 2, the ScoreWriter, you can change your improvisations to musical notation, and with a printer turn out your own sheet music ($35). Two optional templates (disks) let you adapt any melodic line to African, Latin, rock, or new-wave rhythms ($25 each).

Atari has developed its own line of music-instruction software for its XL line, all of which have a three-and-a-half-octave range. They've taken a more traditional approach, dividing music theory into three distinct programs: **Terms and Notations**, **Rhythm and Pitch**, and **Scales and Chords** ($30 each). You then graduate to **AtariMusic I** and **II**, which show you how the programs work together, through drills, games, and more self-guided instruction ($40 each). When you've mastered that, you can score your own symphony with **Music Composer** ($40).

Another traditional approach comes from Electronic Arts (San Mateo, Calif.). **Music Construction Set**, written by 17-year-old Will Harvey, presents you with a blank sheet-music image on your monitor and a menu of musical symbols (notes, sharps, flats, rests, key signatures, etc.); sliding scales, which adjust speed, sound quality, and volume; and a selection of commands for advancing or backing up through a score, and for cutting and inserting ($40).

But until you're ready to get creative and put your own music on the staff, you can play along and tinker with 12 prerecorded pieces ranging from rock to baroque.

For those with some musical background, **Orchestra 90**, by Radio Shack for their TRS 80 Models 3 and 4, translates sheet music stored on the Orchestra 90 data base (available on CompuServe) into symbols the computer can read and play. You orchestrate the basic tune with up to five instruments. You can hear your music by hooking up to a TV or stereo by plugging in an add-on interface board that comes with the software ($80).

If you don't have a computer, you can still experiment with electronic music with a synthesizer. **Casio** offers two portable synthesizer keyboards for $100 and under. They each have a two-and-a-half-octave range and have eight instrument sounds and a choice of several rhythm backgrounds. Another portable electronic keyboard, **Yamaha's** MP-1, has a built-in printer next to the keys, which record in musical notation what you play ($800).

After you've penned, or rather programmed, a couple of potential chart busters on your computer—or can at least sight-read and distinguish a minor chord—you might want to dust off the piano and see what happens. You might not be Carnegie Hall material but at least you'll know you didn't miss anything by dropping piano lessons.

—Karen Schwarz

JOE SCHMIDT/CHROMOSOHM

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FILMS

HAPPY RETURNS

Ever since he started making them, Woody Allen's movies have been about a multi-historied figure you might call "Woody Allen." They have also tended consciously to imitate some other filmmaker's style: Bergman, Fellini, even Warren Beatty's *Reds* (for the pseudo-documentary pedantries of *Zelig*). But it's a style that has become an exercise in painfully diminishing returns.

But ***Broadway Danny Rose*** turns most of that around. Woody Allen remains a creature of legend, though the legend is now a story told over coffee and pastrami in a Manhattan delicatessen. And he is still mostly projecting personality—though the personality begins to look like genuine character in the image of Danny Rose, a small-time Broadway talent agent whose life is a running demonstration that nice guys finish last. In the course of the movie, Danny loses a client—he always loses his clients—a has-been nightclub singer (Nick Apollo Forte) who is for no discernible reason succeeding on the comeback trail. But he gains the client's girlfriend, a north-Jersey-gang sweetheart (played wonderfully, as if through an impenetrable disguise, by Mia Farrow), who happens to fall for Danny's decency.

The return to so modest and so typical a project—you can recognize the story line in half a dozen Woody Allen movies—is utterly refreshing. So is the comedy. Whether broad or subtle, it is almost always energetic and truly funny, and in touch with the sentiment in a way that saves *Broadway Danny Rose* from the pretensions that got between thought and feeling in the recent, ostensibly deeper, Allen films.

And the Ship Sails On is Federico Fellini's best work in ten years. Full of echoes and recollections, it nevertheless seems new in its restraint, its gorgeous stylization.

On the eve of World War I, a dedicated band of former colleagues and devoted fans sails out to scatter at sea the ashes of a gracious, late great Italian opera soprano. The events of the war's outbreak will overtake them. And there might hang an allegory—if Fellini had not the good sense and the genuine instinct to turn his events away from history and into theatrical spectacle of stunning refinement and intricacy. A huge cardboard liner cruises a sea of cellophane as artists and aesthetes, grand dukes and tenors, businessmen and eccentrics gather on board. Their homage to the dead singer is also an act of self-celebration, and the stately doomed ship is their stage. Eventually a boatload of Serbian refugees, a menacing Austrian battleship, and an enormous and helpless rhinoceros join their voyage. Each addition becomes a new kind of theater, in which the grand gestures—dinner in the first-class dining room, a lady's smile of betrayal, an impromptu concert on musical water glasses in the ship's galley—pass with an ethereal delicacy I have not seen in recent Fellini.

Mia Farrow as gang sweetheart.

When the battleship finally trains its massive guns to sink the liner, most of the passengers escape. But the camera returns to the empty salon and the flooded passageways into which all the steamer trunks from the deserted cabins suddenly float out, in the clear interior light of the late-afternoon sun. Dante Ferretti designed the set; Giuseppe Rotunno directed the photography. Both Fellini veterans, they have created for him one of the most beautifully precise images of loss on film.

Jean-Louis Trintignant and Fanny Ardant: innocent of murder.

The excessive affection I feel for François Truffaut's ***Confidentially Yours*** isn't just a continuation of loyalty to my favorite living director. It is also a recognition of Truffaut's penchant for quoting some of my favorite past directors in this film: An office interview out of Howard Hawks's *The Big Sleep,* a potato-salad recipe from Jean Renoir's *The Rules of the Game*—why resist the recollection of such special friends?

On its own account, *Confidentially Yours* doesn't try to make much sense. Set in a town near the French Riviera, it is a mystery melodrama in which a secretary (Fanny Ardant) sets about proving that her boss (Jean-Louis Trintignant) is innocent of the four local murders he could have committed. By luck, one victim is his no-good wife, which leaves him open to the resourceful girl Friday who has loved him all along.

A tradition of American crime comedies, mostly from the 1930s and 1940s, lies behind *Confidentially Yours,* and I don't think it captures their casual tone especially well. But it surely does answer to its own oddball vitality and offhand lyricism. In the best Truffaut, things are always more serious than the surface lightheartedness would lead you to believe. In *Confidentially Yours* they aren't. But in the Truffaut gallery of magical women, Fanny Ardant exemplifies a benign happy magic—which made her partly wrong for the portrayal of suicidal passion in *The Woman Next Door* and makes her exactly right for the happy French-Provincial Nancy Drew that she plays here. So far as she defines it, with her confident and angular beauty, the film virtually smiles. —*Roger Greenspun.*

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SOUNDS

GUITAR WARS

With the pop charts and airwaves awash in synthetic fop rock, guitar bands suddenly seem to be an endangered species. Britain succumbed to the blandishments of synth pop's overdressed dandies more than a year ago, and British synthesizer bands like the Eurhythmics, Soft Cell, and Human League have won an American audience with the help of clever videos and MTV. Disco and funk are even harder hit—metronomic drum machines or "beat boxes" and synthesized keyboard and orchestral effects have made chattering rhythm guitars and post-Hendrix guitar leads all but obsolete.

What's a rocking guitar player to do? Even punk rock, for all its nose-thumbing at tradition and its withering disdain for guitar-hero posturing, reaffirmed the power and rightness of the guitar-bass-drums instrumentation that has been the basic rock-and-roll format since the fifties. Post-punk introduced a whole crop of guitar antiheros: Players like Public Image Ltd's Keith Levene, U-2's pseudonymous the Edge, and the Police's Andy Summers proved that a resourceful guitarist and an array of special-effects pedals can make sounds as varied and atmospheric as those of any synthesizer or conventional orchestra.

In the mercurial world of pop music, every action provokes a reaction, every trend an anti-trend. And now that synth pop is all over the charts, the discos, the video shows, and Top 40 radio, a fresh crop of bands has arisen to reaffirm guitar rock's enduring virtues.

U-2 has spearheaded this back-to-rock-basics movement. This Irish quartet's three albums for Island Records have attracted a rabid following on both sides of the Atlantic, but snazzy new-wave-production values have tended to submerge the band's razor-sharp-guitar attack in billowing layers of echo and reverb. U-2's recent EP *Under A Blood Red Sky* (Island), recorded live at various concerts, finally captures the group's ringing guitar sound and emotional urgency in all its riveting grandeur.

Listeners have compared U-2's guitar sound with bagpipes, but the group that really merits this imagery is **Big Country**. Formed from the wreckage of a Scottish new-wave band called the Skids, Big Country goes for a distinctly Celtic ambience with its swirling, layered guitars and martial rhythms. The band's first American album, *The Crossing* (Mercury), was greeted with extravagant praise by synthed-out critics, then faulted by second-guessers for failing to live up to its notices. The songs are uneven, sometimes pretentious, but the playing is first rate; there's great potential here.

Proponents of the synthesizer argue that its possibilities are practically unlimited, and that guitar-band rock is both limited and old-fashioned. In fact, the opposite seems to be the case. Synth-pop groups tend to sound alike, due partly to the limitations of the equipment and partly to limited imaginations. Guitar bands come in a remarkable variety of sounds and styles. At one extreme there's **Aztec Camera**, whose lead singer and songwriter, Roddy Frame, strums an acoustic guitar and writes like a latter-day Neil Young or early Dylan. Aztec Camera's first album, *High Land, Hard Rain* (Sire), is folk rock for the eighties—woodsy and wordy, earnestly adolescent but quite charming. Fellow Britishers the **Fall** are equally literate but also mistrustful of words and their power to mask or distort reality, as the title of the latest Fall album, *Perverted by Language* (Rough Trade), indicates. Here the guitars slash like switchblades, making a magnificently obsessive music.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

U-2: emotional urgency.

Specimen: updating Alice Cooper's horror rock for the eighties.

Compare Aztec Camera with the Fall, throw in **Specimen**, who play horror rock like an eighties-style Alice Cooper (on *Batastrophe,* Sire) and you begin to have an idea of the variety of uses to which tried-and-true-guitar-band instrumentation can be put. And these are all United Kingdom bands. In the United States, guitar rock is equally diverse.

Even in a town as small as Athens, Georgia, home of the B-52's and other new-wave favorites, guitar bands are a varied lot. **R.E.M.** captured the hearts of closet folk-rock fans everywhere with their first album, *Murmur* (I.R.S.), a mesh of acoustic and electric-guitar textures and garage-band vocalese reminiscent of mid-sixties bands like the Beau Brummels. **Guadalcanal Diary**'s first disc, a four-song EP called *Watusi Rodeo* (Entertainment On Disc, 100 Hansell Street, Marietta, Ga. 30060), combines the spacey dub textures of fellow Athens band Pylon with a punkish, warped sense of humor. Songs include "Michael Rockefeller" and "John Wayne," along with a cover of a Miriam Makeba South African pop ditty sung in the original language.

For sheer gonzo-guitar mania, Washington, D.C.'s **Slickee Boys** are hard to beat. Though they've been together since 1976 (and thus qualify as one of the first American new-wave bands), the Slickees have just now got around to recording their first album, *Cybernetic Dreams of Pi* (Twin/Tone Records, 445 Oliver Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55405). It's full of blazing guitar duels and psychedelic-era garage-punk—a reminder that back in the sixties punk wasn't so much a style as a way of life.—*Robert Palmer*

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WORDS

UNDER THE SUN

After 25 years trying to prove otherwise, I've reached the conclusion that God didn't intend man to read on the beach. Everyone knows it's impossible to leaf through a book there without cultivating a ridiculous-looking bikini mark across your eyes.

Still, publishers save their juciest reads for the summer months, and so the urge to escape into a fast-paced adventure becomes irresistible, despite the circumstances. If you find that you can't control yourself, then by all means pack your beach bag with ***The Haj*** (Doubleday), by Leon Uris, and head for a sandy and secluded spot where you can pass a few hours—*weeks,* even—lost in this great storyteller's account of a man who stemmed the violent tide between Arab and Jewish interests in the twentieth century.

Twenty years after the publication of *Exodus,* Uris returns to the Middle East where Ibrahim al Soukouri, the haj (or leader) of a humble Palestinian tribe, is uprooted from his homeland in one of the endless shuffles of power confounding the Arab states. Couple this with Israeli statehood in 1948 and Ibrahim's episodic plight takes on more universal dimensions—like eternal war against the Jews and the Arabs' never-ending quest for identity.

Uris weaves these themes into a finely wrought tapestry of Middle Eastern history, with Haj Ibrahim's story as its dramatic fulcrum. The haj's bittersweet fight to keep his family together in time to return to their homeland brings him up against the likes of Ben Gurion, Abdullah, and literally dozens of characters who influenced the shape of that turbulent region. Though historical reference occasionally overwhelms the plot, Uris demonstrates time and again why the Arabs will never be able to live in peace with the Jews—or, for that matter, with other Arabs.

War (and its casualties) is the subject of two other books tailor-made for those lazy afternoons ahead. Derek Robinson's ***Piece of Cake*** (Knopf) chronicles a year in the life of an RAF fighter squadron preparing for war with Germany. This is no ordinary story of mobilization, but rather a human comedy peopled by complex characters—the pilots, their friends, family, women, and rivals—who actually succeed in turning wartime England into a romantic never-never-land. Their escapades, full of passion and poignancy, are reminiscent of an airborne *American Graffiti,* distinguished by extraordinary dialogue and some of the best flying scenes ever written.

War Day (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), on the other hand, is a testimonial to our incipient paranoia, a doomsday parable of the United States during the five years immediately following the explosion of nuclear devices over New York, Washington, and San Antonio. The book is actually a fantastic journal of sorts, kept by authors Whitley Streiber and James Kunetka, of their journey across post-Holocaust America. Interspersed throughout are authentic-looking news releases, classified government data, and charts reflecting casualty estimates, public opinion, and agricultural depletion, but the authors' primary interest is the interviews with ordinary people, whose lives were turned inside out by the bomb.

You might prefer to take the edge off your summer with a book or two that promises a brighter future—say, at least through next February. In that case, try ***The Color of Light*** (Warner Books and excerpted in last month's issue of *Penthouse*), by William Goldman, about a college student's coming of age on a small campus in Ohio. Chub Fuller, Goldman's embodiment of all our adolescent insecurities, is driven to a series of comical extremes by his lust for a hot-blooded B. J. Peacock. In the process, Chub becomes a best-selling novelist (a plebeian Nathan Zuckerman) and comes to the realization that "life and everything that touches it is material." Brilliant, Chub!

For anyone who wants to understand the other side of the coin, I suggest you pick up ***Everything We Wanted*** (Crown), by Lindsay Maracotta. The story follows three women who meet at an Ivy League college and pursue different, though intertwining, careers against a backdrop of 1960s idealism, only to find that they've been taken in by the false promise of the women's movement. Apart from the familiar war-between-the-sexes theme, the fast-paced action, lively dialogue, and numerous lovers' imbroglios keep the pages turning toward an absorbing and satisfying finale.

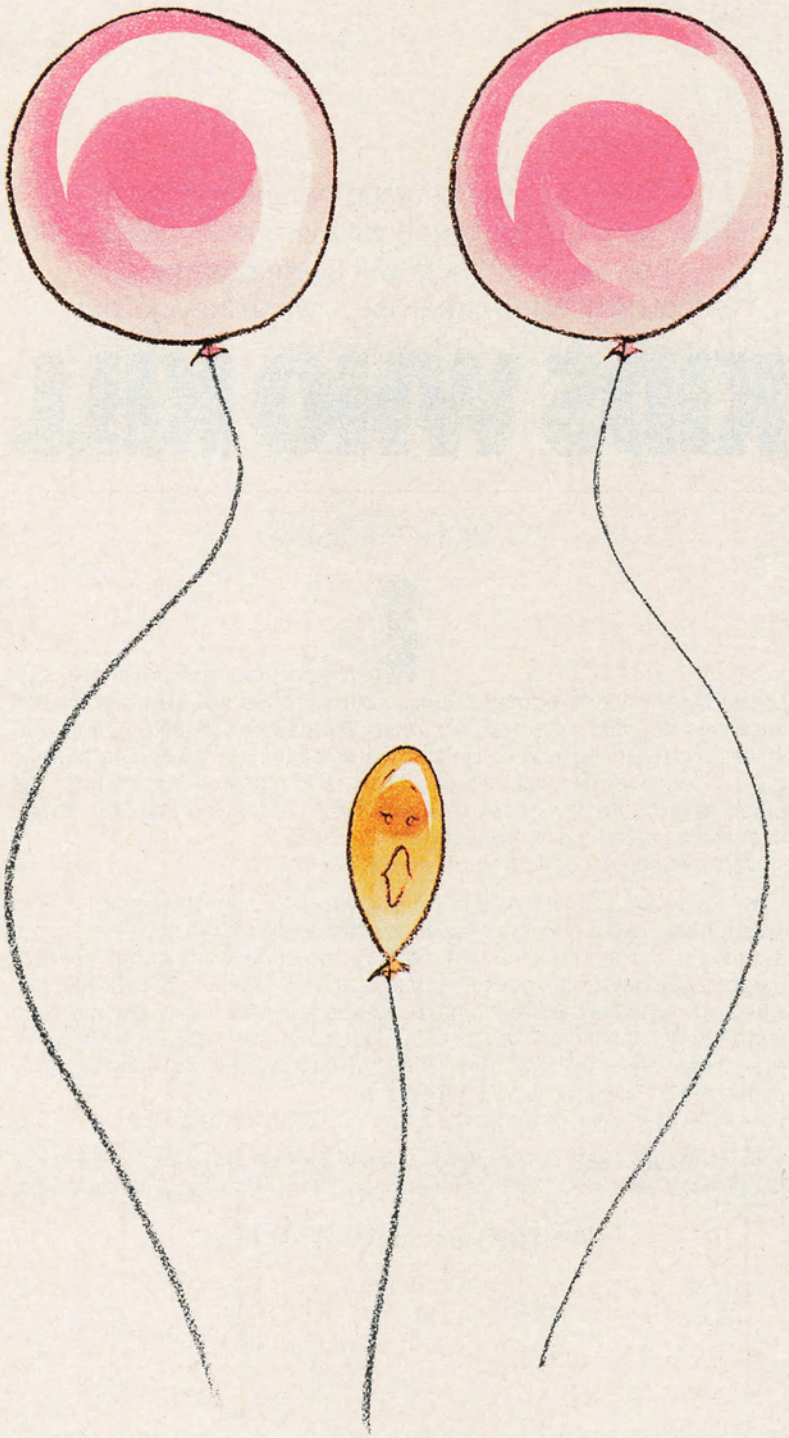
What would summer be without another nail chewer from Robert Ludlum? This time out he uncovers ***The Aquitaine Progression*** (Random House), a diabolical plot concocted by power-crazed generals who seek to control the reins of world power. Into this maelstrom stumbles Joel Converse, a seemingly run-of-the-mill lawyer who transforms himself into a superhuman counterspy bent on crushing the conspiracy. Converse's remarkable displays of self-preservation are predictable and positively preposterous. He repeatedly outthinks brilliant analysts, overpowers professional assassins, and outlives a transparent storyline, suggesting that Ludlum has pushed this formula as far as it will go.—*Bob Spitz*

ALAN SONNEMAN

War Day, *by Whitley Streiber and James Kunetka: a doomsday parable of life in post-Holocaust America.*

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Somehow, I get the feeling we're all part of a grand design."

The public, demanding harsher prison terms, wants to get tough with violent juveniles. But how we treat them will have a marked effect on how they treat us . . . when they get out.

KIDS WHO KILL

BY MICHAEL DISEND

Ivan Mendoza, aged 15, was surprised by an elderly woman during a burglary. He wheeled around and assaulted her with a karate chop, then stabbed her repeatedly with two knives and a carving fork. Police said that when the woman screamed, Ivan put a pillow over her face, slit her throat, and removed her clothes. The judge asked, "What manner of boy is this? . . . a living Pac-Man eating everything that comes in front of him?"

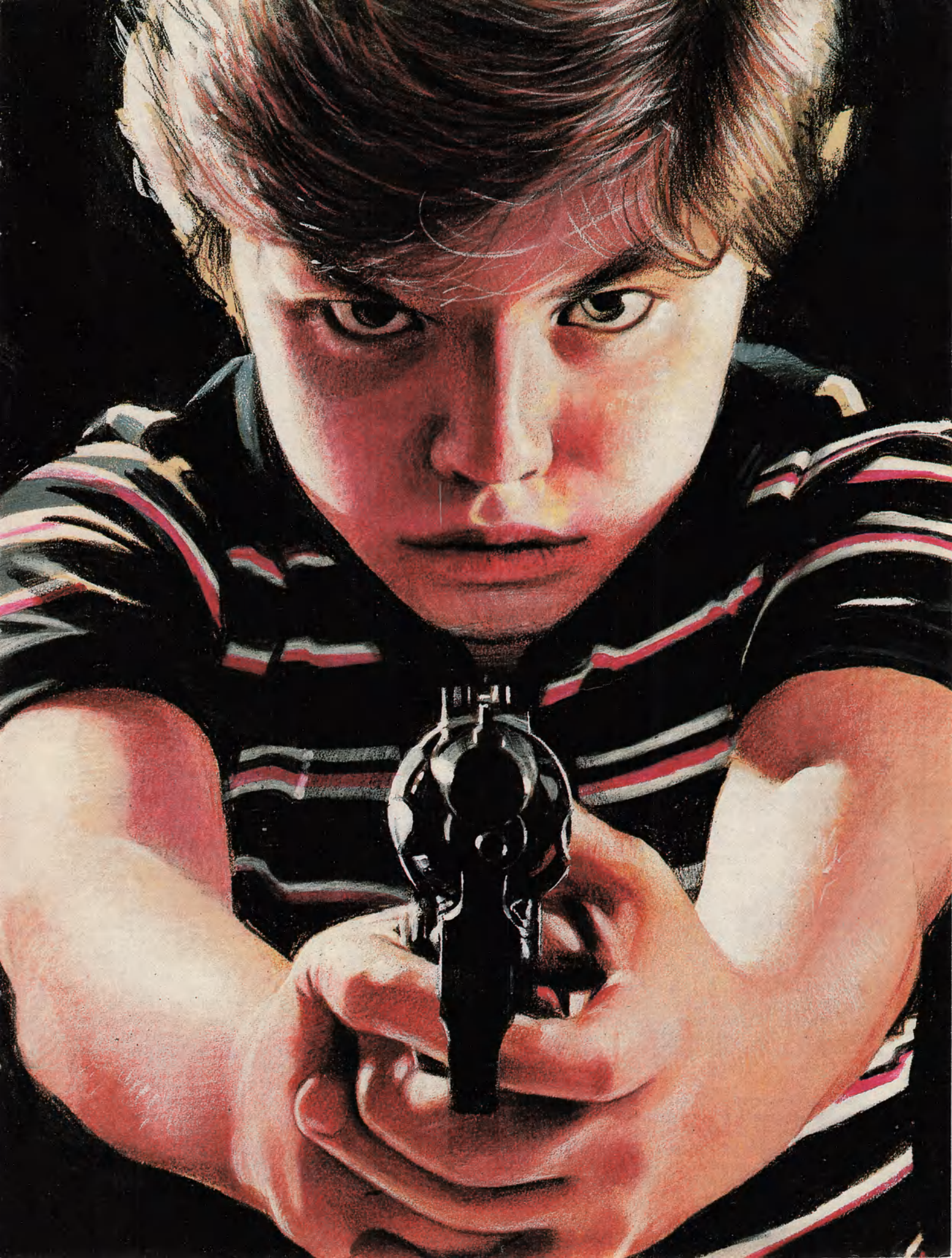
Ivan was sentenced to from nine years to life.

• "We robbed a McDonald's. We stuck the place up. The manager, who was in back, had a gun in a drawer. We took his gun with us. Then we ran around the corner. My man had a gypsy cab and we got about 10 or 15 blocks away before the police car told us to pull over. We had three guns, which we hid in the backseat. The detectives ran us up on the sidewalk and told us to get out and socked us in our faces and shit. I had some drugs on me. I threw them out the window. They had a shotgun on my head and they cuffed me up and threw me on the floor."

—A 16-year-old tells about the crime that sent him to prison.

• In August 1983, at Spofford Juvenile Center, a grim fortress in the southeast Bronx, New York, a riot erupted. What began as a fight between

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD



the boys of dormitories D5 and B3 ended with 5 adults and 16 kids injured. "They were beating them up like they do men," said 15-year-old Robert W., who was there at the time.

Recently I toured the juvenile-prison system. On this bleak journey I spoke with some of the most brutal young criminals in the country. I listened to young lawbreakers who were midway through their sentences, and I met kids in halfway houses on their way out of the system—kids eager to succeed and yet frightened that street life would swallow them up. One thing became clear: Whether one sees delinquent kids as "angels with dirty faces" or as demons disguised in children's bodies, their treatment in jail will have a tremendous effect on the way they will treat *us* when they get out.

To most adults, these pint-size stickup artists with loaded pistols are terrifying. Americans have lived with the fear of violent crime for years, and they are now demanding harsher treatment for kids convicted of murder, armed robbery, or rape.

According to a recent national survey, 87 percent of Americans believe that youth crime is rising dramatically and consistently. It is surprising, then, to learn that in fact the frequency of juvenile crime is declining (a 50-state analysis details a drop in all but six or seven states). Moreover, juvenile violence makes up less than 1 percent of all police business in this country each year. The latest statistics show that the rate of arrests has been steady in recent years, and has even decreased slightly. According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Report, most juvenile crimes were property offenses, and young offenders used weapons in only a relatively small percentage of the violent crimes they committed.

But victims do not want to hear statistics. The clamor about juvenile crime is rising, and a national get-tough policy has come into vogue. Fourteen states have passed laws allowing juveniles to be tried in adult criminal courts for a variety of offenses. A report prepared by the Rand Corporation for the Department of Justice, promoting the theory of selective incapacitation, suggested in determining the jail terms of adult offenders that the following criteria be included: "conviction prior to age 16, commitment to a state or federal juvenile facility, and heroin or barbiturate use." These are three of seven criteria they suggest using to consider convicted adult felons for longer sentences. The plan, if implemented, would undercut the "treatment approach" toward juvenile offenders because it assumes delinquent behavior can't be treated.

There is a growing popular notion that ruthless child criminals are twisting an impotent court system to their own ends. This raises a question: Will the crime rate drop if we put more juveniles behind bars? At the same time, rehabilitation is being dismissed increasingly as an archaic and elusive concept. Is it? Or can these violent youngsters change? Wherever the truth lies, one fact remains: Most of these jailed kids will eventually return to the streets. Will they return as motivated, responsible people? Or as embittered predators destined to live out their adult lives in small cells where there is no longer any pretense of an attempt at rehabilitation?

The question should be incentive enough to demand a national probe into the conditions within our youth prisons. Some of these conditions can only be described as horrendous.

"The main means of control in this institution is physical fear," said Father Vincent Ciorciari, resident chaplain of the Spofford Juvenile Center. "It's never been my opinion that the city cares about these kids. They're pariahs. Society doesn't care about them. The kids come in not knowing how long they'll be here and neither does the staff. We are the dumping ground."

> In Florida's reform schools, children have been hog-tied and shackled. Their wrists are handcuffed behind their backs, their legs shackled together, and then handcuffs and shackles are connected.

Spofford looks like a recycling plant for refuse. It is concealed behind high gray walls in one of New York City's roughest neighborhoods. After a pat-down with a metal detector, a visitor passes through the first of many locked doors and down long, gloomy halls, some decorated with murals painted by inmates. Along with Smurfs, Spidermen, and other characters from television and the movies, one passes a painting of a yellow brick road going nowhere, labeled FREEDOM. It's an illusion. There are heavy-gauge screens and bars on every window. In the dimly lit dayrooms sullen, uniformed boys crowd together watching soap operas or listening to blasting radios under the eyes of two sullen counselors. There are fenced-in yards, a gym, a swimming pool, and a video-game arcade for recreation. In one room a caged hamster runs on a treadmill. In another room a parakeet droops on a perch. There's a key-locked heavy metal door every few feet. The atmosphere is stifling, tense, and mean. At night the boys are locked inside their rooms and a muscular counselor guards the hallway.

There are approximately 160 youngsters in Spofford, aged 10 to 16, awaiting trial or transfer to an upstate jail after sentencing. Their stays vary from several days to over a year. The children are there, in most cases, because their parents—if they have parents—don't have the money to post bail. Many kids shuffle between Spofford and the street for years before receiving a jail sentence. The total admissions for 1982 and 1983 numbered 7,316 kids. Forty-four percent of those admittees were charged with violent crimes, including murder.

The kids are overwhelmingly black and Hispanic. Spofford's inmates are the offspring of New York's poor, the survivors and roamers of its burned-out ghettos. It costs the city $253 a day to feed and house each one of them. Father Ciorciari said he had "not seen one success story in ten years." These throwaway kids—the homeless, the ones bounced from one foster home to another, the sons of unwed teenagers—are steeped in street crime and dope even before adolescence. During a Spofford fire drill ten-year-olds with matchstick arms and tired bags under their eyes walked around in a daze. Young teenagers threaten each other's lives routinely. But beneath the bullying bravado their real sense of self-esteem seems almost nil.

Spofford was under attack even before it opened. In 1953 a representative of the National Probation and Parole Association condemned as "a step backward" New York City's plan to warehouse juvenile offenders from all five boroughs in one central facility. The center has been racked with horror stories ever since. In 1961 Spofford was populated by 544 kids—almost double its planned capacity. In 1969 the Bronx district attorney's office filed a grand jury presentment that alleged brutality, aggressive homosexuality, beatings, overcrowding, and poor medical care. In 1980, a number of counselors were charged with the beating of four boys, one after another, according to plan. In the same year the commissioner of the Department of Juvenile Justice, which runs Spofford, urged closing the facility and replacing it with smaller jails located in each borough. The Koch administration rejected the plan.

When I visited Spofford, the jail was as tense as a war zone. Counselors complained bitterly of fighting among boys.

"This place has gone seriously down," said Kevin Riley, a teacher who has worked in the facility for two and a half years. "The place is like a powder keg. . . . More dangerous than at any time I've been here." Riley continued: "This is a disgusting place. Some kids are here for a year and a half before trial. If that's not a prison, what is it? The kids are not getting the services they need. They need therapy, lots of it. Keeping [a kid] in here for seven or eight months guarantees that he'll come out worse, because he meets kids in worse shape than he is."

Although riots in adult prisons get immediate attention in the media, the riot at Spofford last year went unreported. Rose Washington, the lockup's fourth director in the last three and a half years, did not acknowledge that a riot had occurred. Nor was she willing to talk about the 208 allegations of abuse of inmates by staff reported in 1982. Washington went on to say that she didn't "wish to be quoted on anything that might be damaging to my administration."

Commissioner Ellen Schall of the Department of Juvenile Justice commented that "an incident such as the disturbance in the dining hall is not unexpected in detention facilities; but it's always unfortunate when one happens." She added that the department had plans "to shift from an agency basically housing and transporting juveniles to a client-centered agency focusing on the individual needs of the children."

The Department of Juvenile Justice had at one time issued instructions to the staff forbidding them to speak with this visitor. They spoke anyway. "The kids need to be intimidated or you'll be at their mercy," said Clifford Benton, a caseworker. Others felt that the children get or give respect solely on the basis of physical strength, and they said they felt vulnerable to charges of child abuse, which the boys exploited. A woman teacher, noting that most of the brief training for counselors is in self-defense, said, "People in here . . . think these kids are animals and should be treated like animals." She also commented on the criminal records of some staff workers and the enormous turnover of employees and revealed that some employees have been fired for bringing drugs into the facility.

"I think there are people working here who don't have their own lives together," said Father Ciorciari. "You are dealing with people who don't have a whole lot of experience in child care. The counselors get three weeks of training, which is bullshit. There is no consistency in how the kids are treated. The counselors run the dormitories the way they want. They come in here and are told to do what they think is best."

In the chapel I spoke with five boys who shared a dorm: John, Courtney, Noland, Adam, and Robert, aged 14 to 16.

Robert, 16, was a powerfully built Puerto Rican from Brooklyn with the streetwise eyes of a man twice his age. His hair was cropped close and his neck was looped with beaded chains. This was his first time in Spofford. He said he was connected with a large Brooklyn street gang. Several gang members recently had been arrested when an eight-year-old child was shot and killed during a gun battle between two street gangs.

"When I was out in the world I was a gangster," said Robert, to introduce himself.

"He was a baby gangster," mocked his friend Courtney, a member of LDO, the Little Dangerous Ones, a street gang from 132nd Street and Madison Avenue.

"Oh yeah?" Robert countered. "The gang had 500 guys in it. We used to shoot people, take dope, gamble."

Robert claimed that he had been earning $400 a day on the streets selling bags of cocaine and heroin. He said he started taking drugs at age ten and had attended school four days in the last year.

He was not to be outdone by Adam, one of the few white kids in Spofford. A small, thin boy who talked out of the side of his mouth, Adam boasted, "They know me here. I'm a criminal. But they wanted a guy and couldn't find him so they blamed it on me." At 14, he was already serving his fourth term at the center.

Spofford's inmates are not separated by dorms according to the type of crime they have committed. Suicide attempts are frequent (61 in 1980). One boy hung himself in the infirmary, where he was supposedly being watched.

‘One boy writes: "The gun killed him. I didn't kill him." Another believes that because "the man didn't give up his money, it was his fault that he got shot."’

The food in Spofford is curious. Lunch consists of a barely edible dish called "assorted meats," corn soup, shredded lettuce served in a paper cup, the sweetest peach pie ever made, warm milk, and what one staffworker called "housing-project white bread."

The only bright spot in Spofford is the work of a few dedicated teachers in the Learning Center, the facility's special-education program. Sharon Adams, a young black woman, teaches creative writing to kids who have been conditioned to believe they can't read or write. By using rap songs and music as a basis for ideas, she encourages the kids to try and express themselves:

> Sadness is being in Spofford. You cannot get what you want. The food is like dog food. It is a place of depression. It is a place of anger. Just being locked up, not feeling the cool natural wind, not being able to see the sun rise. It is not a peaceful place at all. Noise all the time! You cannot even read a book in peace.
>
> When I walk through Harlem, I can see all the dope fiends in the atmosphere. I can hear all the dope pushers ("What's up?" "I got it good!"). I can smell the funk in the atmosphere, coming directly from the nasty fiends. When I see my black brothers and sisters destroying themselves, it touches my heart with pain and agony. But as time goes on, I can taste the uprise of a new nation, of young and old coming together for that one common cause, which is love, peace, and happiness.

Sharon Adams doesn't romanticize these kids. She tells how spiritually maimed and callous many have already become. Kids brag in class about murders they have committed. One boy writes, "The gun killed him. I didn't kill him." Another casually says, "If a guy does something to me, I'll kill his mother or sister." A third believes that because "the man didn't give up his money, it was his fault that he got shot."

"They've created monsters in black youth," said Adams, staring pensively at a cartoon strip a youngster had drawn of himself shooting a man to death in a park and fleeing the police. "These are kids who have been totally rejected. They don't care for anybody else and they know nobody else cares for them. White people can't comprehend that."

Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer might well have been hog-tied and shackled if they'd been growing up in Florida today.

Kids in Florida's three reform schools are often confined in dark and unsanitary isolation cells in the "adjustment units" for up to 24 hours. These cells contain only a concrete platform, a sink, and an open toilet. Youngsters have been put in the cubicles for such infractions as refusing to get in line in the dining hall and calling the staff names. For similar offenses other inmates have been shackled and hog-tied, then kicked and beaten by staff members. Hog-tying, which is not even permitted on hardened adult criminals, consists of forcing children to lie on their stomachs, handcuffing their wrists behind their backs, shackling the legs together, and connecting the handcuffs to the leg shackles.

"The criminal-justice system for kids in this state is out of control," said Dr. David Fogel, an expert consultant who will testify in a cruel-and-unusual-punishment suit being brought in behalf of about 1,000 children and teens against the state because of conditions in its three training schools. Fogel, who has served as a witness in 40 similar lawsuits, said that Florida's youth prisons rank at the bottom.

In conveyer-belt fashion, Florida each year shovels several thousand kids into secure detention. Determined not to be accused of mollycoddling young punks, state legislation in 1981 gave judges greater power to decide who gets sent where and for how long. Now, even first-time offenders are being confined behind steel fences and bars. With funding for local juvenile programs slashed under Reaganomics, the system has continued on

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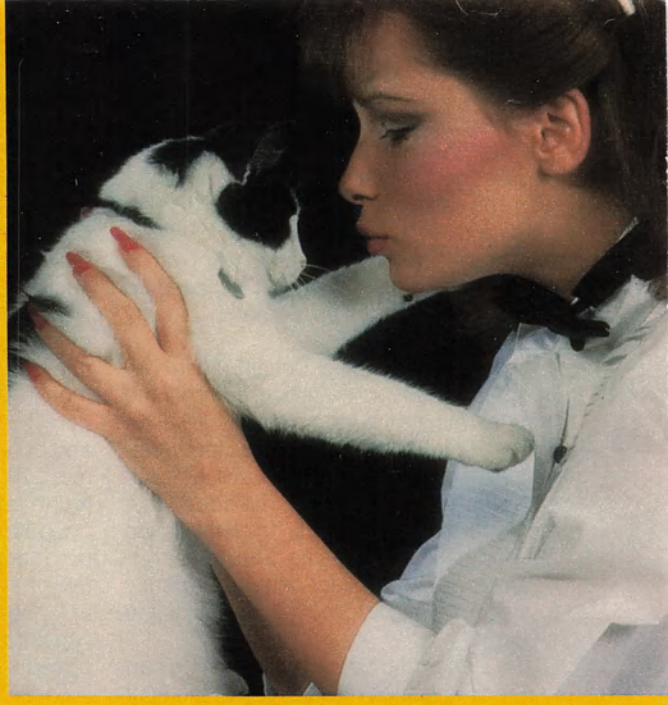
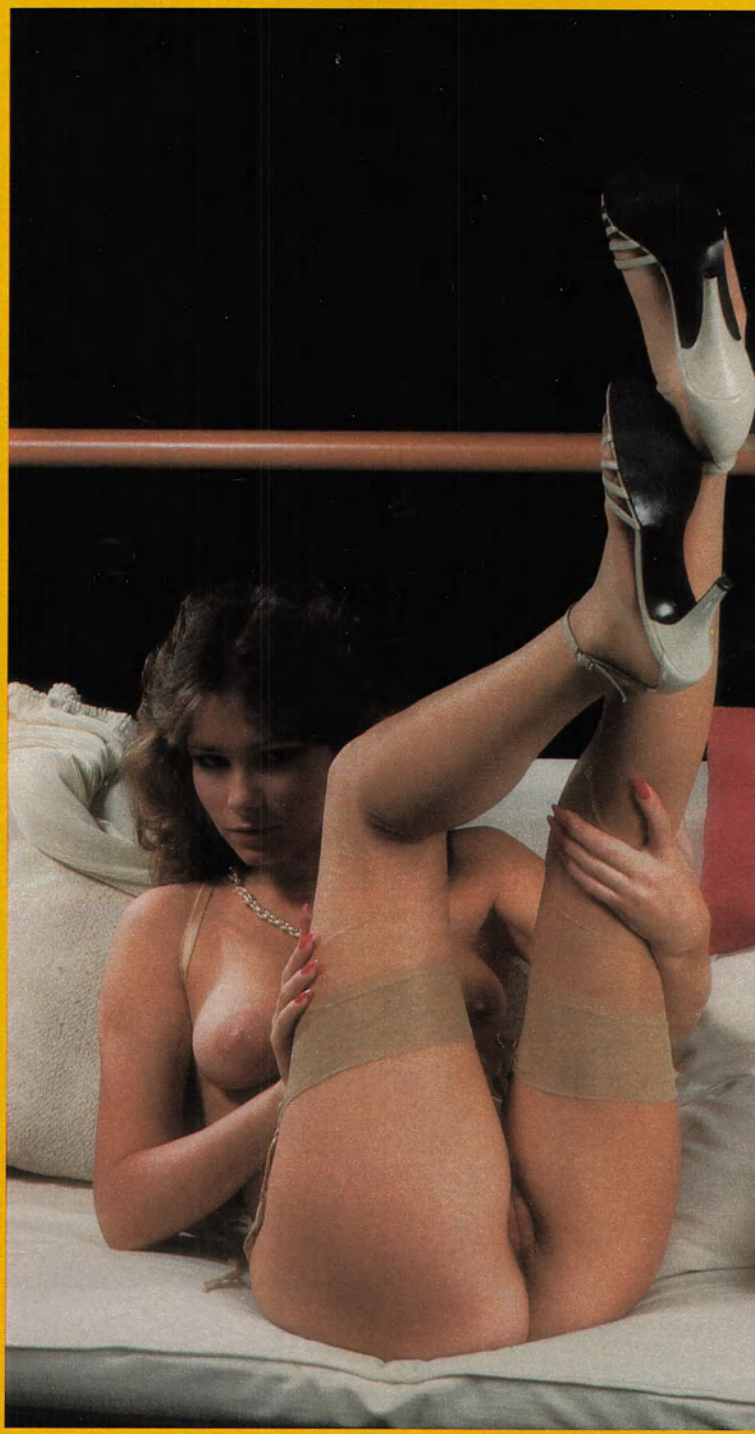


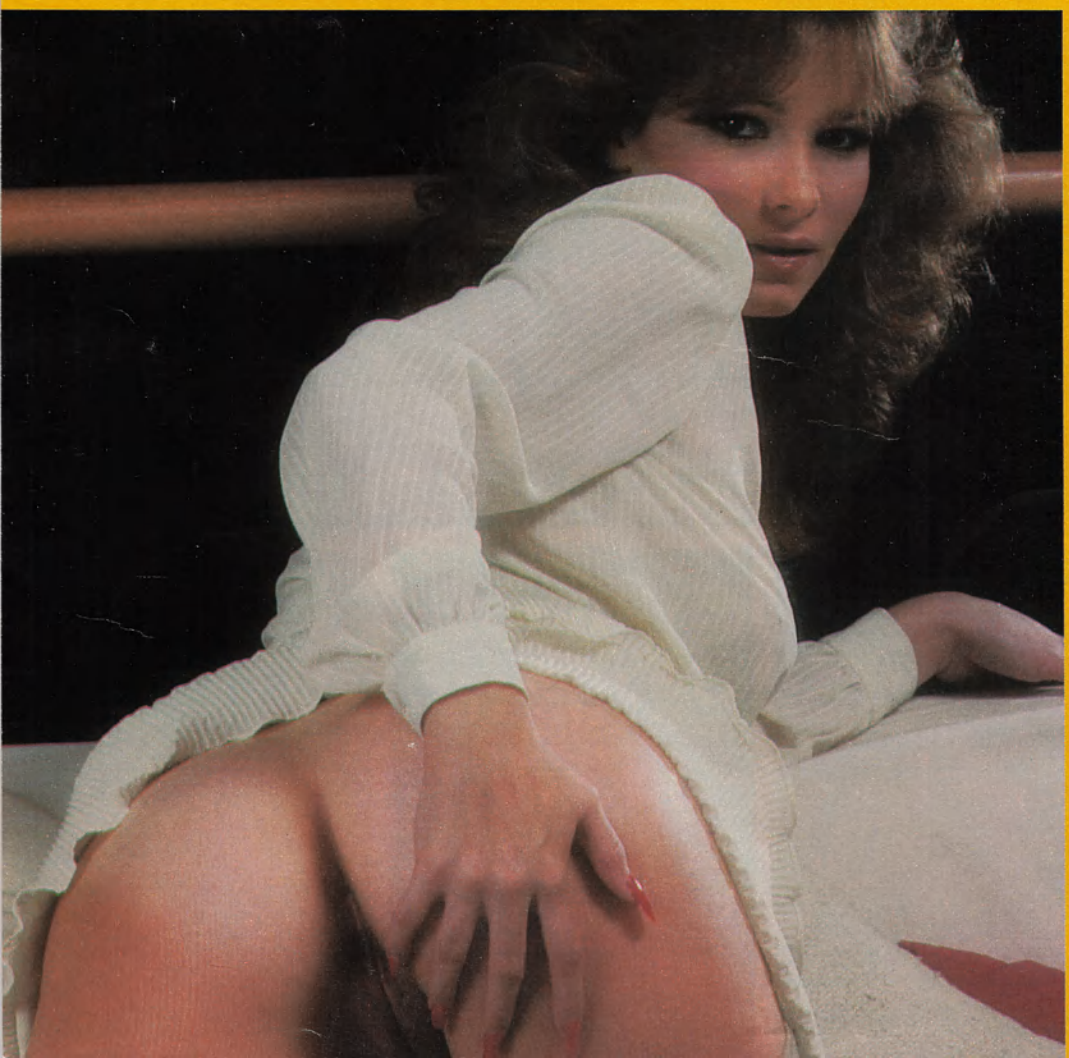
CHILDHOOD'S END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Tammi McAndrus, 18, views childhood's end as the perfect beginning. She was raised in the San Fernando Valley, a setting as auspicious as the circumstance. At five, she learned to twirl a baton; at six, to ride a horse and play tennis. At seven, when her mother remarried, she inherited five new brothers. Along with her younger sister, that made nine—the quintessential big, happy family. At first, she admits, the boys teased her....



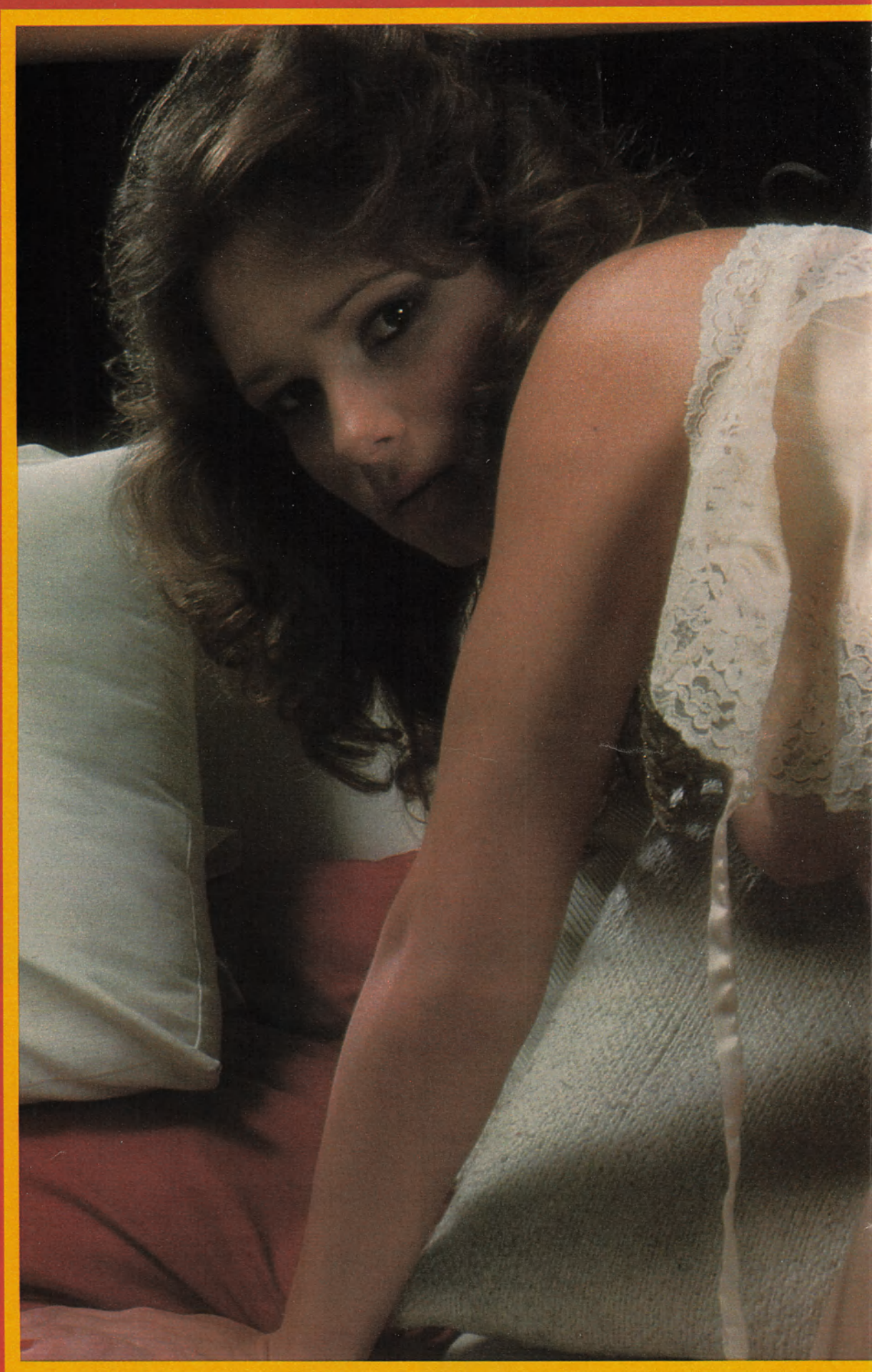
But sweet and soft-voiced even then, Tammi won them over. "I learned to overpower aggression with cheerful submission."



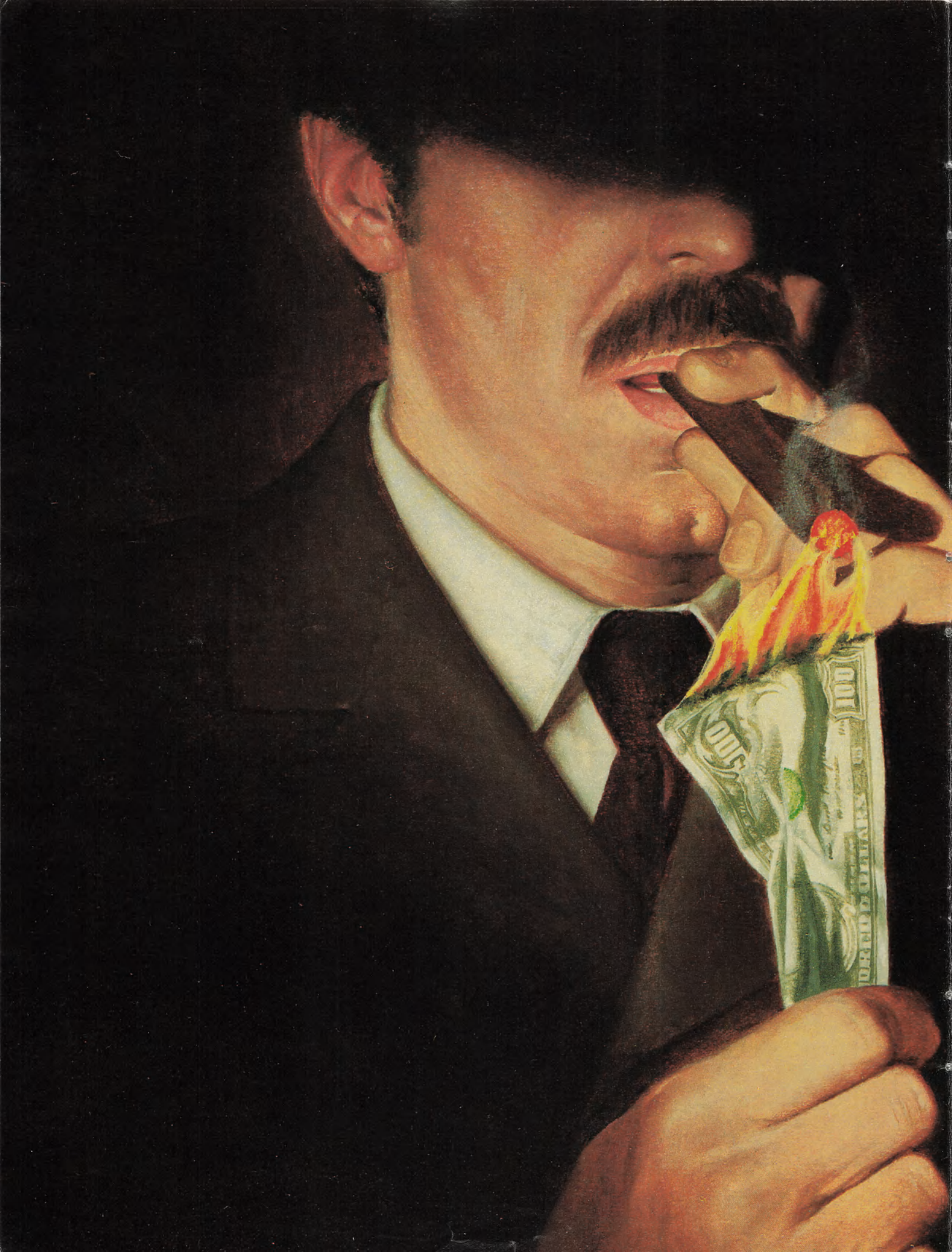
Appropriate, since Tammi was a popular cheerleader for six years running. "After all that attention, being in the limelight, I made an amazingly easy adjustment to modeling nude."

Clearly, this 36-24-35-inch beauty could make a lucrative career of this. But having recently fallen in love, she'll settle for more domestic forms of bliss.

Unlike her "valley girl" peers, Tammi remained a virgin until she found the right man. If you're patient and save the best for last, she feels, the best is even better.



Hair, makeup, and styling by Theo Monet



Americans have been made the unwitting cosigners of every bad debt from Patagonia to Peru—and beyond. And the banks that created this mess are walking away with enormous profits.

BANANA REPUBLIC BAILOUT

BY JIM DAVIDSON

On August 3, 1983, the House of Representatives voted to authorize the U.S. Treasury to send $8.4 billion to the International Monetary Fund (IMF). That was merely an installment payment on the greatest bailout in history, a bailout that may continue for years to come, with a total cost in the hundreds of billions.

In a world weary of political skulduggery and petty theft, there is a kind of majesty about a banking scandal. As Schiller said, "It is criminal to steal a purse, daring to steal a fortune, a mark of greatness to steal a crown." The international bankers have trumped all the grandeur of history. In the process, they've made the old-time debt scandals seem penny-ante by comparison. The South Sea Bubble scandal, during the reign of George I, brought England to the brink of ruin but only £38 million was involved. In the 1930s a debt of about $20 billion was enough to sink the world into default and depression. These sums are nothing compared with what banks have done today.

As of December 1982, U.S. banks had lent more than $349 billion abroad. Some of this money was well-invested, but much of it was lent to Third World and Communist governments and has about as much chance of being repaid as the Confederate debt from the Civil War. You'd think that the bankers who made such loans would be quaking in their wing tips. Wrong. They are congratulating themselves for what George J. Clark, executive vice-president of Citibank, has described as a "rather-well-done job."

Perhaps Mr. Clark's cheery opinion has something to do with the enormous profits his bank and others have made from the international-debt crisis they created. They took a gamble of a most dangerous sort. They played with knives, betting that if they cut themselves Congress would make sure that they didn't bleed—but that *you* would. And they won.

On August 12, 1982, Citicorp stock was selling at 22½ on the New York Stock Exchange. The bank was known to have lent billions to Mexico—and more billions to Brazil. Its total loans to Latin America were thought to be *twice* its capital. And it had lent ad-

PAINTING BY PETER CARAS

ditional billions to other parts of the world. At that time the Reagan administration was on record as opposing the bailout of commercial banks. Then the telephone rang.

On the evening of August 12, 1982, Deputy Treasury Secretary R. T. McNamar received an urgent call from Mexican Finance Minister Jesus Silva Herzog. Señor Herzog's message: Mexico was broke. Busted. Without an infusion of U.S. funds, the country would default on its international obligations.

Within hours Señor Herzog and other Mexican officials were on a plane to Washington. Thus began what came to be known in international-finance circles as "the Mexican weekend." By 11:30 that Sunday evening the Reagan administration had changed its position on bailing out the banks and their favorite customers, the bankrupt foreign governments. The Treasury had agreed to stuff nearly $3 billion in Silva Herzog's empty pockets.

This gesture also put Citibank back in the money. With several strokes of the pen, the politicians had assured that the bank was not going to lose money for making such loans. On the contrary, it would make much higher profits. As a consequence, Citibank's stock price shot straight up, jumping from 22½ on August 12 to 38½ by mid-October, a gain of 71 percent. By August 1983, Citibank shares had reached a high of 46⅛, a gain of 105 percent. This is remarkable when you consider that, as of February 1983, outside experts calculated that Citicorp had a negative net worth of $700 million.

Nor was Citibank alone in realizing dramatic gains for its success in giving away billions to bankrupt governments. Chase Manhattan shares went from 32 on August 12, 1982, to a high of 62¼, a gain of 97 percent. Morgan Guaranty went from 48¾ on August 12, 1982, to a high of 86¼, a gain of 78 percent. And Manufacturers Hanover went from 27⅛ to 51, a gain of 88 percent.

The stock prices of these banks shot up during a year in which practically every country owing the banks money was threatened with bankruptcy. Some of the largest—Argentina, Brazil, Yugoslavia, Romania, Poland, and Chile—actually went into arrears on their payments. In practical terms, the banks' biggest customers were in default, their bankruptcy papered over with new loans and rescheduling agreements. Yet the banks' stock prices rose consistently.

This was not merely a case of the banks profiting from a general stock-market boom. The stock of oil companies and other firms not expected to have higher earnings did not go up. The dramatic gains of bank stocks accurately reflected the fact that banks were posting dramatically higher profits from the crisis. For example, Citicorp reported a profit increase of 53 percent for the second quarter of 1983. Not bad for a company whose interest income from its loans to developing countries exceeds its total profit.

How do banks make higher profits as their biggest customers go broke? They do it in two ways. First, they get the U.S. government to reach into *your* pocket to send more money to the foreign governments. Those governments then use the "electronic boomerang" to telex the money back to the banks at the speed of light. Second, the banks lend out even more money to the same countries that cannot now pay their debts, rescheduling old loans at higher interest rates. Each "rescheduling" is an opportunity for the banks to impose "rescheduling fees," front-end charges that they pocket when they paper over the nation's default with new loans.

In the case of Mexico, the banks made $600 million in additional profits from rescheduling old loans, with a rescheduling fee of 1 percent, plus a premium interest rate as much as 2⅜ percent above the bank's cost of funds. In addition, banks pocketed another $200 million in front-end profits for lending Mexico $5 billion in new money.

> Americans who have no access to credit must watch their government send tens of billions to subsidize foreign competitors of American industry.

"Outrageous," says banking expert Karin Lissakers. "The banks are saying, 'Help! Help! The patient is dying. The International Monetary Fund, the Bank for International Settlements, and the U.S. government have to rush to the rescue.' At the same time they're tapping the last drop of blood out of the body."

The irony here is that as the banks extract higher fees and premium interest rates from debtor countries, they increase those countries' needs for cash even further, making it more "urgent" that the U.S. government dip deeper into your pocket to make up the slack. Experts such as Lissakers believe there is a "high probability" that Mexico and other large debtors will slough off their obligations on U.S. taxpayers. The Mexicans, in particular, are said to believe that "national security" concerns make Washington willing to bail them out at practically any cost. As the *Wall Street Journal* reported from Mexico City, "the ultimate lesson is that the banks don't have to be very careful when lending to Mexico or to any government. . . . In the end . . . the banks will make more money than they would have if the country hadn't run into financial trouble."

What this means is that you have a new career ahead of you. From now on, like it or not, you are going to be an international financier. You and millions like you have become the cosigners for every bad debt that has piled up from Patagonia to Peru. You may not have overdraft protection on your own checking account, but you are going to subsidize the big banks and about 50 foreign governments. You are going to pay for corruption in Mexico. You are going to pay the overdue debts the Argentine generals incurred in the Falklands war. You will pay the bill for the failures of communism in Poland. And you're even going to pay to subsidize Brazil's chicken farmers.

Meanwhile, people in communities all across America have lost business and been thrown out of work as American banks have invested increasing amounts abroad. For example, light-plane makers in the United States have been in a nosedive because they couldn't match subsidized interest rates offered customers by Embraer, Brazil's government-owned plane manufacturer. While interest rates for financing from U.S. firms were as high as 20 percent, Embraer could offer 7 percent financing. As a consequence, American sales slumped. More than 10,000 workers were thrown out of jobs in Wichita alone.

In Pittsburgh, steelworkers discovered they were being thrown out of work as local banks loaned tens of millions of dollars to overseas competitors. In one case the Mesta Machine Company was forced into bankruptcy by a foreclosure on a $20-million loan—while loans to foreign governments were rolled over and renegotiated. "Your money is being used against you!" proclaimed a flier distributed by protesters. "Your checking and savings accounts . . . are being invested in foreign businesses, exporting your jobs, bankrupting your communities, destroying your way of life!"

Strange but true. The family that cannot borrow to buy a home, the businessman who has no cash to expand his company, the student who cannot get the funds to go to college, the fellow you sometimes see still driving the largest car because he cannot borrow to buy a new one—all these people who have no access to credit for their own purposes must watch their government send tens of billions to subsidize big banks and the nationalized foreign competitors of American industry.

Such a policy makes little sense. Not surprisingly, most members of Congress and the administration who support it don't quite know what they are doing. The whispers around Washington are that the entire world is about to collapse into a black hole of bankruptcy that only bank bailouts on a massive scale can prevent. According to an official of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "If Latin America defaults,

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Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
9 mg. tar
0.8 mg. nic.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Taking advantage of the opportunities opened up by the computer revolution, these three enterprising whiz kids were able to make it big before their thirtieth birthdays.

YOUNG COMPUTER MILLIONAIRES

BY RALPH GARDNER, JR.

Ever dream of being a millionaire? Ever dream of being a millionaire before you reach 30? The booming computer industry has provided just this opportunity for three young and talented entrepreneurs: Steve Jobs, 28, founder and chairman of Apple Computers; Tod Frye, 26, inventor of the Pac-Man home videocassette; and Jean Yates, 29, a computer analyst who owns Yates Ventures. Young, gifted, rich, and well-connected to their computers, these three know the luxury of never having to ask, "Do I make my age?"

STEVE JOBS

Steve Jobs might have drunk less wine, gotten to bed before 2 A.M., and not worn jeans and sandals to work, if he'd remembered he was supposed to meet a reporter at 9 A.M. and address something called the World Affairs Council at 11 A.M. But probably not. Part of being the symbol of the new age—which Steve is as the 28-year-old founder and chairman of the board of Apple Computers—is being able to spin visions of the future even when you've had a late night.

When he arrives at Apple headquarters, in Cupertino, California, 45 minutes late for his first meeting, he seems instantly in command. A company PR man is waiting in his office to brief him on the World Affairs Council and to assure him that it will take no more than 15 minutes of his time.

Steve is simultaneously a PR man's dream and nightmare. He is smart, quick, and compelling enough to seduce any audience when he wants to. On the other hand, he might choose not to show up at all. It's one of the perks of unbounded power. "It could have been miserable," one of Steve's secretaries told me in relief after my interview went smoothly. "He might not even have seen you."

"He's incredibly bright and incredibly charming, just a delightful guy," an industry analyst says. "But walking around like a guru all the time isn't very good for character development."

Today, Steve is on his best behavior. He doesn't need to be briefed on what to say to the political leaders at eleven o'clock. "I'm supposed to talk about how the Japanese are not a terrible threat to the high-tech position of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN MORRIL

United States, right?" The PR man nods respectfully.

After promising to be back on time, Steve scoops me up. "Let's take a walk," he says, already out the door. His features make an impression—dark hair, dark eyes, and a prominent, pointy nose. Like an automobile aerodynamically designed to break the wind, Steve's profile seems made to slice through barriers.

"This is Apple," he announces, taking long strides as he leads the way to breakfast at his hangout, the Good Earth coffee shop. "We have 26 buildings within a ten-mile radius. We've done a very poor job of facilities planning. We're in the process of buying a few hundred acres right now. We want to build an Apple campus—pull it all back together and build a college-campus-type environment."

Steve insists his skin doesn't tingle when he drives into the company parking lot each morning in his new Mercedes and surveys the empire he made from nothing. He's not Napoleon examining the map of Europe. "It's not like 'me' or 'mine,' " he corrects me, with a certain edge in his voice, when the possibility of ego is raised. "It's 'us' and 'ours.' There's a lot of fine people here. See, hardly anybody leaves. The cumulative turnover in the last five years has been under 10 percent. And most of that consists of people who have been working on the line. The way you can tell is by looking at the badge numbers of the most recently hired. We've got about 3,800 employees and badge numbers are only up to about 4,300."

Though Steve paints a glowing picture of a classless society, he is much more than just another employee. He owns badge No. 1 as well as far more stock in the company than anyone else, including cofounders Steve Wozniak, who left Apple to create the "US" music-technology festivals but now plans to return as Apple prepares to slug it out with IBM for control of the personal-computer market, and Apple president, Mike Markkula, who plans to retire soon. On the day this interview was conducted, Steve's 7.5 million shares of Apple were worth approximately $427 million.

"My goal has always been to pass $1 billion a year in sales with under 5,000 people, and we're going to do that this year," Steve said. "And I'd like to pass $10 billion with under 10,000 employees. If we can do that and keep the number of people down, we can spend a lot of time with each person. And we can continue a company where the values don't get lost as they move down management."

Steve never specifically articulates what those values are, but he doesn't have to. When Republicans promised Americans a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage, they didn't need to explain why, either. Steve Jobs wants to put a personal computer in every home in America. You can't argue with universal prosperity.

Skirting a lawn sprinkler, he launches into an explanation of the effect of the "petrochemical revolution" on human society and then proceeds to describe the next revolution in human evolution, the "electronic revolution." "The computer is like an automobile, except you traverse conceptual space rather than physical space," he explains.

Steve's intelligence is intimidating. He can discuss anything from French cinema to how nutrition patterns are affected by the structure of the human jaw. "To take a very crude example, an Apple II uses less power than a 30-watt light bulb, yet can generally save you an hour or two a day," he says. "In the future these things are going to be used as devices for people to express themselves, to turn the incredible amount of information they're getting into knowledge. I think we're going to see a restructuring of a lot of the ways people live—more important, the quality of their lives."

Steve was never Apple's premiere computer wizard, though he is a wizard nonetheless. It was Wozniak, with the assistance of Steve, Jerry Mannock, and Rod Holt, who designed the Apple II, the computer that is the cornerstone of the company. But it was Jobs who understood its potential. His genius is in painting a vision and leading others toward it. Wozniak was the first person he led.

"We didn't intend to go into business," says Steve Jobs, founder of Apple Computers. "The reason we built this thing is because we wanted a computer for ourselves."

"He has been able to make normal, talented people perform superhuman feats," says a former Apple executive. "Steve has been able to do this with a handful of really talented engineers by trying every technique in the book to motivate them and get more effort out of them. He gets them to do things that are impossible; they start to believe, 'Hey, Steve knows I can do this video circuitry in eight integrated circuits instead of 32. What the hell, I'll give it a try.' And he'll cajole them, browbeat them, play the spurned lover, make them feel guilty, and try every trick in the book to make them pull a rabbit out of a hat."

"I get ticked. I'm a perfectionist. I like really good people," Steve explains. "I have a hard time settling for less than great work because I feel we are doing this for a lot of people out there. Any product we design now we're not going to do unless we can sell millions. There's millions of people out there, and they need great computers. So I'm hard on people sometimes. The people I work with every day like it, I think. They wouldn't work anywhere else because they end up doing better work than they thought they could."

The proof is in the pudding. Eight years ago Apple did not exist. In 1982, it rang up sales of $583 million, ranking it 411 in sales on the Fortune 500, 201 in profit, and 26 in return on equity. Much of the credit for that explosive growth must go to Steve Jobs.

The owner of the Good Earth coffee shop waves to Steve as he walks in the door. "When we left the garage after a year," Steve says, referring to his parents' garage in Los Gatos—legendary now—where he and "Woz" assembled the first Apples, "we got an office in a building right back here and we had 1,000 square feet. We were trembling because we didn't have the money to pay the rent for more than three months. We rapidly ran out of space, so this became our conference room. We used to have orange-juice conferences here around 11 in the morning. They gave me a little plaque one time as their most popular customer."

Steve sits down and orders a glass of orange juice. His eccentricities—his vegetarianism, casual dress, and drug experiences—have become the stuff of myth. While essentially accurate, they seem less important to Steve than to the media. In the early days of Apple, those personality quirks were exploited by Regis McKenna, Silicon Valley's premiere PR man, who created the image of a hippie David competing against the pin-striped Goliaths at IBM and Texas Instruments. Though Steve still cherishes his counterculture credentials, he has shaved off his beard and cut his hair. He takes seriously his status as the crown prince of American capitalism.

He was despondent for several weeks after he addressed a magazine-publishers' convention in Puerto Rico where he was introduced as a hippie with $100 bills falling out of his pockets. "I was really ticked and I got up and talked about that," he says. "I told them it was very frustrating to grow and change and not have people recognize it."

Still, one can't help but cling to the fairy tale of Apple's origins. It's a wonderful story and Steve loves telling it. "We didn't intend to go into business," he begins. "The reason we built this thing is because we wanted a computer for ourselves."

They made their computer from parts that Steve "liberated" from his job at Atari and that Wozniak got from Hewlett-Packard, where he was working at the time. When their friends saw the machine, they all wanted one too. To satisfy demand but not spend every waking hour assembling computers, they paid a friend $1,300 to do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

HOLLY-O

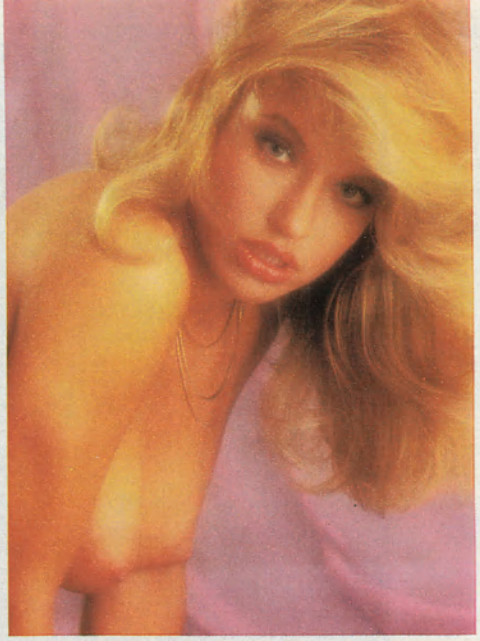
"I find really talking to someone the biggest turn-on of all...."

RICH AND FAMOUS

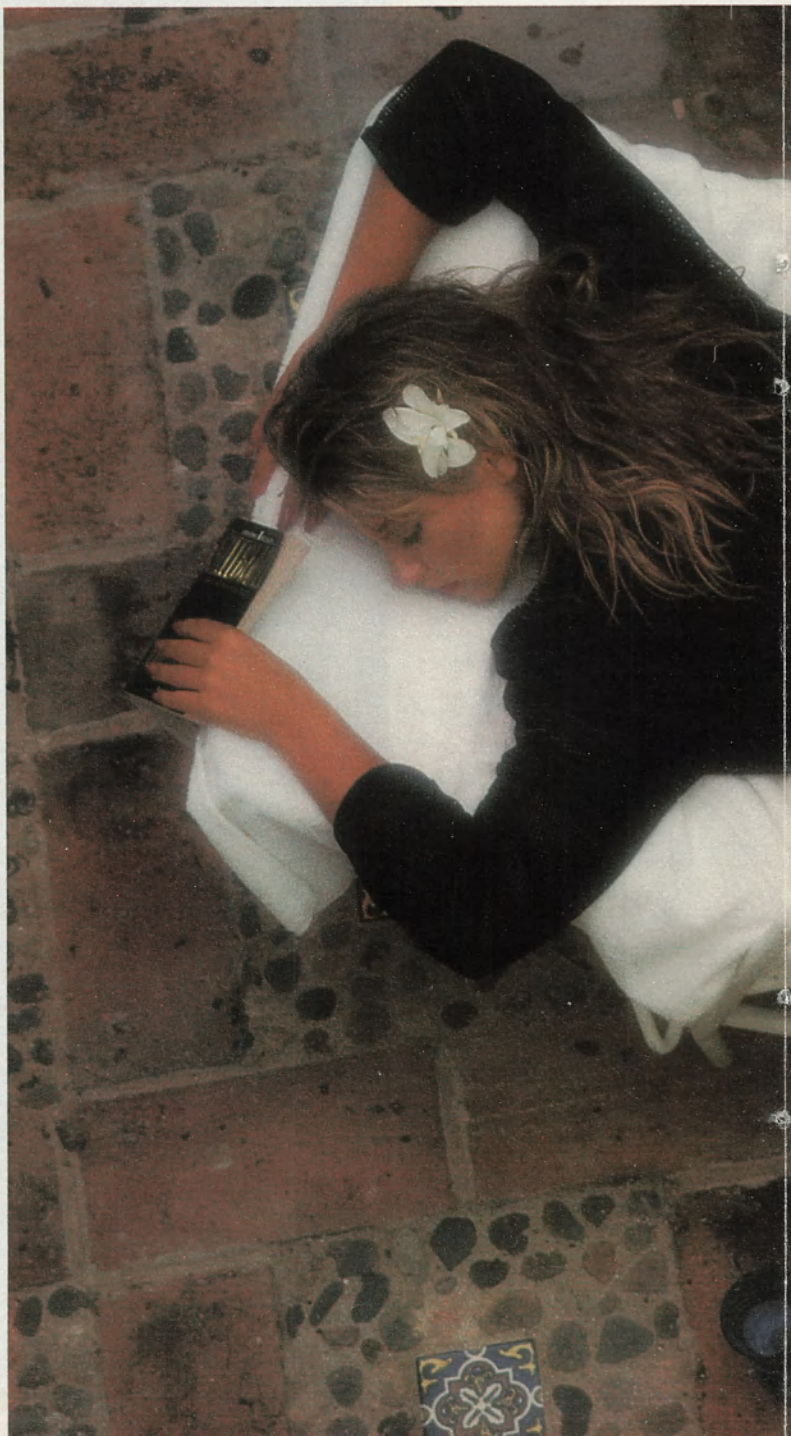
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Holly-O doesn't just stop a show; she knows how to run one. After winning the title of Miss Nude Canada, this enterprising beauty queen bought all rights to the program, then directed and emceed it two years running. Since then she's sold the rights and resumed her place at center stage. Now Canada's highest-paid exotic dancer, she's quick to admit that green is her favorite color. "I like to earn good money, and I like to spend it." But Holly frankly admits she prefers the fame to the fortune. Just 20, she has attained a celebrity status that keeps her in constant demand. Her fans also know her as the *Toronto Sun*'s "Sunshine Girl" and as a model for one of the city's most popular lingerie shops. She has also appeared in several television ads.

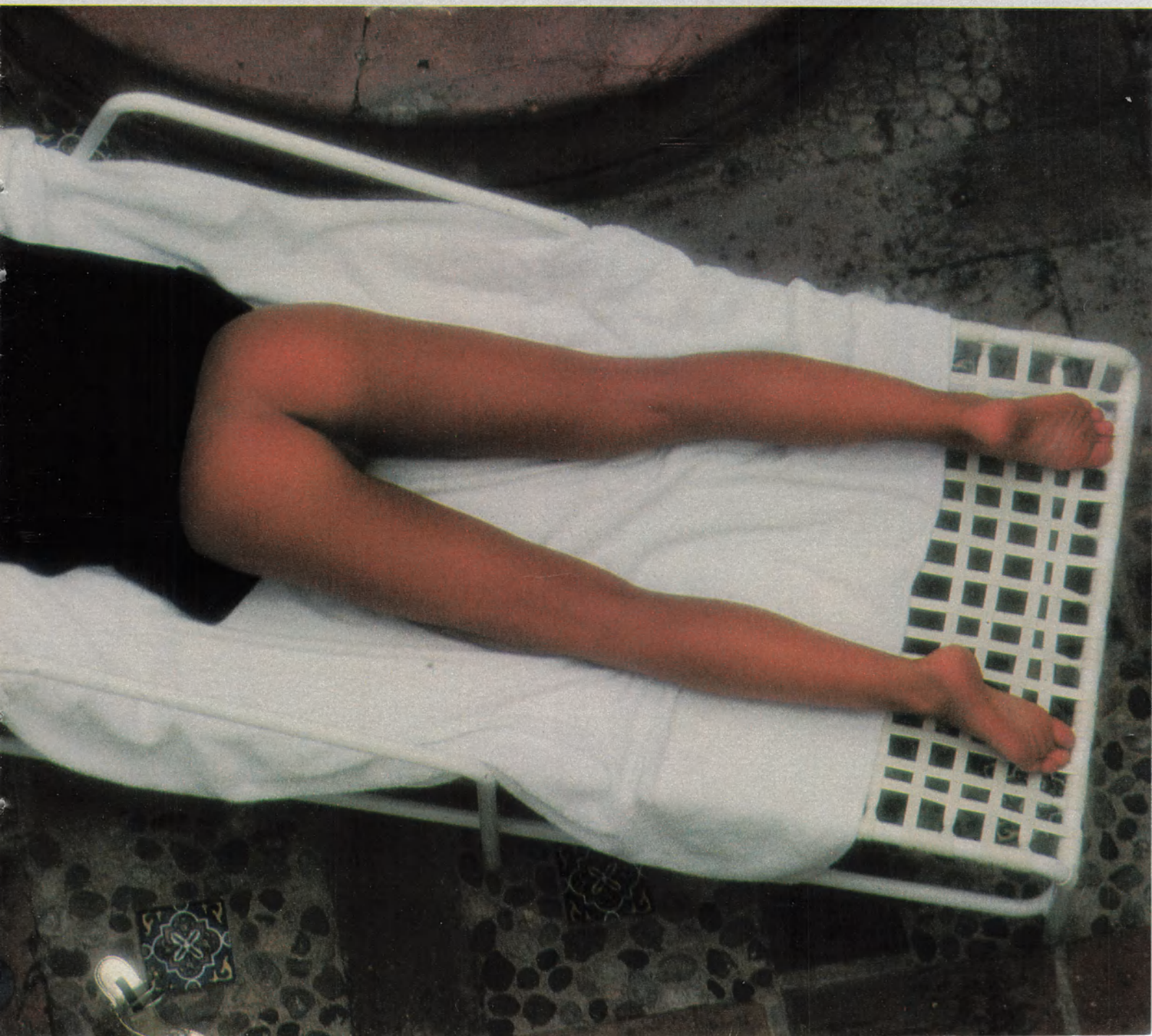
Traveling from town to town and performing nightly becomes exhausting. If it weren't for the saving grace of hotels, Holly says, she'd opt for early retirement. Instead, she selects hotels with pools or beaches–and after finding her place in the sun she basks there for hours. By sundown, she's absorbed enough solar energy to dance all night.



Makeup and hair by Steve Reiley and Jennifer Stewart



Holly's father is Hungarian, her mother's Polish. Both are Old World charmers, and though her mother's been a deaf-mute from birth, sign language formed their early bond. And taught Holly that gestures—and actions—sometimes say more than words.

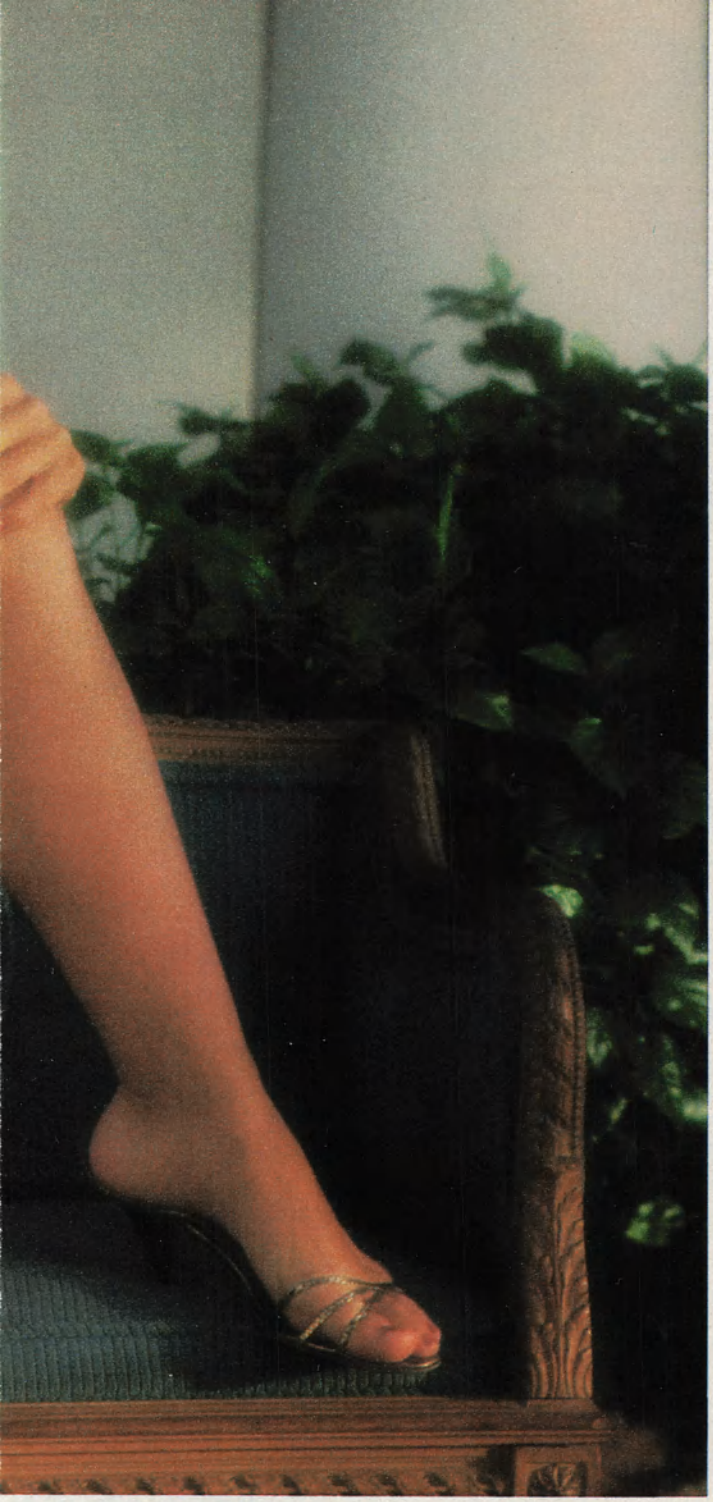


Fittingly, when she met her current boyfriend, a Russian immigrant who owns a club in Ontario, the language barrier wasn't a hindrance. At times he travels with her, but when Holly's on the road alone they keep their relationship open. "Basically, I'm a very private person. Private about when I have sex, how I have it, and who I have it with."

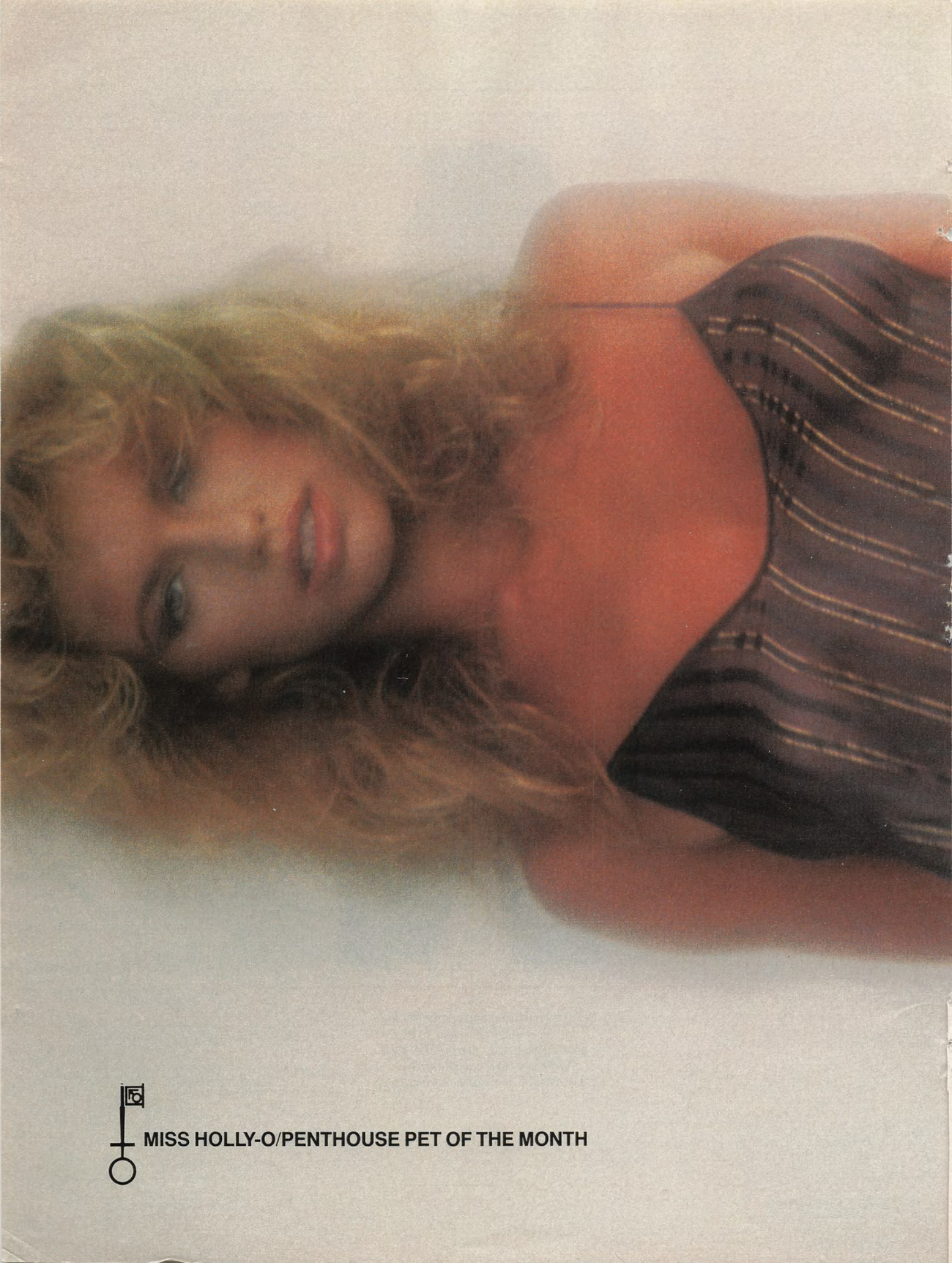
Clothes by Karen Manthey

"But my sex drive isn't as strong as my need for mental stimulation. I find really talking to someone the biggest turn-on of all...."

Despite her outgoing nature, she always keeps something in reserve—doesn't let people get too close. "I'm more interested in learning from them than in letting them get to know me...." Yet, because of her chameleonlike talent for adapting to new situations and personalities, she gets along well with almost everyone.



Being both relaxed and energetic, open and reserved, might seem to be a contradiction. If so, like the poet Walt Whitman, Holly could truthfully claim that she, too, contains multitudes.



MISS HOLLY-O/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Every Wednesday at 1:30 P.M., 15 inmates at the Lake Correctional Institution, in Florida, meet in a conference room with the staff psychologist. These men have all served in combat in Vietnam, received honorable discharges, and are now doing time for crimes that are directly related to their war experiences. Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), a mental disorder that can result from any extremely traumatic experience, is common among vets. The connection between PTSD and criminal behavior is discussed in a 1983 study by John P. Wilson and Sheldon D. Zigelbaum, M.D., who are acknowledged experts on the disorder. They maintain that "the disposition to criminal behavior is determined by whether or not [the veteran with PTSD] enters into the survivor mode of functioning as a behavioral defense mechanism against the disorder." In other words, the possibility of a connection between combat experience and crime is a legitimate speculation. Their hypothesis is strongly supported in a 1980 statistical study, the "Vietnam Era Stress Inventory," which shows that "the combat role variables, exposure to stressors in Vietnam, and severity of PTSD were significantly correlated with criminal acts."

Vietnam veterans represent 11 percent of the nation's federal-prison population, yet the effort at Lake is one of just a handful of prison programs addressing PTSD. Granting special consideration to incarcerated vets is an emotional issue. "Do we owe anything to the guy who was shot at and . . . saw his buddies get shot and had to kill people? He can't get it out of his head because . . . society put a stopper in his bottle. Go ahead and convict him of the crime, but with a guy who got screwed up by the war, maybe we should show some leniency," says Joseph Zengerie, the Washington, D.C., attorney for Vietnam Veterans of America. But no proper system has been devised for applying leniency *with justice* to convicted vets.

The problem begins in the courts. Prior to 1980, when PTSD was acknowledged as a legitimate disorder by the American Psychiatric Association, a veteran's war experience was rarely taken into account at his trial. Even psychiatrists' testimonies have usually failed to convince judges or juries to consider this evidence particularly relevant.

Salvatore Finocchiaro's story is typical. A patriotic teenager from Queens, New York, he volunteered for the army at 17, and for combat on his eighteenth birthday. That year he killed 14 Vietcong and was wounded three times. A complete psychiatric examination confirmed that after Vietnam Finocchiaro had become "an action addict," and had problems with authority, which made hanging on to a job difficult. A friend talked him into a bank-robbery scheme, which ultimately involved an unplanned kidnapping. When arrested shortly thereafter, Finocchiaro immediately confessed to the charges of armed robbery and kidnapping. The psychiatric report, entered as testimony, concluded that his criminal action was the result of "a compulsion to avoid and master the traumas [intrusive imagery, memories, and guilt] from which he suffered. This compulsion made it impossible for him to conform his conduct to the requirements of the law." Finocchiaro received a 15-year sentence. He was examined again by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which found him to be normal. He's in Leavenworth today, where his veteran's status is completely ignored.

It is not unusual for the vet to be forgotten or misunderstood once he's behind bars. Charles Thompson, who lost a leg in Vietnam and is now serving time in a New York state prison, says, "All the veterans I spoke to fear going to the prison psychologist for counseling. Veterans are considered a danger to themselves and the prison population. They are forced on medication until they are like zombies and are kept in psychiatric wards for long periods."

> The plight of incarcerated vets is a lingering irony of the war. . . . The Federal Bureau of Prisons has compiled statistics but has yet to establish any specific rehabilitative programs.

While the Federal Bureau of Prisons has compiled statistics and reports on incarcerated vets, it has not established any specific rehabilitative programs. Likewise, the VA pays disability compensation on PTSD but abdicates responsibility for a vet's health and welfare when he enters the prison system, since he is then a ward of the state.

The incarcerated vet's only recourse is to work within the system. Inmates at Graterford State Prison, in Pennsylvania, meet regularly to discuss stress problems and have formed a group, the Vietnam Veterans Committee for Better Legislation, which is now suing the prison system for failure to provide appropriate rehabilitative treatment. Patrick Guarnieri, a VA Outreach counselor and a veteran himself, worked for months to obtain clearance from the VA to lead a weekly vets' discussion group at the maximum-security prison in Walpole, Massachusetts. Now, he says, prisons across the country have contacted him for information on his program.

PTSD and the plight of incarcerated vets is a lingering irony of the war. "We read about that wall when it was dedicated in Washington," says a spokesman for the Graterford group. "Everybody kept saying how that was the last chapter in the Vietnam saga. But it wasn't. This is."—*Karen Schwarz*

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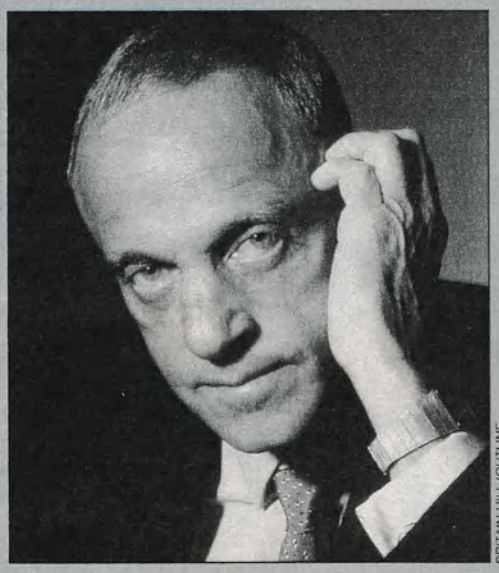


BRITAIN HILL/OUTLINE

BY ROY M. COHN

The author, an internationally known lawyer, is a senior partner in the firm of Saxe, Bacon & Bolan. He teaches law and has written several books, the latest being *How to Stand Up for Your Rights—and Win!* (Simon and Schuster).

WHY THE PRESS HATES REAGAN

Are the news reports that we see on television and read in our newspapers censored? You're darn right they are. Are they censored by our government? No. But they are censored every day by certain powerful elements in the media that omit whatever their ultraliberal biases and prejudices can't deal with, so that we are left with an end product that is not all the news that's fit to print—but all the news that fits.

Volumes could be filled with the evidence of the devastating effect of this left-wing censorship. This past year alone it has emerged in the coverage of the war in Lebanon—about which Martin Begun, a prominent Democrat who is president of the liberal American Jewish Congress, aptly commented, "The network[s] exceeded the limits of objective journalism by portraying Yasir Arafat and the PLO in a favorable light, while denigrating Israel and its leaders." (See also Arnold Forster's excellent *Penthouse* article on this subject in the February 1984 issue.) It surfaced again in the slanted coverage of Grenada. Scenes of the rescued American medical students were often cut off the screen as they were about to kiss American soil and replaced by images of corpses in Lebanon. In fact, the media desperately tried to discredit the Grenada operation at every possible opportunity. House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill, on hearing firsthand confirmation from Democratic congressmen he had sent to Grenada that our action was indeed essential, withdrew his criticism of the administration. But the continuing intransigence of certain media elements led Bruce Rothwell to editorialize in the *New York Post:* "Tip has seen the light—when will the *New York Times*?"

The Grenada episode was but one example of the hatchet job the media has perpetrated against President Reagan. Their dislike for him is almost paranoid. He is everything they can't stand—a conservative who believes in God and country. The networks act as if they can't forgive the president for having been elected (columnist Earl Wilson commented that "1980 will be remembered as the year of the landslide that was too close to call").

The president himself monitors this slanting of the news. On entering the Oval Office last year, for example, two friends found the president, known for his invariable affability and calm under fire, quite annoyed. The night before, the president had heard a news commentator report in dire tones that the stock market had sustained its severest drop—some 30 points—since the 1929 panic. There was no mention of the fact that the market had had unprecedented gains over the previous few days—*and* that in 1929 the 30-point drop was against 200 points, while last year it was against 1,000! Although the president called the network and nailed them cold, it was obvious that the facts were no guarantee against the media's determination to make his administration look bad.

When the Reagan presidency began, the media seized on the inherited recession as something incurable and all pervasive. We saw endless breadlines and people despairing of life itself because of their suffering. But when the economy played

> "The media has perpetrated a hatchet job against President Reagan. Their dislike for him is almost paranoid. He is everything they can't stand—a conservative who believes in God and country."

a dirty trick on the media and abruptly reversed into an unprecedented recovery, the doomsday reports on Reaganomics suddenly disappeared. Their place was promptly taken by media allegations of brutal American attacks on the "democratic" Sandinista government of Nicaragua—a government that helps human rights by silencing all its critics—or attacking the right-wing government of El Salvador (consistently forgetting to mention it was elected by an unprecedentedly large turnout of the voters in that country).

But it isn't just Reagan. The media loves to adopt virtually any bleeding-heart cause. From the Rosenberg atom-spy trial to President Truman's firing of General MacArthur to Senator Joe McCarthy, recently produced "docudramas" have consistently smeared and defamed the conservative point of view at the expense of fairness and truth.

This media bias goes beyond such controversial right-wing personalities as Senator McCarthy and General MacArthur. Even a movie like the recent spy film *The Final Option,* which doesn't meet the political standards of movie critics, gets murderous reviews—not for its drama but for its politics. *The Spike,* an excellent thriller by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss, became a best-seller only because word of mouth created such an unstoppable popular demand that all the negative, vitriolic reviews in the world couldn't stop it.

Moving away from fiction and docudramas, let's consider for a moment a book called *Perjury,* by Professor Allen Weinstein. Weinstein took on the prevailing media bias by examining the case of Alger Hiss, a onetime top aide to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, who was convicted in 1950 of lying when he denied under oath having committed acts of Communist spying.

Although Weinstein originally had Hiss's own approval for the project, he finally reached the "wrong" conclusion—namely, that Hiss was guilty. Although the media couldn't ignore Weinstein's book, it did manage to paint it as "controversial," and buried it as quickly as possible. Articles favorable to Hiss continue to imply that there is some doubt about his guilt—even though as late as November 1983 high federal courts unanimously confirmed the justice of his conviction (decisions that were characteristically downplayed by the media).

The case of convicted spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg is yet another example of the refusal by the media ever to accept the fact that the leftist "martyr" might, in fact, be guilty as charged. The Rosenbergs, executed in 1953 for helping the Soviets get the atomic bomb, have been particular favorites of the Left for over 30 years. No amount of evidence that comes forth establishing their guilt is sufficient. The case is always presented as "controversial," even though the only controversy should involve why readers continue to be subjected to hoary left-wing propaganda. (The Rosenberg story was resurrected yet again last year in the thinly disguised fictional movie, *Daniel,* which portrayed the spy couple sympathetically, as victims of an evil and oppressive government.)

But not all examples of media bias involve old spy stories. Late last year, just at a time when our European allies were prepared to deploy defensive missiles to protect themselves against Soviet attack, the nuclear-freeze movement was given a boost by the TV film *The Day After.* The obviously desired effect of this film was to weaken the resolve of our citizens to fight for an equitable result at the arms talks with the Soviets. This was a blatant piece of propaganda directed flatly against the policies of President Reagan and our allies. Fortunately, the film turned out to be an ineptly produced bore to most of the people who wasted that evening watching it. But the real mistake was not showing the film in the proper market—the Soviet Union, from which virtually every act of aggression in the world has stemmed over the last 35 years.

What is at the root of this inexcusable distortion glorifying the Left? Most key media journalists are bleeding hearts, totally out of tune with facts and with mainstream America. Let's look for a moment at some statistics. Most influential journalists start (no surprise) in journalism school. My alma mater, Columbia University, has one of the better ones (it certainly has one of the better professors in the person of Fred Friendly, with whom I often disagree but whose integrity I highly respect). A survey by Lichter and Rothman of Columbia journalism students and graduates produced these results: 90 percent preferred McGovern, who lost 49 out of 50 states; 85 percent are liberals as opposed to 11 percent conservatives; Ronald Reagan, who carried 45 states and won in a popular landslide, received 4 percent (that's right—4 percent) of the journalist trainees' votes. On issues, you can just imagine: Three quarters of them think the United States exploits Third World countries and is responsible for their poverty, etc.

All of this hardly surprises me. Almost 30 years ago some of our most powerful media figures from the Washington *Post* joined forces with leading Democrats to dole out thousands in cash money to Paul Hughes of the McCarthy Senate staff, who delivered to them secret memos detailing the "arsenal" of arms that Senator McCarthy stored in the Senate-office-building basement. Just as these lions of the media and their political allies had the attorney general persuaded to make arrests, they were startled to discover something. The discovery was that there was not and never had been a Paul Hughes on McCarthy's staff. He was a fraud, and the memos were all forgeries. But so obsessive was their hatred for Senator McCarthy that they were conned out of a small fortune and barely saved from national disgrace. This little tale is the favorite starting point for this entire subject when it is mentioned by my law partner, Thomas A. Bolan, then the federal prosecutor who blew the whistle on those involved in the Hughes case, and also by William F. Buckley, Jr., and the *National Review,* who exposed the plot. I'll bet that Messrs. Bolan and Buckley aren't at all surprised by the Columbia journalism survey—or by the daily censorship and slanting of the news that these media charmers indulge in.

DENNIS MANARCHY

Isolating elements of the female form to create graphic, erotic, and scintillating photographs is a trademark of Dennis Manarchy, a 39-year-old Chicago-based photographer. He feels strongly that his work be "erotic" and not "pornographic." Manarchy continues, "You see, eroticism is a logical means of artistic expression. There is a fine line between pornography and eroticism. When I work on a picture, it is my judgment that defines the difference. By me leaving the picture unresolved or not completing the act, the viewer completes the act. In other words, the viewer's fantasy must be put to work."

Having once been an assistant for Irving Penn, Manarchy, like Penn, photographs the human body as still life. When asked if he used the female form exclusively in his work, he says, "No, but being male I am fascinated by the female."

Citing the photograph on the opposite page (*Untitled*), Manarchy comments, "I began shooting the entire face, then I brought the hat down until just the lips showed. I adjusted the lighting until it looked perfect and shot several rolls of film on variations of puckering lips. I then selected the right one....But you never reproduce the image as magnificently as your fantasy." Chuckling, he adds, "For the tongue shot (*Popsicle,* page 102), why, I had a casting call for over 100 tongues to get the perfect one. Every tongue is different, you know."

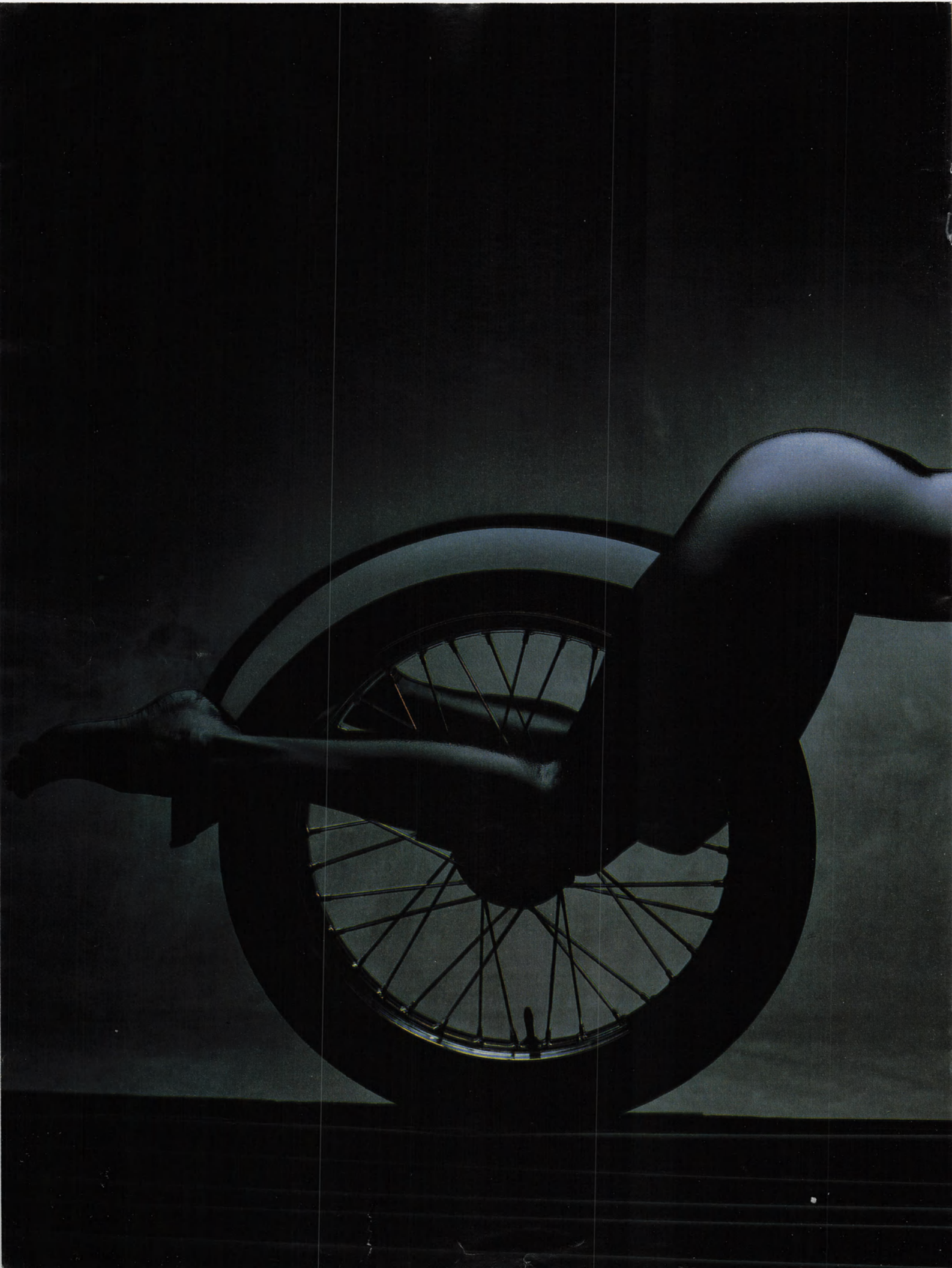
Manarchy is drawn to lush, dense, primary colors, as exemplified by photos such as *Squish* (page 107) and *Lips and Blue Water* (page 106), in which he only uses red, yellow, and blue. He also prefers to use basic shapes and a limited number of objects in his work. "Because," he explains, "the simplest or the most distilled images are the most powerful."

Placing the female form in surprising positions, as in *Female Motorcyclist* (page 100), is sensual but plays on us subliminally as well.

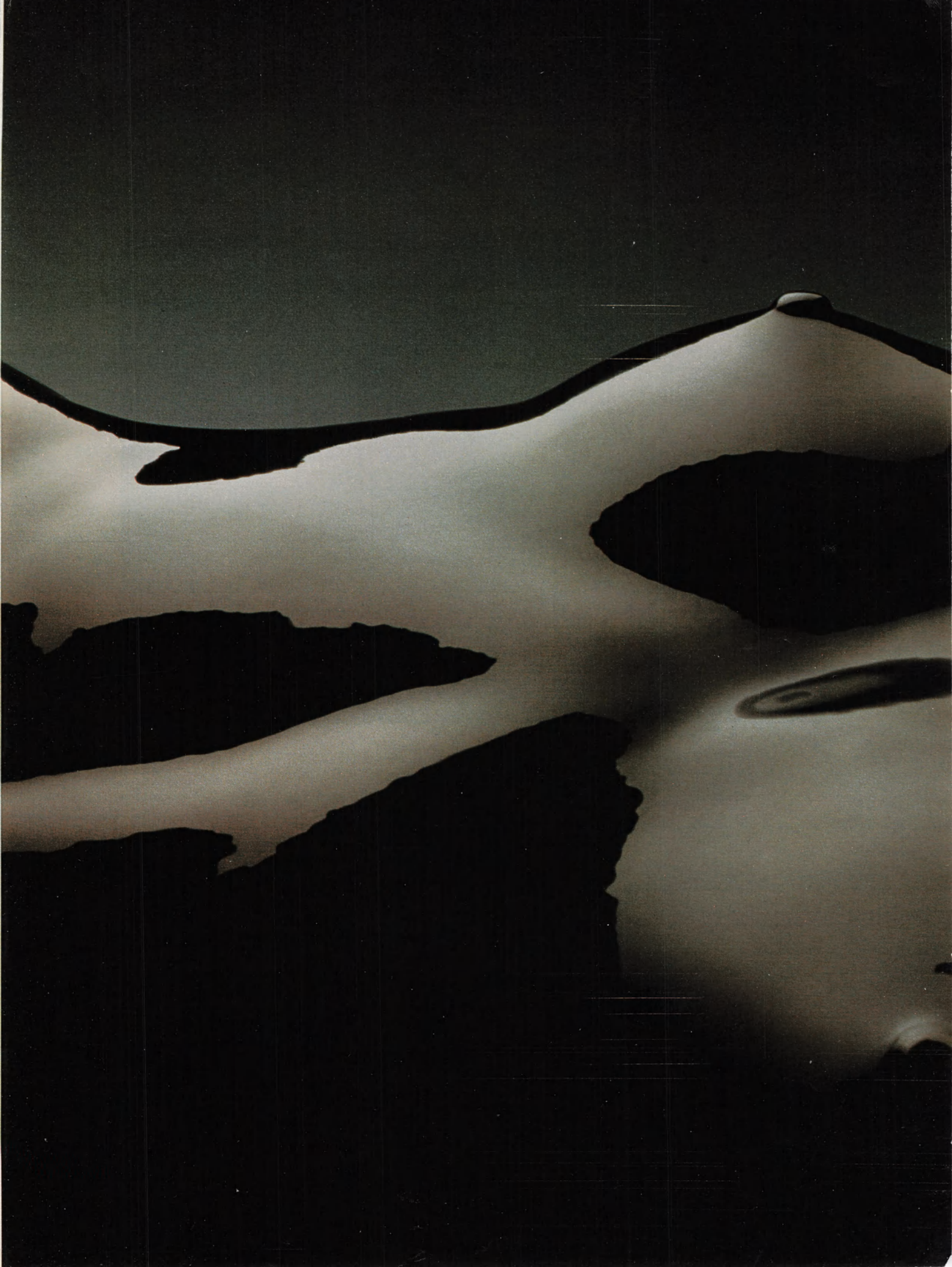
Manarchy contends that there is a new breed of commercial photographer whose imagination is finally surfacing. "Clients are now allowing the photographers to have creative freedom." Exciting works such as *Greased Nude* (page 104) are evidence that this new creativity is adding welcome sensuality and sophistication to the world of commercial photography.

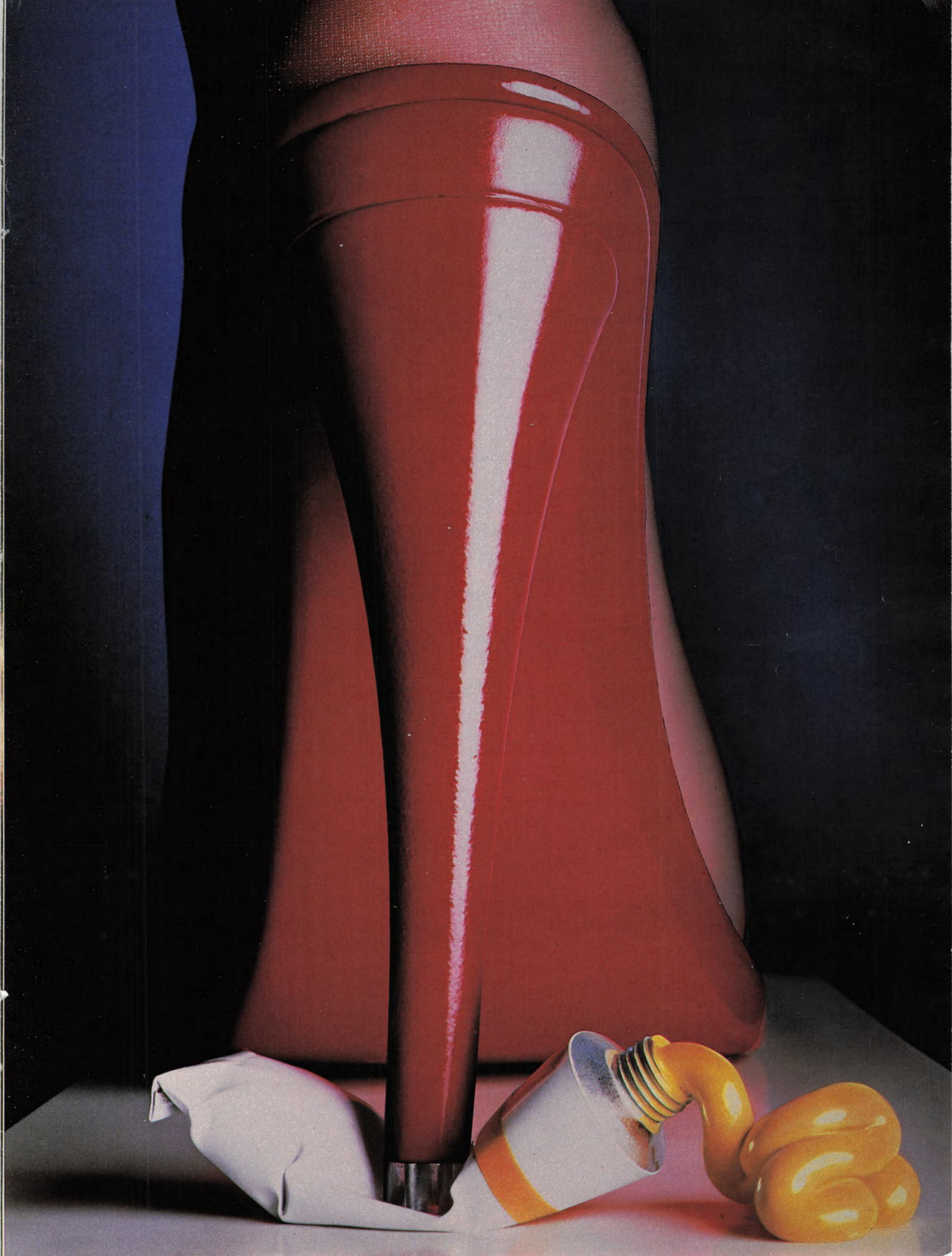
Manarchy's own assessment of his work is modest: "I hope that my images are memorable. I am not an intellectual, and I do not believe that there is a formula or magic involved. It is all hard work, self-confidence, principles, and discipline."

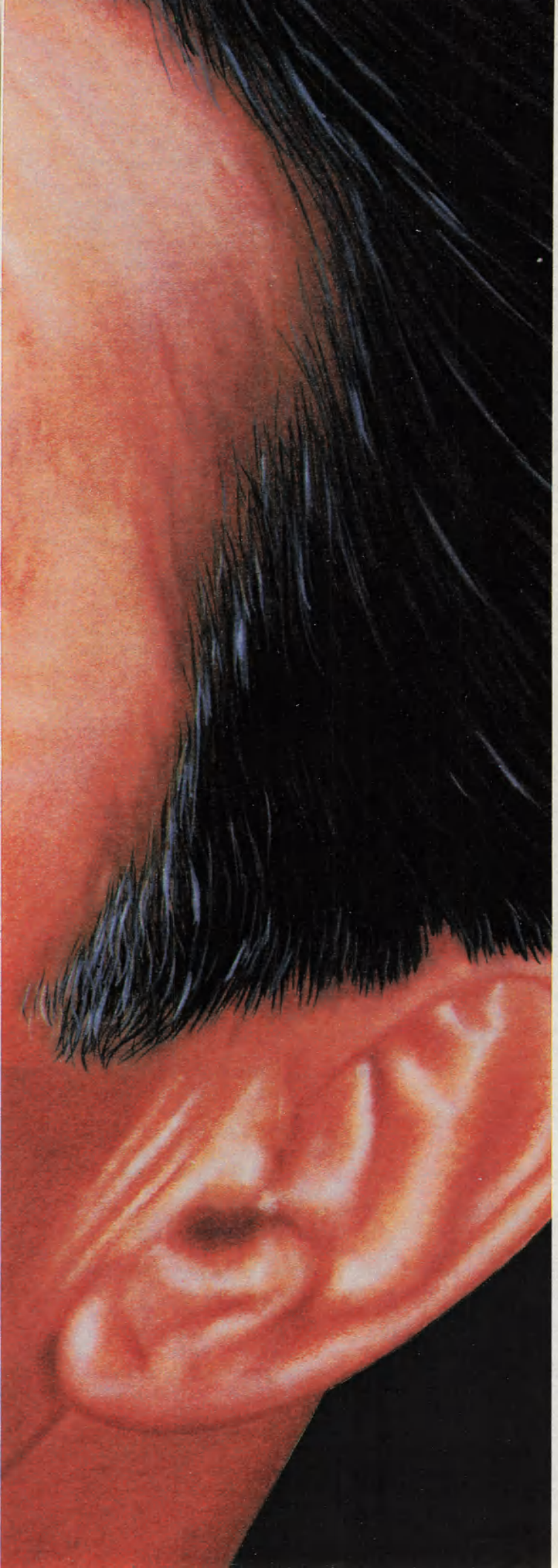
"By leaving my pictures unresolved...the viewer's fantasy must be put to work."



CARRERA







PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM MCHUGH, ADAPTATION BY GUY FERY

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"If a guy's going to give me $3 million, he can call me a Jew prick. I'll put on a skirt and dance with him if necessary to get the money, if I can see the children not sitting in wheelchairs anymore."

JERRY LEWIS

Ever since he was typed as Dean Martin's preadolescent nerd back in the 1940s, Jerry Lewis has been beloved by some, scorned and all but spat upon by others. He has spent over 35 years relying on, yet trying to develop beyond, his screen persona of "the kid," as he calls his alter ego. And despite his successes as a film producer-writer-director-star, nightclub performer, television host, U.C.L.A. college professor, and, most proudly, chief spokesman and fund-raiser for the Muscular Dystrophy Association, Jerry Lewis at age 58 is still regarded as that inarticulate nine-year-old idiot with a case of terminal helplessness.

Even his worst detractors can't deny the man's talent as a physical comedian, as showcased to a standing ovation when he hosted *Saturday Night Live*. Lewis has made millions as a screen star. He still holds the record for having made more consecutive hit films than any other Hollywood personality. Unfortunately, a great portion of his earnings was poorly invested in such fiascoes as an Edsel dealership and a short-lived chain of Jerry Lewis cinemas, to which he lent his name, not knowing their mismanagement would lead to his bankruptcy.

It hasn't been your ordinary life history. Born Joseph Levitch on March 16, 1926, Jerry Lewis grew up in the unstable world of vaudeville, where he was often separated from his trouper parents. Perhaps to attract attention, or more probably because he is and always has been an irrepressible clown, Lewis began performing at age five and has never stopped. His professional career started when he was 15, mugging and miming his way through a "record act," accompanied by pop songs from an offstage gramophone. He was not particularly successful, however, until he met and teamed with another marginal performer, Dean Martin, in 1946. Within a year they were major nightclub stars, and with the release in 1949 of their first film, *My Friend Irma*, they became movie stars overnight.

Amid the success was much sorrow, some of it self-inflicted. Lewis's partnership with Dean Martin failed, in part, because of Lewis's confessed "use" of the singer as a foil. A long-running addiction to the painkiller Percodan nearly ended his film ca-

reer by distorting his perceptions and dulling his talent. His 36-year marriage to his first wife, Patti, he now admits, failed because of his single-minded pursuit of success and just plain boredom. And his near suicide was induced not only by excruciating physical pain but also by the total collapse of a once-triumphant world that had been very carefully made to his own specifications.

Despite the odds, and after a decade of derision and failure, Jerry Lewis came back strong with *Hardly Working,* in 1980, his first feature film in ten years. A dud with the critics, it was a commercial success that outgrossed *The French Lieutenant's Woman, Missing,* and *S.O.B.,* and proved his enduring popularity as a "funnyman"—a title he's never had to suffer from European fans, who widely regard him as the greatest comedian since Chaplin.

"Jeree!" the Parisians shout when they see him on the street, stopping him for a handshake, a hug, or a kiss. Of course, if Lewis goes for half a block in Paris without being recognized, he'll create such a scene that people will gather to see who he is. On one occasion he disrupted traffic in the Place Victor Hugo for several minutes, hamming it up for the public and soaking in all their love and attention.

The European passion for Jerry Lewis's humor gave the comedian much-needed support when times were rough; and his long-dreamed-of invitation to star in a French film finally came, fresh on the heels of his first major dramatic role last year in Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy.* *Penthouse* writer James Delson spent two weeks in Paris talking with Lewis just before the start of production on *To Catch a Cop,* which will be released late in 1984.

In their first session together, Lewis was cautious and guarded for about two hours. Then, as he gradually opened up, he told an anecdote about the one and only journalist who ever tried talking to Jerry (aka "the kid," aka "the idiot"). After only a few minutes, however, the journalist was so frightened and intimidated by the experience that he simply gave up. Rising to the challenge, Delson asked to speak with "Jerry, the kid." Suddenly Lewis got up from the chair behind his desk and switched to another chair several feet away.

"Lewis's personality changed dramatically as he sat down in the second chair," Delson reports. "The kid slouched instead of sitting straight. He took on the air and personality of a nine-year-old, talking, giggling, and carrying on as if he were that child locked away but always ready to come out and play."

Although Lewis only remained the kid for a few moments, it was sufficient, Delson surmised, to let this alter ego accept the journalist's presence. Two weeks of conversation followed, and the nature of Lewis's repartee was very different.

Thirty pounds overweight, Lewis now appeared relaxed, confident, and very much in love with his new bride, Sandee (who he calls Sam). They met while making *Hardly Working,* and now he repeatedly underscores her determined efforts to keep him afloat through the horrors of his drug withdrawal and recovery. He often complained about Sandee's diet for him, but stuck to it religiously, losing his excess weight in two months so that he wouldn't embarrass the Muscular Dystrophy Association during last year's telethon.

As he consumed glass after glass of unsweetened lemonade, Jerry Lewis gave a wide-ranging talk that explored his addiction to Percodan, his marital infidelities, his inclusion on the Nixon enemies list, a near suicide, relations with organized crime, his Nobel Peace Prize nomination, and his son Gary's horrifying Vietnam experience. And although he occasionally went off on an anti-press tirade, for which he is famous among journalists, the moody, schizoid, and legendary megalomaniac was nowhere to be seen.

Penthouse: Your style of humor hasn't ever changed or been adapted to the times.

Lewis: I've never, ever allowed myself to be dictated to by the morés, morals, or fashions of the day. I'm just a fucking hard-liner. I can't say "fuck" onstage. Okay? We're still there.

Penthouse: But you use blue humor in your act.

Lewis: Blue humor! The worst thing I do is swear. I swear, "If you get up, lady, and go to that toilee while I'm working, I swear I will put a hex on you and your ass will be stuck to the seat until 1999, when we'll open it up as a capsule to see if you had diarrhea." That's as fucking blue as I've ever gotten in my life.

Penthouse: Richard Pryor couldn't make it on network television, largely because his style of humor wasn't "suitable" to the tube. NBC didn't care to hear him say "motherfucker."

Lewis: Clean that up and what have you got?

Penthouse: You've got boredom and a cancelled show.

Lewis: But Richard Pryor is one of the very few comic geniuses we've ever had in our business. And it's not because he uses "motherfucker," but because he knows *where* to use it. He throws it away, that's the genius.

Penthouse: Would you say the same thing about Lenny Bruce's timing?

Lewis: I know Lenny could not open his mouth in front of 5,000 people. He needed a couple of hundred in a small, smoky bistro to function.

Penthouse: Yet without Lenny Bruce a lot of comedians might not have tried to do what they did. And his persecution for "dirty" humor killed him. It's criminal, especially when everything changed so quickly after his death.

Lewis: Oh, sure it's criminal. Janis Joplin isn't criminal? Mama Cass? When I get up in the morning and I read in the paper that a certain comedian blew his fucking brains out, I want to call the mortuary and say, "Before you close the box, let me have one fucking crack at his fucking face." Can you believe how cold I am when I hear somebody takes his life?

Penthouse: You came pretty close yourself.

Lewis: That's probably what helped me realize what the fuck I'm talking about. I came as close as you could come. I had the thumb in the cocking position.

Penthouse: You were addicted to Percodan at the time?

Lewis: Thirteen a day.

Penthouse: How did you become so dependent on it?

Lewis: A piece of my spinal column chipped off in a bad fall. I'd have been better off breaking my back. The pain from March 20, 1965, through today hasn't changed. I can only describe the way I feel with a joke. Imagine taking your top lip and lifting it all the way over your head. My left eye goes almost totally out of focus. Both of my legs feel like I'm walking and yet I'm not getting anywhere, the pain is so severe. Yet when I was put on Percodan I would take one and in about 20 minutes I would be able to relax. From 1965 until 1972 I was able to handle the pain on one and two a day. The next year I was buying them on the streets.

Penthouse: You once paid $1,000 for ten?

Lewis: I'm embarrassed to say there was a night when I paid $500 for one. I had bought the ten the night before. What the fuck is a hundred apiece? Now this guy took me in the back room of Green's delicatessen and said, "This one, bloke, is $500 for you." And even though I knew I still had nine, this gave me another one. I gave him the $500. When De Bakey [Michael De Bakey, the heart surgeon] cleaned me out, I flushed, crushed, discarded, and threw away about 7,000 or 8,000 Percodans.

Penthouse: How were you able to get so many?

Lewis: I found a connection, gorgeous. I was getting them right off the shipping ramp.

Penthouse: What was your prescription dose at that time?

Lewis: My prescription dose at that time was nothing.

Penthouse: And in doctors' checkups, in blood tests, in anything, they had not been aware of your . . .

Lewis: Everybody close to me knew that I was on something. That I wasn't myself. If this interview had happened eight years ago, you still would not have gotten your first fucking question in. By the time you've taken nine your brains are so fucked up that you get very verbal, very elated, very high, but you also get on real bad bummers, and you forget things. . . . When Frank [Sinatra] brought Dean [Martin] onto the telethon, people wondered, was it really a surprise? I didn't have any recol-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

RITA

"...A movable feast who doesn't quite know the right moves yet."

EDUCATING RITA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Rita Flanders greets the world with a flustered and guarded smile—and not just because of her companion. As anyone can see, our Pet's more richly endowed than the queen mother's crown, yet she still hasn't learned how to share her bounty properly. "Or improperly, either," she adds. The mischievous spark in her eye suggests a fire clearly burning to get started....With a body as firm and sweet and delectable as Yorkshire pudding, our comely country lass is a movable feast who doesn't know the right moves yet. Men make tempting offers, but how do you know who's sincere?

Which man is as noble as Churchill and which is a rakish Tom Jones out to capture and then break her heart? Perhaps she should hoard her 38-24-36-inch treasures longer, hope for a charming Prince Andrew who'll leave the likes of Koo Stark to teach Rita how to coo instead. Clearly, our innocent abroad is willing if not eager to learn—and what could be more delightful than educating Rita?

CO
V
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CR

The president has
disappeared without a trace . . . but
the real nightmare
won't begin until he returns.

DEEP SIX

FICTION BY CLIVE CUSSLER

PAINTING BY AKIRA MIWA/JAPAN CREATORS ASSOCIATION

A heavy fog crept over the presidential yacht, the *Eagle,* smothering her hull in damp, eerie stillness. Gradually the red warning lights of a radio antenna on the opposite shore blurred and disappeared. A small army of Secret Service agents guarded the nearly invisible yacht. Voice contact was kept by shortwave, miniature radios. So that both hands were free at all times, they wore earpiece receivers, battery units on their belts, and tiny microphones on their wrists.

Every hour the agents changed posts, moving on to their next prescheduled security area while their shift leader wandered the grounds, checking the efficiency of the surveillance network.

In a motor home parked in the drive beside the old manor house, Agent Blackowl sat scanning a row of television monitors. Another agent manned the communications equipment, while a third eyeballed a series of warning lights wired to an intricate system of alarms spaced around the yacht.

"You'd think the National Weather Service could give an accurate report ten miles from its forecast office," Blackowl groused as he sipped his fourth coffee of the night. "They said 'light mist.' If this is light mist, I'd like to know what in hell they call fog so thick you can dish it out with a spoon."

The agent in charge of radio communications turned and lifted the earphones on his headset. "The chase boat says they can't see beyond their bow. They request permission to tie up and come ashore."

"Can't say as I blame them," said Blackowl. "Tell them affirmative." He stood up and massaged the back of his neck. Then he patted the communications agent on the shoulder. "I'll take over the radio. You get some sleep."

Ed McGrath could not recall ever having seen fog this thick. He sniffed the air, trying to identify the strange aroma that hung everywhere, and finally wrote it off as a common oily smell. Somewhere in the mist he heard a dog bark. He paused, cocking one ear. It was not the baying of a hound

in chase or the frightened yelps of a mutt, but the sharp yap of a dog alert to an unfamiliar presence. Not too far away, judging by the volume. Seventy-five, maybe a hundred, yards beyond the security perimeter, McGrath estimated.

The barking stopped abruptly, and McGrath figured a cat or some wild animal had set the dog off. He reached a familiar bench beside a fork in a graveled path and made his way toward the riverbank below the yacht. He spoke into his lapel microphone.

"Post eight, coming up on you."

There was no reply.

McGrath stopped in his tracks. "Brock, this is McGrath, coming up on you."

Still nothing.

"Brock, do you read me?"

Post number eight was oddly quiet and McGrath began to feel uneasy. Moving very slowly, one step at a time, he cautiously closed in on the guard area. He called faintly through the mist, his voice weirdly magnified by the heavy dampness. Silence was his only reply.

"Control, this is Cutty Sark."

"Go ahead, Cutty Sark," came back Blackowl's tired voice.

"We're missing a man on post eight."

Blackowl's tone sharpened considerably. "No sign of him?"

"None."

"Check the boat," Blackowl said without hesitation. "I'll meet you there after I inform headquarters."

McGrath signed off and hurried along the bank to the dock. "Post six, coming up on you."

"Aiken, post six, come ahead."

He groped his way onto the dock and found Agent John Aiken's hulking shape under a floodlight. "Have you seen Brock?"

"You kidding?" answered Aiken. "I haven't seen shit since the fog hit."

McGrath dogtrotted along the dock, repeating the call-warning process. By the time he reached the *Eagle,* Polaski had come around from the opposite deck to meet him.

"I'm missing Brock," he said tersely.

Polaski shrugged. "Last I saw of him was about a half an hour ago when we changed posts."

"Okay, stay here by the dockside. I'm going to take a look below decks. And keep an eye peeled for Blackowl. He's on his way down from control."

When at last Blackowl came aboard the yacht, the fog had disappeared as if by magic. The ruby lights of the radio antenna across the river sparkled in the newly cleared air. He brushed by Polaski and found McGrath sitting alone in the deckhouse, staring trancelike into nothingness.

Blackowl froze.

McGrath's face was as pale as a white plaster death mask. He stared with such horror in his eyes that Blackowl immediately feared the worst.

"The president?" he demanded.

McGrath looked at him dully, his mouth moved but no words came out.

"For chrissake, is the president safe?"

"Gone," McGrath finally muttered.

"What are you talking about?"

"The president, the vice-president, the crew, everybody, they're all gone."

"You're talking crazy!" Blackowl snapped.

"True . . . it's true," McGrath said lifelessly. "See for yourself."

Blackowl tore down the steps of the nearest companionway and ran to the president's stateroom. He threw open the door without knocking. It was deserted. The bed was still neatly made and there were no clothes in the closet, no toilet articles in the bathroom. His heart felt like it was being squeezed between two blocks of ice.

As though in a nightmare, he rushed from stateroom to stateroom. Everywhere it was the same; even the crew's quarters lay in undisturbed emptiness.

As though in a dream, Blackowl rushed from stateroom to stateroom. But the horror was real. Everyone on the yacht had vanished —it was as if they had never been born.

The horror was real.

Everyone on the yacht had vanished as though they had never been born.

Secret Service Agent Oscar Lucas stood in front of the corner fireplace in the living room of the vice-president's mansion and described the presidential kidnapping. The five men seated around the room listened to him in undisguised astonishment.

Secretary of Defense Jesse Simmons clamped his teeth on the stem of an unlit meerschaum pipe. He was dressed casually in a summer sport coat and slacks, as were Dan Fawcett and National Security Adviser Alan Mercier; Army General Clayton Metcalf was in uniform, while Douglas Oates, the secretary of state, sat fastidiously groomed in a dark suit and necktie.

Lucas came to the end of his briefing and waited for the barrage of questions he was certain would be fired. Instead, there was a prolonged hush. They just sat there numb and immobile. Oates was the first to break the stunned silence.

"Let's look at this head-on," said Oates. "Rather than speculate on how the abduction occurred, I think we must concentrate on the reason and the force responsible before we can plan a response."

"I agree," said Simmons. He turned to Metcalf. "General, any evidence the Russians are behind this as a time cushion to launch a first strike?"

"If that were the case," answered Metcalf, "their Strategic Rocket Forces would have taken us out an hour ago."

"They still might."

Metcalf gave a slight negative tilt to his head. "Nothing indicates they're in a state of readiness. Our Kremlin intelligence sources report no signs of increased activity in or around the 80 underground command posts in Moscow, and our satellite surveillance shows no troop buildup along the Eastern Bloc border. Also, President Antonov is on a state visit to Paris."

"So much for World War III," voiced Mercier with a look of relief.

"We're not out of shallow water yet," said Fawcett. "The officer carrying the codes designating nuclear-strike sites is also gone."

"Don't worry on that score," said Metcalf, smiling for the first time. "As soon as Lucas here alerted me to the situation, I ordered the alphabetical code words changed."

"All right," said Simmons, "we temporarily shelve a Soviet conspiracy or an act of war. What are we left with?"

"Damned little," grunted Mercier.

Metcalf looked squarely at Oates. "As things stand, Mr. Secretary, you are the constitutionally designated successor to the president."

"He's right," said Simmons. "Until the president, Margolin, Larimer, or Moran are found alive, you're the leader of the band."

For several seconds there was no sound in the library. Oates's flamboyant and forceful facial exterior cracked ever so slightly, and he seemed suddenly to age five years. Then, just as suddenly, he regained control and his eyes took on a cold, visceral expression.

"The first thing we must do," he said in a level tone, "is act as though nothing has happened."

"And we have to consider the likelihood that the people responsible for the kidnapping will give us an ultimatum or make a ransom demand through the news media," added Simmons.

Metcalf looked doubtful. "My guess is that when contact is made, it will come to Secretary Oates without a trumpet blast, and any demand will be for something besides money."

"I can't fault your thinking, General," said Oates. "But our top priority is still to conceal the facts and stall for as long as it takes to find the president."

"Jack Sutton!" Fawcett blurted as though he were having a revelation.

"Who?" demanded Simmons.

"The actor, the spitting image of the president who plays him in TV commercials and on comedy shows."

Oates sat up. "I think I see your point.

The resemblance is remarkable. But we'd never get away with it, not on a face-to-face basis. Sutton's voice is far from a perfect imitation, and anyone who is in close daily contact with the president would see through the deception."

"Yes, but from 30 feet his own wife couldn't tell the difference."

"Where is this leading?" Metcalf asked Fawcett.

The White House chief of staff took his cue. "Press Secretary Thompson can hand out a press release saying the president is taking a working vacation on his New Mexico farm to study congressional reaction to his Eastern-aid program. The elite White House press corps will be kept on the sidelines, a situation not uncommon when the president isn't in the mood to answer questions. All they'd see from a roped-off distance would be him—in this case Sutton, the actor—entering the helicopter for the flight to Andrews Air Force Base for departure in *Air Force One*. They could follow on a later plane, of course, but be denied entry onto the farm itself."

"Why not have a phony vice-president go with Sutton?" suggested Mercier.

"Both men can't fly in the same plane," Lucas reminded him.

"Okay, send him on a plane leaving at night," Mercier pressed on. "Little news coverage is devoted to Margolin's movements. No one would notice a stand-in."

"Or care," added Oates, alluding to the apathy paid to vice-presidents.

"I can handle the details from the White House end," offered Fawcett.

"Two down," said Simmons. "Now what about Larimer and Moran?"

"This is an odd-numbered year," said Mercier, warming up to the scheme. "Congress recesses for the entire month of August, only a day away. Our one slice of luck. Why not invent a mutual fishing trip or junket to some out-of-the-way Third World country?"

"What do you tell their office staffs?"

"This is Saturday, we've got two days' grace to iron out the bugs."

Simmons began making notes on a pad. "Four down. That leaves the *Eagle*'s crew."

"I think I can come up with a convenient cover," offered Metcalf. "I'll work through the Coast Guard commandant. The crew's families can be told that the yacht was ordered on an unscheduled cruise for a top-secret military meeting. No further details need be given."

Oates stared around the room at his companions. "If there are no further questions—"

"Who else do we let in on this?" queried Fawcett.

"It goes without saying," said Metcalf, "Emmett of the FBI will have to handle the domestic end of the investigation. And, of course, Brogan of the CIA must be called in to check out the international-conspiracy angle."

"When do you think we should meet again?" asked Simmons.

Oates looked at his watch. "Four hours from now," he replied, rising from his chair. "If any of you ever dreamed of going on the stage, this is your big chance. And I don't have to tell you, if the show's a flop, we just may bring down the whole country along with the curtain."

"Looks to me like you're overloading the circuits," said Don Miller, Emmett's deputy director of the FBI.

Emmett didn't look up at Miller's negative remark. Within minutes after he had returned to the bureau's headquarters, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth Street, he had set into motion an "All Bureaus Alert," followed by a standby for "emergency action of the highest priority," to every office in the 50 states and all agents on assignment overseas. Next came orders to pull files, records, and descriptions on every criminal or terrorist who specialized in abduction.

His cover story to the bureau's 6,000 agents was that the Secret Service had come upon evidence of a planned abduction attempt on Secretary of State Oates and other as-yet-unnamed officials at high government levels.

> "If any of you ever dreamed of going on the stage," said the shaken secretary of state, "this is your big chance. But if the show's a flop, we may just bring down the whole country."

"It may be a heavy conspiracy," said Emmett finally, his tone vague. "We can't take the chance the Secret Service is wrong."

"They've been wrong before," Miller said.

"Not on this one."

Miller gave Emmett a curious look. "You've given out damned little information to work with. Why the great secrecy?"

Emmett didn't answer, so Miller dropped the subject. He passed three file folders across the desk. "Here's the latest data on PLO kidnapping operations, the Mexican Zapata Brigade's hostage activities, and one I'm in the dark about."

Emmett gave him a cold stare. "Can you be more explicit?"

"I doubt if there's a connection, but since they acted strange—"

"Who are you talking about?" Emmett demanded, picking up the file and opening the cover.

"A Soviet representative to the United Nations, name of Aleksei Lugovoy . . ."

"A prominent psychologist," Emmett noted aloud as he read.

"He and several of his staff members on the World Health Assembly have gone missing."

Emmett looked up. "We've lost them?"

Miller nodded. "Our United Nations surveillance agents report that the Russians left the building Friday night—"

"This is Saturday morning," Emmett interrupted. "You're talking a few hours. What's suspicious about that?"

"They went to great lengths to shake our shadows. The special agent in charge of the New York bureau checked it out and discovered that none of the Russians returned to their apartments or hotels. Collectively, they dropped from sight."

"Anything on Lugovoy?"

"All indications are he's straight. He appears to steer clear of the Soviet Mission's KGB agents."

"And his staff?"

"None of them has been observed engaged in espionage activities either."

Emmett looked thoughtful for several moments. Ordinarily he might have brushed the report aside, or at most ordered a routine follow-up. But he had a nagging doubt. The disappearance of the president and Lugovoy on the same night could be more than a mere coincidence.

At last he said, "I'd like your opinion, Don."

"Hard to second-guess this one," replied Miller. "They may all show up at the United Nations on Monday as though nothing had happened. On the other hand, I'd have to suggest that the squeaky-clean image Lugovoy and his staff have projected may be a screen."

"For what purpose?"

Miller shrugged. "I haven't a clue."

Emmett closed the file. "Have the New York bureau stay on this. I want 'priority one' updates whenever they're available."

"The more I think about it," said Miller, "the more it intrigues me."

"How so?"

"What vital secrets could a bunch of Soviet psychologists want to steal?"

Successful shipping-line magnates navigate through the glittering waters of the international jet set in grand fashion. From exotic yachts to personalized airliners, from magnificent villas to resplendent hotel suites, they roam the world in an unending quest for the accumulation of power and wealth.

Min Koryo Bougainville cared nothing for a freewheeling life-style. She spent her waking hours in her office and her nights in small but elegant quarters on the floor above. She was frugal in most matters; her only weakness was a fondness for Chinese antiques.

When she was 12, her father sold her to a Frenchman who operated a small shipping line consisting of three tramp steamers that plied the coastal ports between

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HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 13

It's easy to strike a tough pose,
When you don't realize everyone knows
That you can't make a move
Unless it's approved
By the Russians who pay for your clothes.

Coca-Cola
MEKLER

KIDS WHO KILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

automatic pilot and kids who shouldn't be in jail at all wind up in the "schools."

The suit charges that kids are packed like sardines in the living cottages at all three facilities. At the Alyce D. McPherson School, in Ocala, rooms built to house four kids now house eight; cottages built for 16 kids house 30. At the Florida School for Boys, in Okeechobee, dorms originally designed for 20 children contain 40. At times youngsters sleep on mattresses on the floor because the youth prisons don't provide enough beds. The buildings don't have screens and are often infested with insects.

Children are not adequately fed or clothed. At Okeechobee and the Arthur G. Dozier School, in Marianna, kids are not provided with anything to eat for the almost 14 hours between supper (at approximately 5 P.M.) and breakfast (at 7 A.M.). The kids routinely assault one another sexually and physically because of tension, lack of sleep, and overcrowding. As a means of controlling their charges, some of the staff often encourage the larger children to assault or restrain the smaller ones.

Kids rotting in solitary-confinement cells must eat their meals next to open, uncleaned toilets, and no effort is made to protect them against self-inflicted injuries. In their despair, they often wound themselves with sharp objects, such as screens, vents, or breakable toilet fixtures. They cannot participate in any programs, and suffer severe sensory deprivation, often remaining virtually without human contact for more than 21 days.

Goaded into action, Florida's Health and Rehabilitative Services launched an internal investigation and verified many of the charges in the suit. Only 6 of 17 examined detention centers met state criteria, which prohibit locking up children for minor offenses. The inspector general found that kids in isolation weren't getting any exercise and were often kept there for extraordinary lengths of time. One boy had been locked in a bare cell for 788 hours, or almost 33 days.

The suit is expected to drag on for several years, but in 1982 the state of Florida moved to ease the lot of its captive kids. Among other measures, it announced that metal cuffs were to be replaced by leather restraints.

Give a kid a taste of jail and he'll get scared straight. So goes a much-touted theory. Except it didn't end that way for a 17-year-old boy who died after being tortured and beaten by inmates in an Idaho county jail in 1982.

For failure to pay $60 in traffic fines, Christopher Peterman was placed in the lockup by his parents. They were later quoted as saying, "As his parents we thought it would be a deterrent for him. . . . We had no idea it was going to turn out like this."

Christopher was kicked and tortured. Burning toilet paper was repeatedly stuck between his toes over a five-hour period. Three of the teenagers found guilty in what authorities called "a sadistic slaying" turned out to have done time at the infamous Youth Services Center, in St. Anthony, the only state-run reform school in Idaho.

Home to about 150 boys and girls, aged 11 to 19, the center is located far from the state's capital in a rural, predominantly Mormon town of 3,500. The small complex of reddish-brown brick buildings is encircled by lush grass, cropland, and towering trees, but Elizabeth Jameson, an attorney for the San Francisco–based Youth Law Center, found the facility's pastoral appearance deceptive. She said her first visit there left her "shocked," and she called the center in St. Anthony "among the worst" juvenile prisons in the nation.

> The head of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention has a sticker that says: HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY? He told senators: "I try to keep a sense of humor."

Jameson discovered that large numbers of children were forced to stand mutely facing a wall—noses and toes touching it, arms clasped tightly behind their backs—for 10 or 12 hours a day. The punishment is called "standing wall," and both inmates and former employees claim standing-wall sentences frequently extended to one month.

Troy Moss, a 16-year-old from Pocatello, told Jameson that he was once required to stand wall for 60 days. "If you turn your head, talk to someone, or just look out the window, you end up having to spend more time." Young children received the discipline for such infractions as having a "negative attitude" and talking without permission. Ralph Cherrington, a former security attendant at the Youth Services Center, said sitting and standing punishments were used every day until his 1982 dismissal. "I know of one kid who stood wall three and a half months, day after day," he stated.

Other modes of chastisement included humiliating kids by cuffing them to pool tables and fences, where they were forced to kneel and be spoon-fed by fellow residents; purposely harassing them with name-calling and threats of physical violence (in order "to keep up the anxiety level to show what the boys would do under stress," said Bob Perez, another former attendant who resigned in April 1982); and locking them in dark, filthy isolation cells with their wrists handcuffed to the metal railings of bunk beds to prevent them from resting. These practices were carried out in compliance with a student manual written and approved by Idaho Health and Welfare officials in 1978.

"In some ways St. Anthony's facility is a horror story," said Jack Kaper, a caseworker and parole officer for 100 boys interred there. "Kids really fear the place. It's the end of the road."

A 1974 study by James Christensen, a Boise State University professor, concluded that only one in ten residents at the center benefits from the program, and that 15 percent of the youths leaving it "are noticeably more dangerous to society than when they entered.

"The citizens of Idaho don't want to hear this," said Christensen, "but the few survivors who somehow manage to get their lives together do not legitimize that institution."

The Idaho Department of Health and Welfare belatedly appointed a citizens' committee to look into the allegations of abuse. But despite recommendations from two committee members for a more extensive probe of the eastern Idaho facility, Health and Welfare Director Rose Bowman said in August 1983 that her agency had decided to dissolve it. She contended that no specific evidence of abuse had been discovered. Youth Law Center attorneys denounced the decision.

"Why are they trying to cover up?" asked Elizabeth Jameson. "Why are they refusing to follow even their own experts' advice? We have said all along we will provide specifics—charts, dates, and names."

The grapes of wrath are still being harvested in Oklahoma's antiquated juvenile corrections system. For horsing around in the shower, an unresisting 14-year-old boy was kicked in the thigh and nearly strangled with his own jeans. Another 14-year-old, after an argument with a fellow resident, sat in the recreation unit watching television and refused to go to bed. Two security guards dragged him to a detention facility, slammed his head against a brick wall, and broke his arm in the process. A boy in Boley Training School turned off a bathroom light that was shining in his eyes. For this infraction a state employee smacked him twice in the head, raising a knot. The state's top psychiatric consultant, Dr. Stuart B. Simon, admitted in court that he's seen six and seven-year-olds come into the facilities in restraints. Solitary confinement in "dimly lit" five-by-eight-foot cells for weeks at a time is a common practice throughout the system. Scores of children are hog-tied with belly chains, handcuffs, and leg irons, sus-

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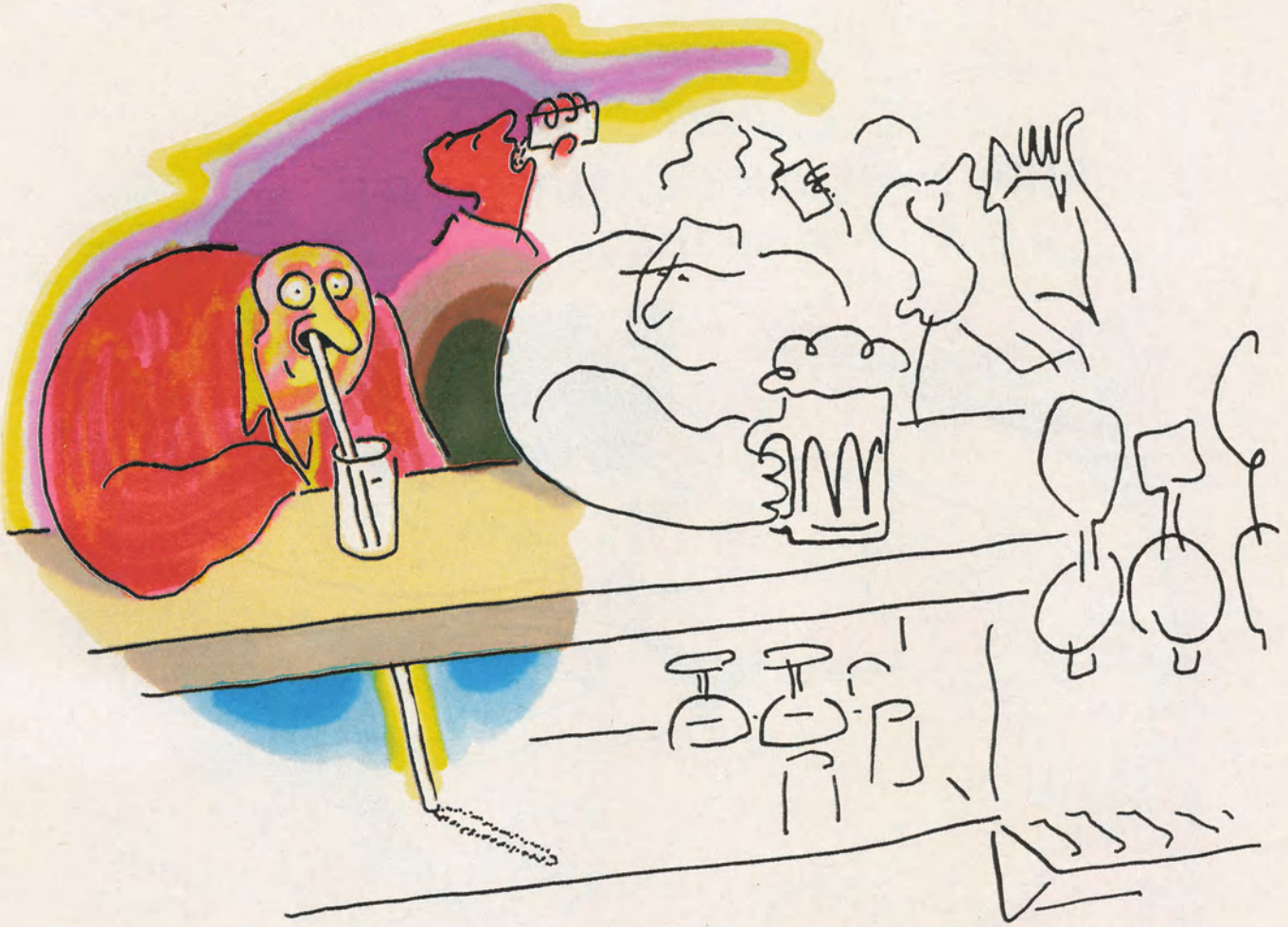
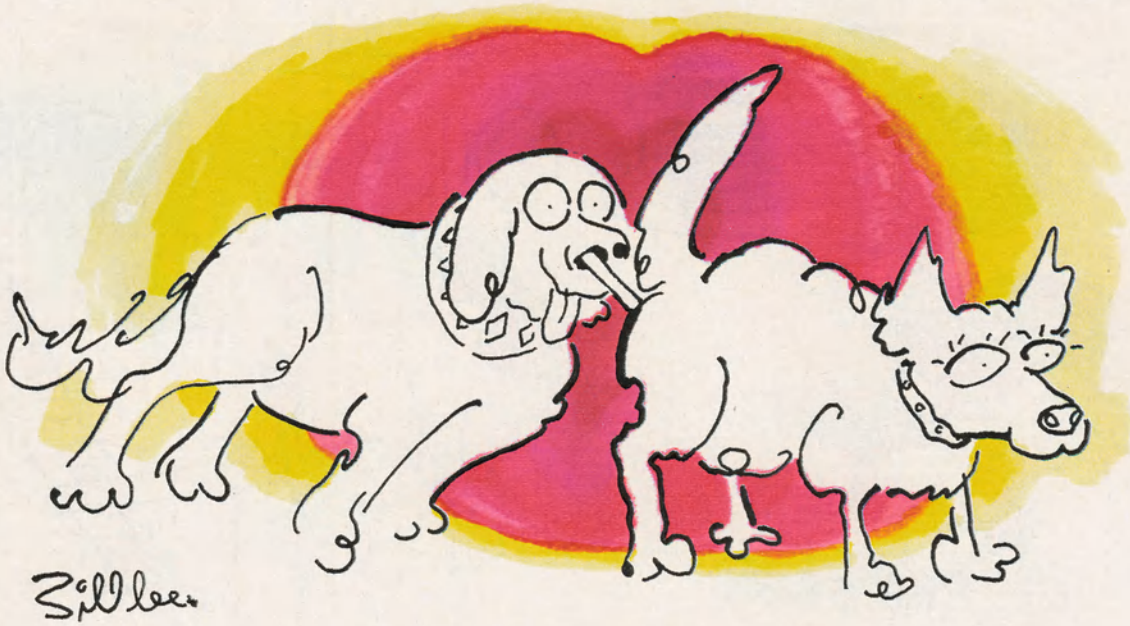
THE RIGHT SNUFF

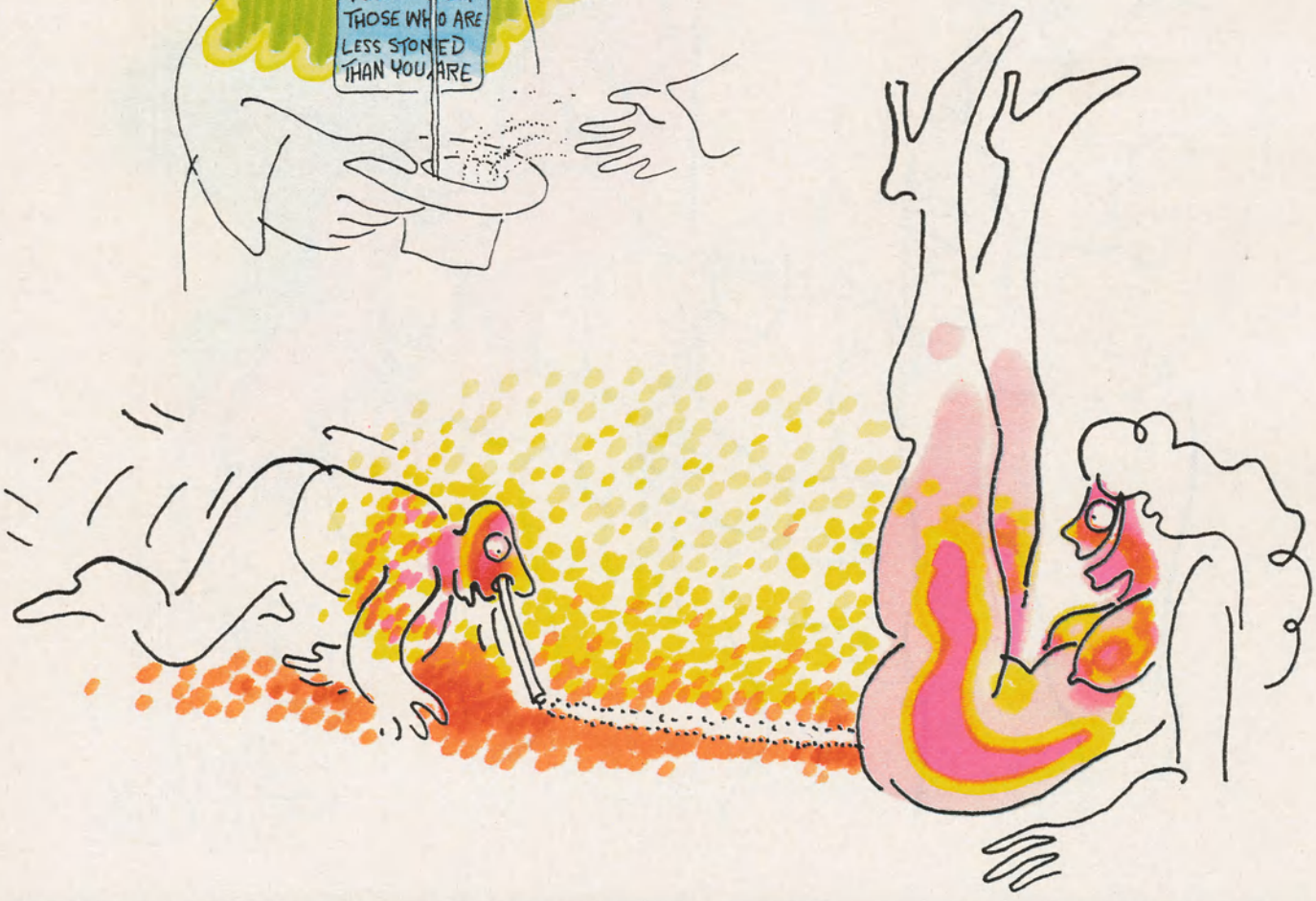
SATIRE BY BILL LEE



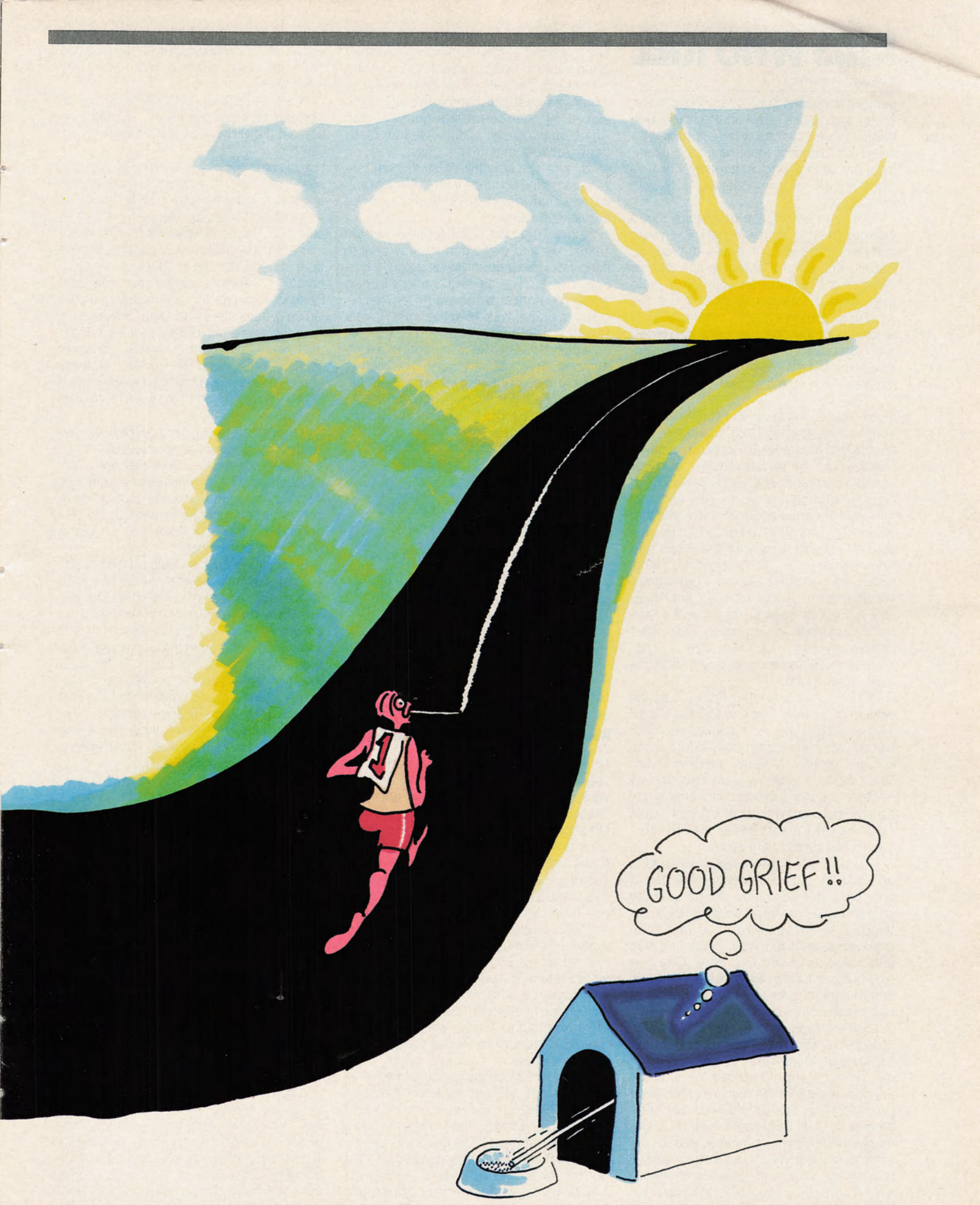
FLIGHT OF THE
STONED CONDUCTOR


Zilbee

BLESS YOU
PLEASE HELP THOSE WHO ARE LESS STONED THAN YOU ARE



BETSY ROSS: A FLAG IS BORN


GOOD GRIEF!!

KIDS WHO KILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

pended above the floor, shackled to sinks, beds, and toilets, and often kicked and beaten while confined. Workers in one facility tried to coerce teenage girls into joining a prostitution ring. At another, children were forced into homosexual acts with employees.

These are among the more than 8,000 charges of child abuse in just three years that remain buried in the files of Lloyd E. Rader, the former all-powerful czar of Oklahoma's welfare department. A state psychologist called child treatment in the 14,000-employee system "Hitlerian." Only a handful of the charges were forwarded to a district attorney or resulted in an abusive employee's being seriously reprimanded to the DA's office.

Diane Horton sent her son to Provo Canyon, a high-priced Utah academy that specializes in obedience training for delinquent boys. The school refused to let her son leave when she arrived to pick him up, claiming that he'd broken a rule and was locked in the orientation unit. She said that when she finally saw her son, he was swollen, almost bald where his hair had been pulled out, had "floor burns" on his face, and "couldn't tell day from night." He later had to be placed in a mental hospital. In a suit against the school Diane Horton testified, "I am bitter. They have broken my son. Yes, I am bitter . . . because they slammed him down, because they tortured him."

During a riot at the Provo Canyon School, boys tried to injure themselves so they could be taken to a hospital and then talk to reporters about conditions at the school. Andrew S. Gallo, a former counselor, said youngsters were fighting one another "or trying to bite their veins or cut their wrists open with anything they could find." He also described the "hair dance," a common disciplinary tactic:

"A counselor would extend his arms in front of him, grab a student by the hair of his head, and whip him around until the student was mentally and physically exhausted." This resulted in at least one child with a scalp that was "black and blue and yellow and soft and sore. One boy was flung around in the air by his hair and after it was all over there were chunks of hair missing from both sides of his head."

Located high in the scenic Wasatch Mountains, Provo Canyon is one of the harshest of 300 private "training schools" that have sprung up across the country. For an annual $24,000 tuition, parents are promised that the school will instill obedience in their delinquent kids by a behavior-modification technique called "aversion conditioning." In 1980, a lawsuit brought by two former students resulted in a U.S. District Court's ruling that the school refrain from using handcuffs and from sentencing boys to days on end in bare isolation cells; that they stop excessive corporal punishment; and that they discontinue making students take lie-detector tests. But it is hard to determine how much has changed behind the chain-link fences of the converted country club where students still endure 12-hour class days, locked orientation units, isolation cells, and the scrutiny of staff members who patrol the grounds with two-way radios and hunt down boys who try to flee across state lines.

Patrick Tom King, a former student from Texas, testified that when he was sent to the school he "thought it was going to be a bunch of fun." King, who suffers from a paralyzed right arm and a right leg that requires a brace, was 16 at the time. He testified that as soon as he arrived he was put on a daily dose of 150 milligrams of a tranquilizing drug, even though his mother had told the school not to because in the past he had had negative reactions to such drugs. He got the medication three times daily, in orange juice served by the counselors. "I couldn't move. I couldn't walk. I stuttered when I talked and they dragged me around by the hair." After long hours of standing in the locked orientation unit for new boys, King was stripped to his underwear and taken to the "prescription room"—the solitary-confinement cell. Because there was no toilet, he had to relieve himself on the floor.

> When a woman picked up her son from one "training school," she said he was swollen, almost bald where his hair had been pulled out, had floor burns on his face, and couldn't tell day from night.

It was disclosed at the trial that letters home were censored and if the boys complained about conditions they had to rewrite the letters—plus as punishment they would get 15 to 40 hours of standing or sitting time in the orientation unit. Boys entering the school had to stand a mandatory 250 hours in the locked and heavily guarded area, in four-hour shifts. They had to get their clothes from a locked closet, were not allowed religious services, and were required to check out their toothbrushes, checking them back in after brushing their teeth. The unit was often so jammed that boys slept on the floor. To get out the boys had to pass a lie-detector test. If they failed they were locked up, had few privileges, and were forced to stand or sit again for long hours. An attorney for the plaintiffs, Kathryn Collard, said the school engaged in brainwashing, working on "not just their behavior but their very thoughts."

In April 1983 the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals let stand the lower court's ruling against the Provo Canyon School.

He drives a car with a bumper sticker that says HAVE YOU SLUGGED YOUR KID TODAY? and has one pasted on his office door. But 41-year-old Alfred S. Regnery, a former official of Young Americans for Freedom, told a Senate Judiciary Committee that he does it because "I try to keep a sense of humor." Senators pondering President Reagan's choice for administrator of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention in April 1983 weren't amused.

"I don't think much of your bumper sticker," said Senator Howard Metzenbaum. "It may be a big joke to you, but it isn't to me. And I don't think it's a big joke to people generally."

Although Regnery previously had been judged by a selection committee as unqualified to head the Legal Services Corporation, and his professional credentials in child care and juvenile justice were challenged, Regnery's insensitivity to children's pain did not prevent him from being confirmed to the post.

Established by the Justice Department in 1974, the main thrust of the OJJD's $70-million-dollar budget has been toward delinquency prevention, counseling, and job programs. But Regnery states that he will use the office to push the punishment approach. Asked by Senator Arlen Spector whether rehabilitation and treatment of juvenile offenders was worthwhile as a preventive measure, Regnery replied, "I'm looking for them. I don't think I've found them yet." He said he was considering a new "correction initiative."

There are juvenile facilities that try a different approach toward violent offenders. At the Goshen Secure Facility, in Orange County, New York, the boys receive programming from seven in the morning to nine at night. There are rapists, armed robbers, murderers, and 16 lifers in there, but in five years there have been no runaways and only four assaults on staff.

"You can feel the vibes from the people in here," explained Hugo G., an 18-year-old doing time for rape and attempted murder. "They turn their backs on you, let you walk in front and in back of them. They just watch. In here you see a fight once a month."

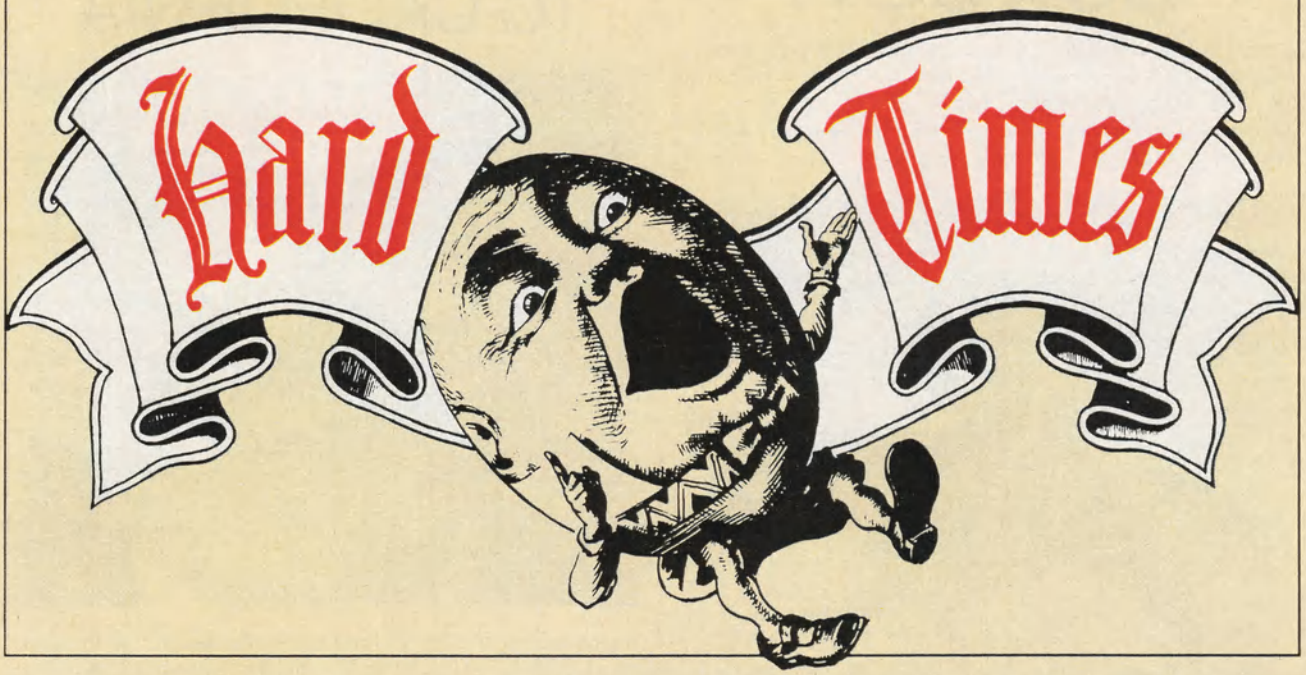
Goshen is one of 11 "secure" facilities run by the State Division for Youth, for young people who have been found guilty of serious crimes. New York is one of the few states that ends juvenile-court jurisdiction at a child's sixteenth birthday—sending thousands of minors into the adult criminal-justice machinery and hitting them with heavy time—it has created facilities that give young offenders opportunities for educational and vocational training

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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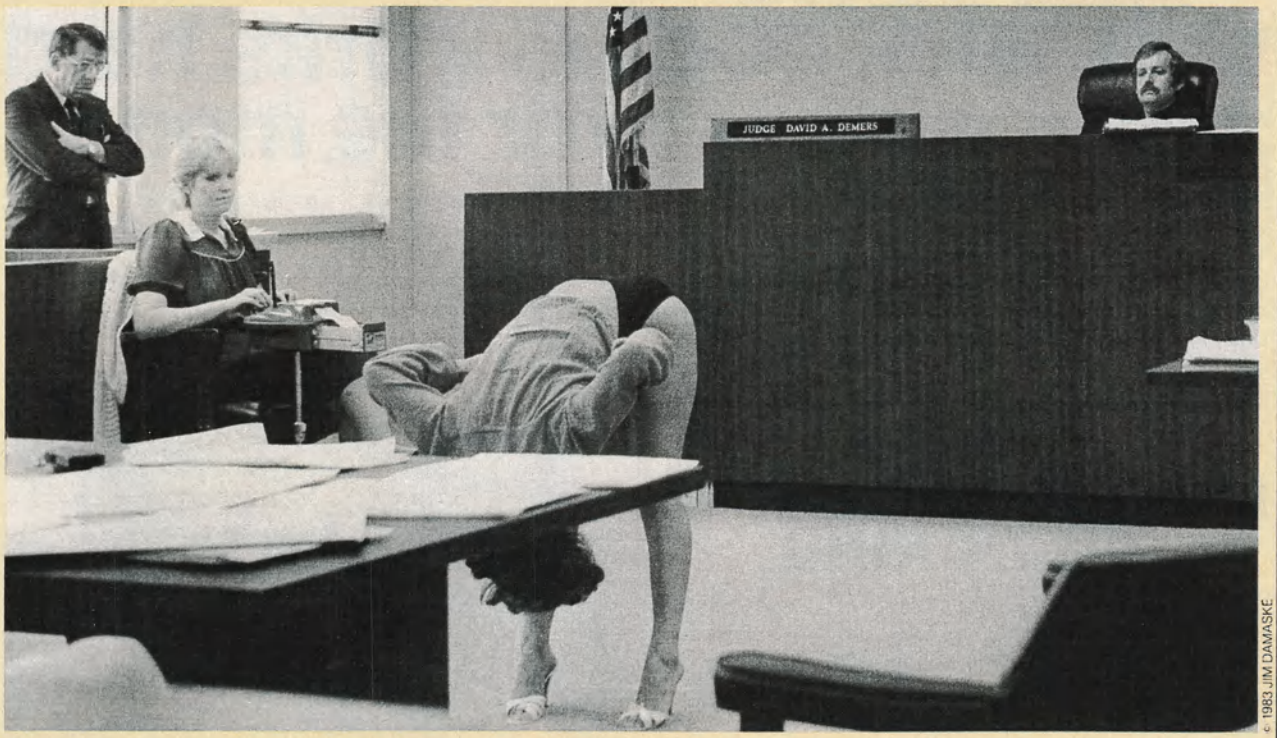
IS THIS THE COUNTY SEAT?



A 20-year-old exotic dancer from Florida displays her bikini-clad bottom to Judge Demers. She and three other dancers were on trial for violating anti-nudity laws. Demers acquitted all four, citing "awesome conflicts" in eyewitness testimony. (*Houston Post*–submitted by Dale Rowell, Huntsville, Tex.)
That judge really gets to the bottom of things.–Editor

OH, YOU SASSY COWBOY!

Racing for the finish line in the rescue race at the eighth annual National Reno Gay Rodeo. (*Nevada State Journal*–submitted by Dennis Kizerian, Stateline, Nev.)
Other rodeo events include barn interior decorating, English-, Western-, and Greek-style riding, and cattle cruising.–Editor

LANCE IVERSEN

MAN BEATS WIFE WITH DOG

A Birmingham, Alabama, man has been convicted of assault and battery for beating his wife with their pet Chihuahua. Dorothy Cobb said the attack occurred while she and her husband, Barney, were arguing. "He swung the dog against the wall. He hit me over the head with the Chihuahua several times. The dog's head was hitting my head." The one-and-a-half-pound dog wasn't injured. "She's just a small Chihuahua, but she must be pretty tough," said Mrs. Cobb. (*Florence Times-Tri Cities Daily*–submitted by Gregg Rector, Florence, Ala.)
Gives new meaning to the words "attack dog."–Editor

GIVES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING

Arthur Young was sentenced to 90 days in jail for admittedly sneaking into a house and licking a woman's leg as she and her husband slept. The woman told police that she awoke, felt "something wet" on her leg, and saw the intruder. Her husband awoke and chased the man out a bedroom window and caught him. Young, 21, was charged with misdemeanor battery. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by Edward Devine, North Haldon, N.J.)
That's what happens when you can't hold your licker.–Editor

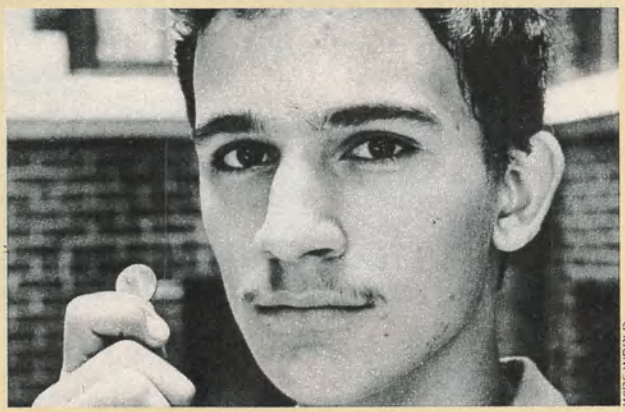
SEX OFFENDER SENTENCED TO CALIFORNIA

WIDE WORLD

An Iowa judge seems to feel that the proper place for sex offenders is California. Judge G. Thomas Reilly gave a repeat sex offender a one-way ticket to San Francisco. The offender was convicted of exhibiting obscene materials to a minor for showing an 11-year-old boy some homosexual magazines, and he also had a string of prior sex-related convictions. The bus ticket was paid for with court funds. (*National Enquirer*–submitted by Dan Perry, Greenville, N.C.)

He works hard for the money

Titus Tomescu, 17, of Chicago holds up a penny–all that remains of his paycheck after payroll deductions. Working part time as a grocery bagger, Tomescu's check had the usual deductions for taxes, Social Security, and insurance, with the largest deduction going to union dues and a union initiation fee. (*The Moncton Times-Transcript*–submitted by Patrick Chambers, New Brunswick, Canada)
No wonder unions are losing their popularity.–Editor



WIDE WORLD

HE MAY BE IN JAIL, BUT HE'S STILL SHERIFF

Paul Louis Browning, Jr., was convicted of conspiracy to commit murder–but he got to keep his job as sheriff of Harlan County, Kentucky. He runs the sheriff's office out of the prison farm where he is incarcerated, conducting business in his cell and conferring with his staff of ten by phone. Testimony at the trial also linked Browning to charges of arson, bootlegging, drugs, double identities, murder contracts, electronic surveillance, and various cloak-and-dagger schemes. Prosecutor Ron Johnson said, "I just hope this county can get another sheriff with Paul Browning's talent and intelligence who doesn't have his quirks." (*National Examiner*–submitted by Jim Talbert, Eureka, Calif.)

Why should a little quirk like conspiracy to commit murder stand in the way of law and order?–Editor

THE COURIER-JOURNAL

Stepfather victim of child's abuse

A court in Tel Aviv, Israel, ordered a 16-year-old girl to stop walking around the house naked because her 80-year-old stepfather claims that she is trying to give him a heart attack so she can inherit his fortune. The stepfather, who is a deaf mute, claimed that the girl and her mother were harassing him, beating him, and plotting to take over his fortune. (*Lafayette Journal and Courier*–submitted by Richard Tamaray, West Lafayette, Ind.)

Well, she couldn't sneak up behind him and say "Boo!"–Editor

WHAT IF YOU GAVE A FUNERAL AND NO ONE CAME?

That's one thing Aleandro Polverari, 87, doesn't have to worry about. In order to see who would attend his funeral, he spread reports of his death–but then he joined in the funeral procession that consisted of about 200 cars full of friends and relatives in the Italian city of Poggio Nativo. (*Toronto Star*–submitted by Emmett Pearce, Toronto, Ontario)

He was just dying to see who his real friends were.–Editor

GOING OUT WITH A BANG

A manager of the Condor Club, a topless night spot, was crushed to death on top of a show piano rigged to levitate through the ceiling. But the dead man's last act may have been to save the woman who was found, naked, on top of the piano with him the next morning. The victim, "Jimmy the Beard" Ferrozzo, was apparently screwing nude dancer Theresa Hill on top of the piano when he accidentally activated the lifting mechanism. The piano rose to the ceiling, crushing Ferrozzo and his partner. As a last act, however, Ferrozzo kicked the "off" switch of the mechanism, saving Hill, who was pinned beneath him. It took police-department rescuers three hours to free the girl, who told authorities she had been too drunk to remember details of the incident. (*Screw* Magazine)

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KIDS WHO KILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

until they are 21. Paradoxically, they must then be shipped off to overcrowded, dangerous adult prisons to complete their sentences.

"It's a lot of work wasted," said Joe Bertholf, a thoughtful, low-key man in his fifties who directs the upstate facility. "If you're looking for punishment and retribution, it's not here. I don't know what you gain from that. They're already being punished by being in here. It's a hell of a way to spend your adolescence. If you take a kid and beat him and beat him and beat him, then you have an animal. If the situation was reversed, how would I want somebody to treat me? That's what I tell the counselors and staff. You have to show that these kids are people. I don't care what they've done out there, they're still people. If you want kids to buy into something, talk to them, get their input, and if they're with you they'll walk a mile for you. If I want to be talked to in a halfway decent way, then I have to talk to the kid the same way. If you're hard, be hard. If you're easygoing, be easygoing. But be consistent. Counselors are in trouble if the kids spot them as phonies. We do the best we can and hope the kids do well."

The boys are taught in modern shops equipped for a variety of trades and spend the rest of their school day studying. Class attendance is mandatory and teachers showed an obvious and easy rapport with teenagers. This extended even to the cook, "Wimpy," a heavyset country boy with sideburns who cooks the boys' eggs to order. Bertholf says Wimpy is worth his weight in three psychiatrists. Residents spoke earnestly about the benefits of college, and some were going for degrees in a program worked out with a nearby school. But security is by no means slack. Boys are checked with hand-held metal detectors when they leave the shops. If there is conflict they are taken to a special "quiet room" to calm down and later speak with a counselor. Force is rarely used.

One boy, Daryl, said, "Now that I been in here I damn near don't have robbing on my mind no more. When I first came I always used to talk about guns—.38's, all kinds of guns—and the crew I was with. I take my GED on Wednesday and I'm going to try and get my high-school diploma. I want to be somebody, *very bad*. I don't want to be in a place like this again." He was wringing his hands as he spoke. "When I was in Spofford I still wanted to do the same stuff. Since I came here I just chill out."

It takes about a year and a half for a boy to be turned around, according to counselors. Many of them will fail just by going back to the same environment. To provide more support for their treatment, Bertholf puts great emphasis on Visit Bus day. The bus, which has cost the facility $4,000 a year for once-a-month visits, provides free transportation between New York City and Goshen for parents and families of residents. Families are given the option of free therapy sessions led by psychiatrists.

The boys in Harlem Valley also call their jail a "good jail" but there's no forgetting it *is* one. Located on the grounds of a state psychiatric hospital in Wingdale, New York, it is another "secure" facility run by the Division For Youth. It was opened in 1980 against heated community opposition and political pressure. Since then, John Lum, the director, has worked hard to get the local community involved with life at the facility.

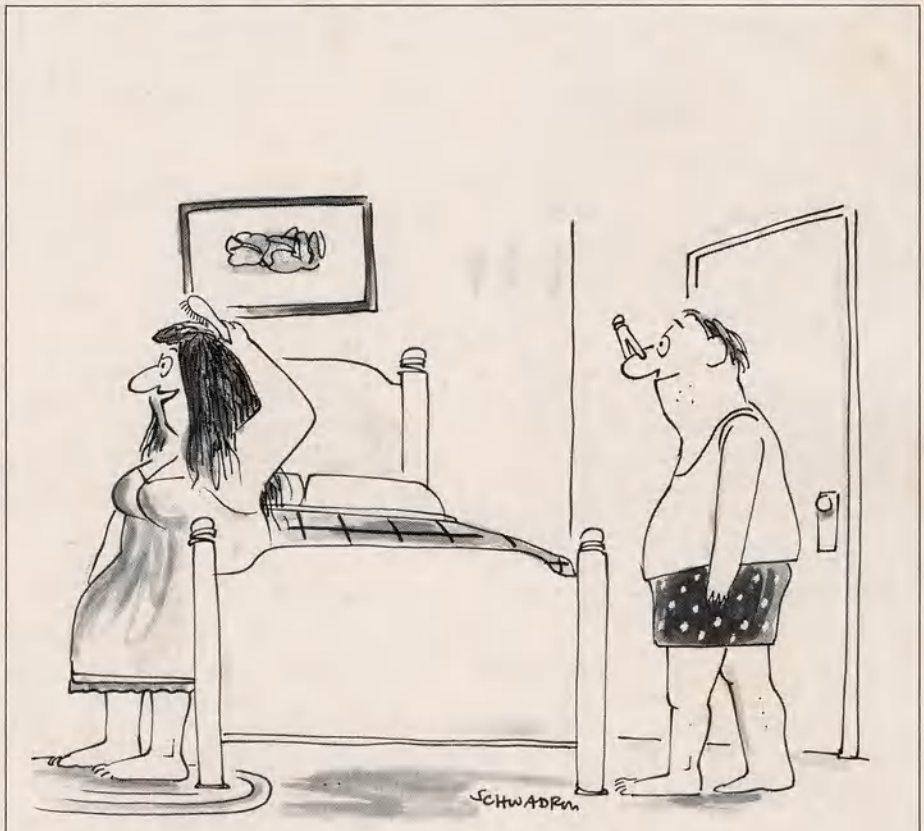
Lum puts emphasis on skill building so the ex-offender can avoid the social-welfare system upon his return to society.

"These kids are simply not wanted back there," he said. "We can't leave it up to the system to take care of the kid. At the same time we're not trying to play hearts and flowers. We make it plain to the kid that the real world is cruel and he has committed a felony. It means an extra barrier for you to get over. Being black or Hispanic means another barrier."

Harlem Valley took a survey to find out which labor skills are compatible with the market in New York, and they adjusted their programs accordingly. There are well-equipped shops that provide training in building trades, auto mechanics, autobody repair, refrigeration and boiler repair, business education, and the graphic arts. A local auto dealer sits on the board of the car-repair shop. Lum said he has tried not to set up programs that keep kids and staff happy but are useless in preparing for the outside. Some boys work in the cafeteria or help teachers, others work in maintenance or carpentry. They get paid $1 an hour and can earn up to $15 a week. The money is put in a savings account in each boy's name. During the last six months of a boy's stay, he is taught what Lum calls "living skills": how to apply for a job, how to go through an interview, how to cook and do laundry. The goal is to teach kids how to live in the community, not in an institution. For this is the last stop: After Harlem Valley it's the adult correction system.

"There are no guarantees," said Lum in the drafting shop, as the boys bent over blueprints. "We can't undo the crime that the kid has committed, or take away the pain and suffering that the victim felt at that particular point. But you have to evaluate each person who comes in here and expose him to as many different kinds of opportunities as possible while he is in this facility."

Do these programs work? All one can honestly say is that they're important. They may not reach enough people, but they're a start. Many of these kids, no matter what effort the state puts into them, will wind up in prison. The costs are high either way. But it is wise to support the people who believe in these programs and who try to change these kids rather than to accept their fates as inevitable.



"I hope you remembered, Milton. Tonight it's your turn to go down on me."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU THE GREATEST?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Being your own best friend is fine up to a point, but overdosing on self-love can make life miserable both for you and for those around you. Having an unrealistically high opinion of oneself is known among psychoanalysts as a "narcissistic personality disorder," and this psychograph can give you some idea of whether or not you show symptoms of having it.

Narcissus, you may recall, was a good-looking young Greek who earned his place in mythology by admiring himself. He saw his reflection in a pool of water and became so enchanted with it that he stared at it until he died. Psychologically speaking, narcissism can be just about that deadly, since it poisons our own view of ourselves as well as our relationships with others. Some theorists suggest that narcissism has become one of the most common psychological disturbances in our culture. One thing is certain: There couldn't have been a "me" generation without it.

Narcissists don't see themselves as selfish or greedy. They really believe they are extraordinary human beings and, consequently, deserve the best of everything. In an unceasing quest to make themselves feel good, they become the ultimate consumers, gobbling up everything from the latest food fad to the psyches of their best friends. The problem, of course, is that this strategy doesn't work for long. The buzz they get from acquiring a new car, a new stereo, or even a new friend quickly wears off, and, unfortunately, the old feelings of emptiness loom up larger and more powerful than ever.

Leading researchers in this field, such as Otto Kernberg of Cornell Medical Center and Heinz Kohut of the University of Chicago, suspect that narcissists are, in a sense, psychological toddlers. As infants, all of us believe that we're the center of the universe, but by the time we reach three or four years of age, most of us begin to realize that things are just a little more complex than that. Narcissists never come to that conclusion. They reach adulthood continuing to believe that they are something truly special (although deep down they often worry that they are actually unlovable). Some researchers feel that the narcissist's arrested development may be traced back to a mother who wasn't sensitive to her child's evolving needs, thereby locking the door on the youngster's psychological development.

You must be ruthlessly honest with yourself in answering these questions. It may not be pleasant to find out you're a narcissist, but it can be a first step toward growing up.

1. Do you often find that people whom you respect highly eventually let you down and disappoint you?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

2. If you were being really honest with yourself, how good would you say you are at understanding the feelings of other people?
   (a) very good
   (b) quite good
   (c) about average
   (d) not too good
   (e) terrible

3. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) After a short while sex with the same woman becomes boring.
   (b) You can continue to have enjoyable sex with a woman even if you've been going to bed with her for years.

4. Have you had a large number of sexual partners over the years?
   (a) yes, an extremely large number
   (b) quite a few
   (c) relatively few
   (d) I've had no sexual partners.

5. Which of the following statements best describes the duration of your sexual relationships?
   (a) When I become sexually involved with a woman it may go on for years.
   (b) I like them short and sweet.
   (c) My sex life is a mix of long-term and short-term relationships.
   (d) I have yet to have a sexual relationship.

6. Would your sexual preferences more likely be described as:
   (a) relatively normal
   (b) quite kinky

7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) I believe that somewhere out there a woman exists who is the perfect match for me.
   (b) There's no such thing as an ideal woman. There are any number of women I'd probably be perfectly comfortable with.

8. Are you a polite person when it comes to little, everyday things like holding doors for people and saying "thank you"?
   (a) Yes, I'm very polite.
   (b) I'm about average.
   (c) No, I often overlook those things.

9. Do you think most people fail to recognize your many good qualities?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you have fantasies in which you

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"Narcissists feel that they are extraordinary human beings and so deserve the best of everything."

PSYCHOGRAPH

use your wit and intelligence to cut down people who have wronged you?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

11. Do you have fantasies about being extremely rich, and do you visualize specifically how you'd spend the money if you had it?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

12. Do you fantasize about how you'd get back at people who screwed you if you suddenly became enormously powerful?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

13. Would you say you're a "contemporary" person who's usually ahead of his peers when it comes to trends and fashions?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. How important is it to you to have the most advanced versions of things like electronic gear, cars, and clothes?
(a) very important
(b) quite important
(c) not too important
(d) not at all important

15. Are you extremely choosy about the type and quality of food you eat?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) No, I'll eat just about anything.

16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It's important to pamper yourself; nobody else is going to do it. And besides, if you don't feel comfortable with yourself, you're not going to be much good to anyone else."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

17. Which one of the following statements more accurately reflects your experience?
(a) Most of the friends I have go back a long way with me. I may not have lots of friendships, but they are long lasting.
(b) My friendships don't last too long. I often become very friendly with people and see them frequently but then, inevitably, we seem to drift apart. I often discover that they weren't very good friends anyway.

18. Do you ever feel worthless or depressed?
(a) yes, often
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

19. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I may not be completely successful yet, but I will be and that will be the solution to my problems."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Some people are naturally superior to other people and they have a right to expect special treatment."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING
All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

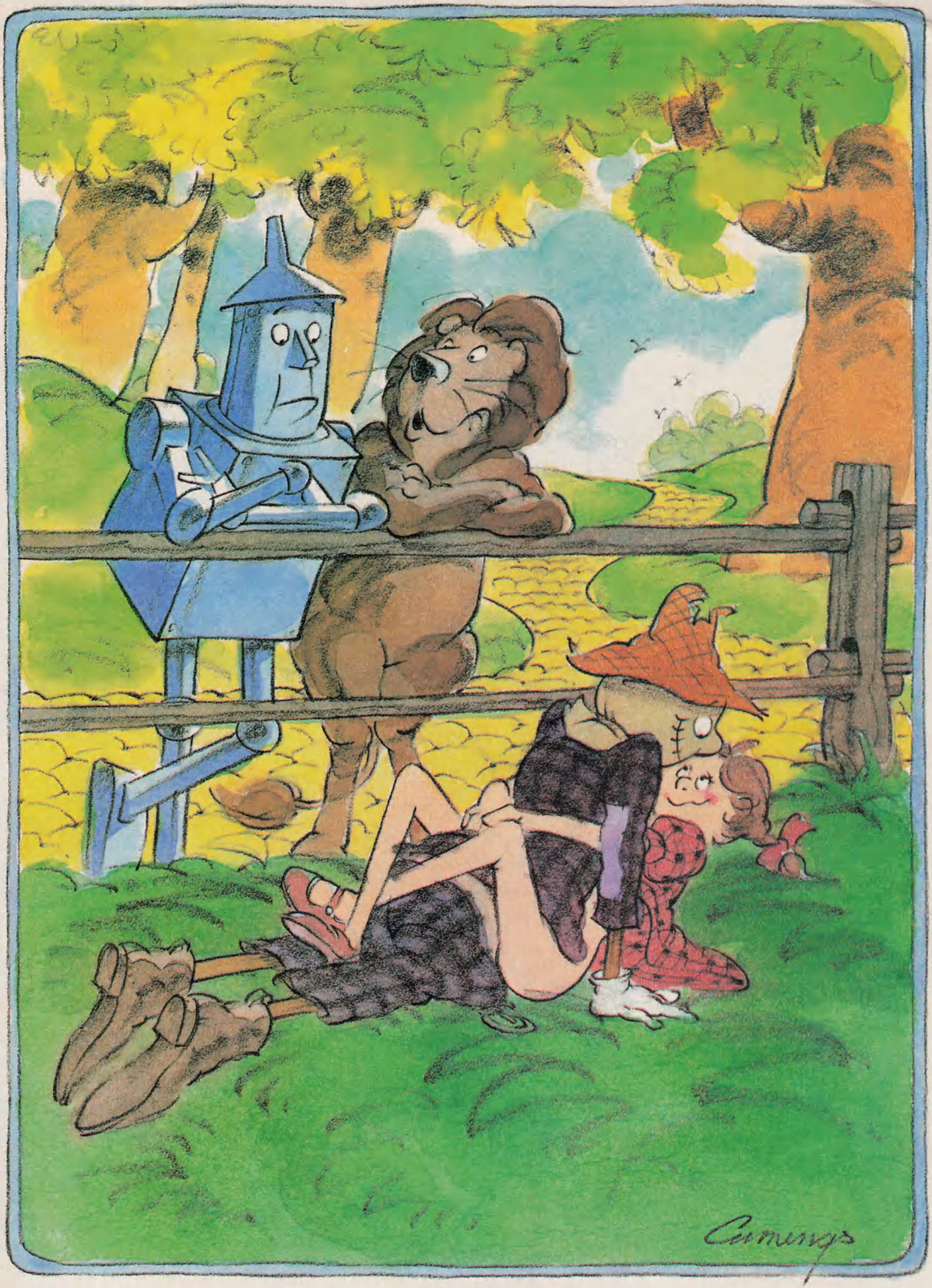
1. a-5, b-2, c-1
2. a-4, b-1, c-1, d-3, e-5
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-1
5. a-1, b-5, c-2, d-1
6. a-1, b-5
7. a-5, b-1
8. a-1, b-2, c-5
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-3, c-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-5, b-3, c-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-3, c-2 d-1
15. a-5, b-2, c-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-5, b-2, c-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-5, b-1

If you scored 81 to 100 points:
You appear to have a large number of narcissistic traits. You probably have an extremely high opinion of yourself and have a driving need to be the center of attention. Even the slightest criticism is likely to enrage or humiliate you (although you sometimes react with aristocratic disdain should any mere mortal have the temerity to criticize you). You may be very exploitive, manipulating everybody and every circumstance to your benefit. By middle age, this sort of behavior often catches up with the narcissist as he begins to realize that his excessive concern with himself is not really making him any happier. Some modified forms of analysis appear to be helpful in treating narcissists at this stage of their lives.

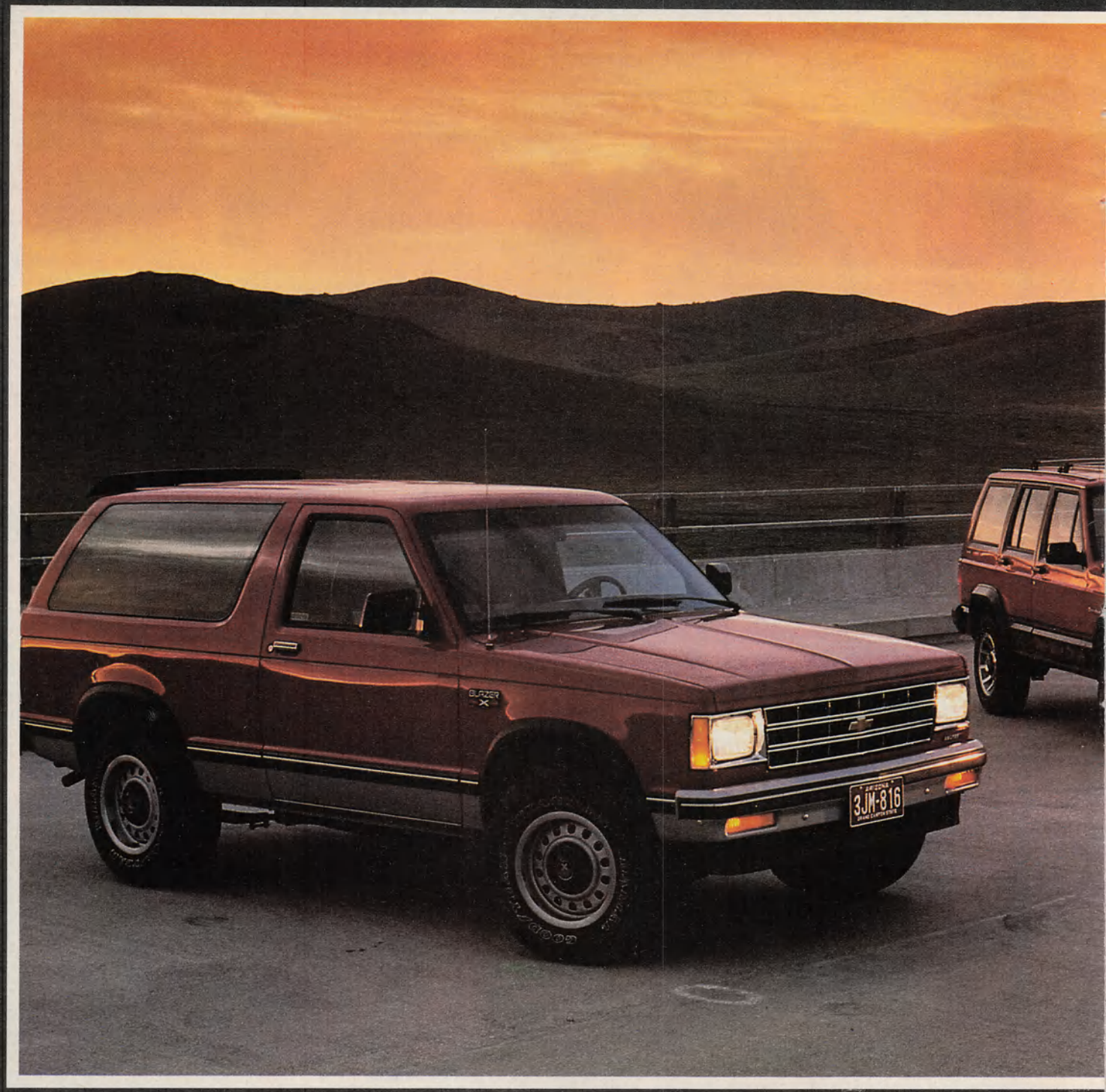
61 to 80 points:
You have a substantial number of narcissistic tendencies, but you don't exhibit them to quite the grandiose degree as do men in the category above. Actually, you may be quite successful (although perhaps not well loved). Researchers suspect that narcissism is an important component in the personalities of many top politicians, business leaders, and actors—as well as successful international terrorists.

41 to 60 points:
You have relatively few narcissistic personality traits. You probably have enough self-love so that you can survive in what is often a hostile world but not so much that you become a creep. You're the type of person who can get ahead without leaving a trail of trampled lovers, friends, and associates behind you.

20 to 40 points:
You show virtually no narcissistic tendencies. You're either one of the true nice guys of the world, or you are lying through your teeth. If the latter is the case, no amount of advice from us is going to puncture your inflated opinion of yourself. If the former is the case, congratulations: You are one of those pleasant people who doesn't secretly think he's better, smarter, wiser, or more talented than everybody else. This doesn't necessarily mean you're a Milquetoast. You can score in this low category and still have a legitimately high level of self-esteem. What you don't have is an unrealistically high sense of self-worth.



"For a guy without a brain, he does okay."



Six vehicles that tread tough terrain and boastfully leave their marks.

BY MIKE KNEPPER

TRUE GRIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFREY ZWART

Boondocking, brush busting, off roading, four-wheeling—whatever it's called, the sport is the same. And here's how to play.

First, get yourself any one of a number of special vehicles that have the ability to send power to all four of their wheels at the same time. Then, drive that vehicle way the hell off anything that remotely qualifies as a road. Next, rather than avoiding the usual obstacles to vehicular travel—rivers, canyons, logs, rocks, sand dunes—hunt them out so you can drive through them or over them or, but only as a last resort, around them. If you grin like a fool the whole time, that's okay, it's to be expected. Four-wheeling will never go down as one of America's great contributions

to the betterment of mankind, but it sure is fun.

Reason enough, I'd say, to get on down to your local purveyor of 4 x 4s, as these specialized buggies are called, and sign on the dotted line. But what to buy? You've noticed that everybody is in on the act these days, from Subaru to Chevrolet. You're right. The 4 x 4 badges are appearing on the flanks of everything from tiny hatchback econocoupes to humongous pickups. Certainly, not every vehicle with the ability to send power to all four corners can get it done on weekend excursions into the outback. And, to be practical for a moment, not every ballsy brush buster offers what you would call reasonable everyday transportation, which, after all, would be a nice thing for a 4 x 4 to provide. What's needed is something of a compromise. The ideal 4 x 4 would be able to bust a little brush on weekends and play car during the week. So here, for your consideration, are six candidates that have turned compromise into art. All are new, or relatively new, to the 4 x 4 game, and all fall into a specialized category we call mini-utility 4 x 4s.

The Mitsubishi Montero is the smallest 4 x 4 in this class of mini mites. And although its diminutive proportions naturally limit cargo and the number of passengers, the small-

The lineup: Chevrolet's S-10 Blazer (upper left); Jeep's Cherokee (middle); Isuzu's Trooper II (right).

ness is a big part of its visual appeal. It also has a made-for-business look, and business is taken care of by a 2.6-liter four-cylinder engine that pumps out 106 horsepower. You can have the engine hooked to the standard five-speed-manual or the optional three-speed-automatic transmissions.

The basic Montero is a nicely equipped piece—but with the Sport package you get air-conditioning, halogen headlights, an FM-multiplex radio, and automatically locking front hubs. (Without automatic hubs, you have to lock the front hubs manually to go to four-wheel drive, and, of course, reverse the process when you go back to two-wheel drive.)

When the off roading gets bumpy, the Montero looks after driver comfort. The driver's seat has a unique shock-absorbing suspension system adjustable to the driver's weight, and it can be locked into one of three height settings. Nice touch.

The Montero's interior is very carlike, with handsome cloth upholstery and not-quite-so-handsome, but probably quite durable, indoor-outdoor-type carpeting. A complete array of gauges is standard, including an inclinometer, which is a sort of floating ball that indicates fore-and-aft and side-to-side tilt so you can tell how steep it is just before you fall off the mountain.

The Isuzu Trooper II is surely going to win friends and

influence buyers with its good-hearted simplicity and attendant low price. To avoid getting into the whole Japanese-import-quota mess, suffice it to say that Isuzu is severely limited in the number of cars it can bring into the United States, so the Trooper II comes in as a truck. (No truck quotas.) But to satisfy the customs boys that it's really a truck, Isuzu had to strip the Trooper of most of its car-like fitments. The result is basic upholstery and trim (vinyl) and an industrial-strength-rubber floor pad in lieu of the cushy interiors found in the competition.

The Trooper II has the longest wheelbase of the group and is just barely edged out by the Toyota—by less than half an inch—for the greatest-overall-length title. The Trooper is relatively big, and looks it. But that's not a criticism. It's simply the maxi of the minis. And speaking of looks, any resemblance to the fabled British Land Rover is purely intentional. Isuzu's message is clear: The Trooper II means no-frills business.

Power comes from a 1.9-liter four-cylinder engine and is available only with a four-speed manual transmission.

The 4Runner is essentially Toyota's popular 4 × 4 mini-pickup truck with the wall behind the seats knocked out and a detachable plastic roof bolted over the bed. It comes

Ready to roll: Mitsubishi's Montero (upper left); Ford's Bronco II (middle); Toyota's 4Runner (right).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

The mysterious banana,
the baffling boiled egg, and a tough trivia test.

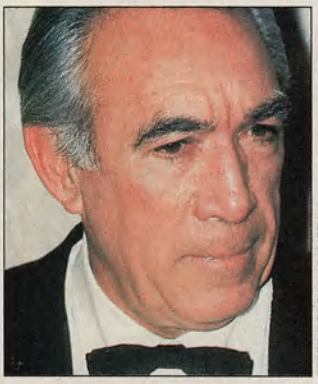
GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

This month we invite you to show off your powers of abstraction, generalization, and knowledge of trivia with our official test, What Do These People Have in Common.

Each of the following groupings has one significant thing in common. What is it? Lettered hints are listed in the box on page 144 Match the item number with the hint letter, then check the answers starting on page 144 to see how you did. The quiz isn't easy—we don't expect you to get more than eight or ten right—but the answers should hold some interesting surprises! [This quiz was partially adapted from *The Book of Lists 1, 2,* and *3* (copyrighted in 1977, 1980, and 1983, respectively), by David Wallechinsky, Amy Wallace, Irving Wallace, and (for *Book 2*) Sylvia Wallace, published by William Morrow.]

1. Charlie Chaplin, Paul McCartney, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Connors, and Jack the Ripper.
2. William the Conqueror, Richard Wagner, Marilyn Monroe, Sophia Loren, T. E. Lawrence, and Leonardo da Vinci.
3. Pat Nixon, Aristotle Onassis, and Margaret Chase Smith.
4. Benjamin Franklin, David Herbert, James Cash, Jerome David, Burrhus Frederic, and Edward Estlin.
5. Dinah Shore, Patty Hearst, Lily Tomlin, and Raquel Welch.
6. Alexander Selkirk, William Brodie, Dr. Joseph Bell, and Josiah Henson.
7. Deborah Harry, Art Linkletter, James Michener, and David Berkowitz ("Son of Sam").
8. Albert Camus, Jayne Mansfield, Margaret Mitchell, Tom Mix, Jackson Pollock, and Bessie Smith.
9. Anthony Quinn, Tom Hayden, Rick Nelson, Richard Wagner, Charlie Chaplin, Vladimir Horowitz, Geraldo Rivera, and Paul Simon.
10. Edgar Buchanan, Zane Grey, and Paul Revere.
11. Franz Kafka, Colonel Harland Sanders, Justice Warren Burger, and Spiro Agnew.
12. George Patton, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and Princess Anne.
13. Leroy Cleaver, Mary Fawcett, Terence McQueen, Olive Osmond, Charles Redford, Michael Stallone, and Lynn Ryan.
14. Cher, Redd Foxx, James Garner, Jimi Hendrix, Lena Horne, and Burt Reynolds.
15. T. S. Eliot, John Huston, Henry James, Lee Harvey Oswald, and Elizabeth Taylor.
16. Little Richard, Donovan, Cat Stevens, and Al Green.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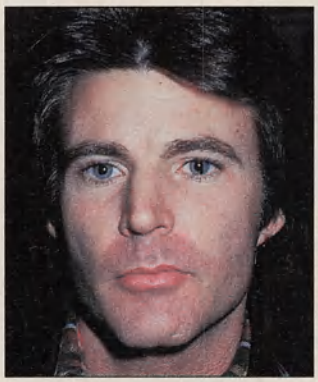
PETER BOSARI/CAMERA 5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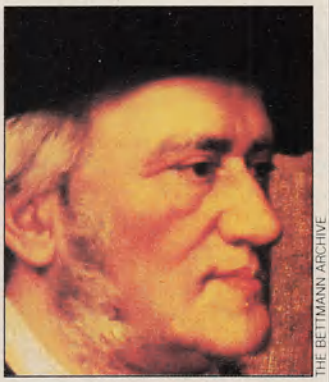
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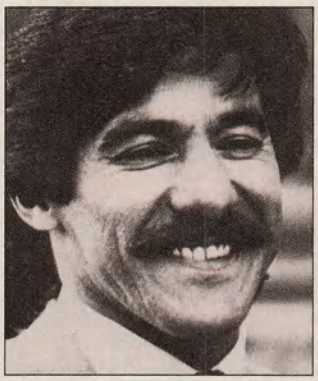
LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI


UPI

RUSSELL TURIAK/OUTLINE

Quiz Question No. 9: top row, from left: Anthony Quinn, Tom Hayden, Rick Nelson, Richard Wagner. Bottom row: Charlie Chaplin, Vladimir Horowitz, Geraldo Rivera, and Paul Simon. They all have something in common—what is it? Check the list of clues appearing on the following page to help you get started.

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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GAMES

17. Edmund P. Hillary, Elizabeth Taylor, Waylon Jennings, and Jerzy Kosinski.
18. What do these pairs have in common: Carol Channing and Norman Mailer, Vincent Price and Hubert Humphrey, Woody Allen and Lou Rawls?
19. And these pairs: Lou Gehrig and Stacy Keach, Robert Benchley and Goldie Hawn?

HINTS:
a. adopted
b. saved
c. initial impressions
d. teeth
e. "What number are you calling?"
f. stork
g. southpaws
h. bastards
i. gamesters
j. crashers
k. brave
l. close calls
m. in-laws
n. middlers
o. rah-rah
p. fantasy versus reality
q. policy people
r. birth and death
s. leavers

POTPOURRI

Here are a few more exercises to stretch your axons and flex your dendrites.

1. WAKE UP. It's a morning like any other morning. You're bleary-eyed and you're making an ordinary breakfast: cereal and milk with banana slices. You select a ripe, yellow specimen from the fruit bowl and peel it, expecting to find a banana like any other banana.

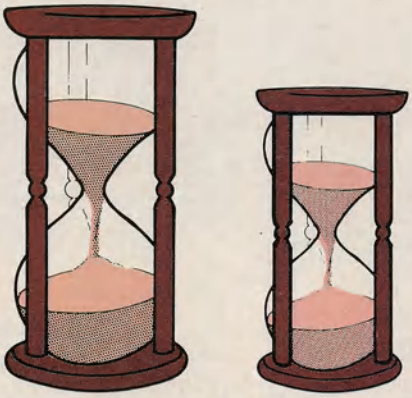
Suddenly, your eyes are no longer bleary. This banana has *already been sliced*—inside the skin! Has it dropped in from some parallel universe? Is this the new laborsaving model developed by the fruit industry? No. There must be a saner explanation.

You know that your roommate has a weird sense of humor, and that he or she undoubtedly did this just to blow your mind. But how? By a visit to the fourth dimension? The peel was intact, yet the fruit inside came apart into bite-size slices right before your eyes. Can you figure out how the practical joke was done before the joker wakes up?

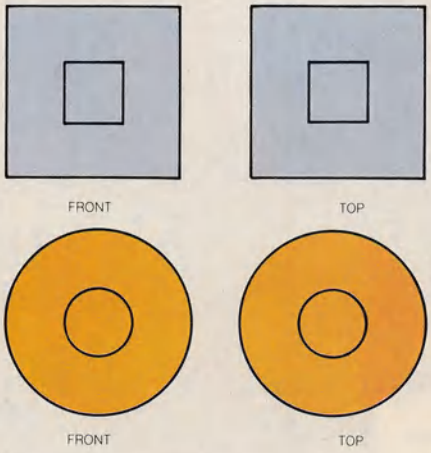
2. EGG. You want to hard-boil an egg for 15 minutes, but all you have are two hourglasses that measure 7 minutes and 11 minutes, respectively. What is the simplest way to measure a 15-minute interval with these two timers?

The usual solution given to this problem takes 22 minutes: Start both timers at once. When the 7-minute one runs out, pop in the egg. Let the 11-minute hourglass run its 4 remaining minutes, then invert it and let it run its full 11-minute period to complete the 15 minutes.

Can you find a solution that takes less than 22 minutes?



3. ELEVATIONS. Anyone familiar with design principles has seen elevation drawings that show the same object from three different views. Two abstract three-dimensional objects are pictured (bottom center) as seen from the top and from the front. In each case the smaller shape in the center—the square or the circle—is the same shape seen from two different perspectives. You must decide how these objects would look from the third elevation (the sides), and draw a three-dimensional model.

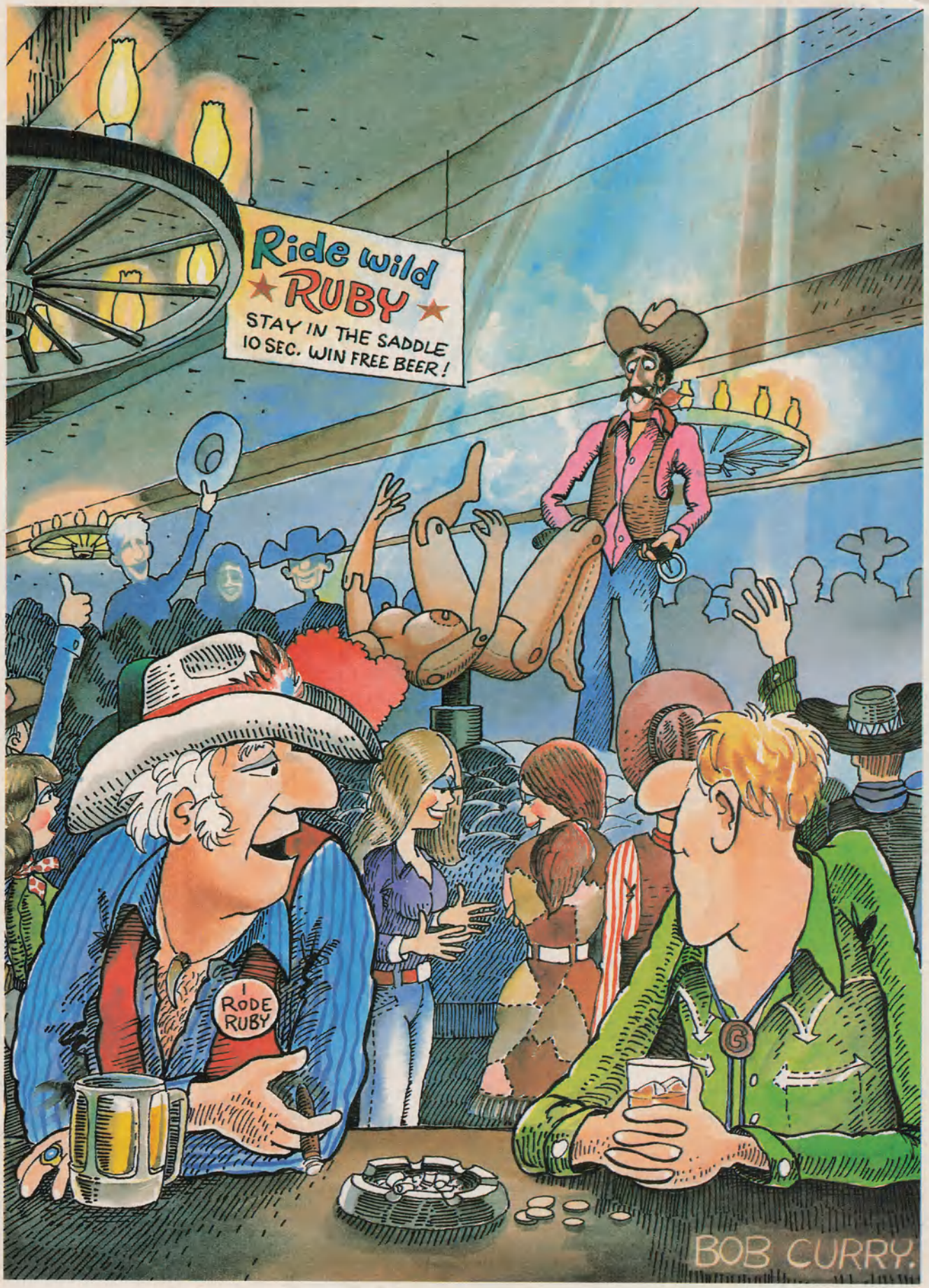


Answers:

WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

1-g. Left-handers.
2-h. They were all children of unmarried parents.
3-e. All of them once worked as telephone operators.
4-c. These are the first and middle names of people who are better known by their initials: B. F. Goodrich, D. H. Lawrence, J. C. Penney, J. D. Salinger, B. F. Skinner, and e. e. cummings.
5-o. All were high-school cheerleaders.
6-p. These were the real people who inspired famous fictional characters: Robinson Crusoe, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sherlock Holmes, and Uncle Tom, respectively.
7-a. All were adopted children.
8-j. All died in automobile accidents.
9-m. All have famous fathers-in-law: Cecil B. De Mille, Henry Fonda, Tom Harmon, Franz Liszt, Eugene O'Neill, Arturo Toscanini, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Eddie Fisher, respectively.
10-d. All practiced dentistry.
11-q. All once worked for insurance companies.
12-i. All competed in the Olympic games. Patton in the modern pentathlon, Stockholm, 1912; Spock in rowing, Paris, 1924; Anne in cross-country horse racing, Montreal, 1976.
13-n. These celebrities are better known by their middle names: Eldridge, Farrah, Steve, Marie, Robert, Sylvester, and Nolan.
14-k. All are part Indian (Foxx, Seminole; Horne, Blackfoot; the others are all part Cherokee).
15-s. All of them renounced their U.S. citizenships.
16-b. All were popular singers who disappeared from the popular-music world

ANSWERS CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



"Well, shoot . . . all the cowboy bars 've got them electric bulls, I needed somethin' original t' bring th' crowds in . . . "

CALIFORNIA CHEER LITERS

BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

In May 1976 Steven Spurrier, a young Englishman who had set up a wine shop in the heart of Paris, celebrated the American bicentennial by arranging an unusual tasting. He invited a number of French wine producers, restaurateurs, and journalists to compare California and French wine in two categories—California Chardonnays and white Burgundies. . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE COLEMAN

They are made entirely from the Chardonnay grape. California Cabernet Sauvignons with red Bordeaux are made primarily from Cabernet Sauvignon grapes. The "blind" tasting—the labels were covered and the glasses coded—achieved international attention when the results were announced: The French panel, to their astonishment (and embarrassment), had given the highest marks in each category to a California wine.

The Judgment of Paris, as the tasting was soon dubbed, confirmed what many knowledgeable wine drinkers already knew—that California was producing wines that were on a par with the best produced anywhere. More importantly, the tasting persuaded more Americans that California wines should be taken seriously.

That a wine region is able to produce fine wines is impressive enough; that the results should be achieved in such a short time is even more noteworthy. But such rapid evolution also creates problems for the consumer. Those who want to sample the best of France, for example, will find the names of the top vineyards amply documented in various wine laws and classifications. Those in search of the best California wines must have an adventurous spirit, since so many new wineries are established every year, and dozens of those whose wines are acclaimed and sought after today did not exist five or ten years ago. It's no wonder that consumers were slow to catch on to the quality and variety of California's top wines, and even today an interested oenophile can be forgiven if he has not yet learned the names of all the latest discoveries.

In California, as in most vineyard regions, only a small proportion of all the wines made can be considered fine. It's likely that 70 percent of all California wine finds its way to market as inexpensive jugs labeled Chablis, Burgundy, Premium Red, White Table Wine, and so on. The top wines, however, are almost invariably labeled with the name of the grape variety from which each is primarily or entirely made. There are more than a dozen popular varietals, as such wines are known, including Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Gamay, Merlot, Pinot Noir, and Zinfandel, but most of California's top wines are produced from Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, and Cabernet Sauvignon. Perhaps the best introduction to California's finest, therefore, is to examine each of these three varietals; I've also included some specific recommendations of nationally distributed wines in different styles and at prices that range from $6 to $20.

There is now considerably more acreage of Chardonnay in California than in all of Burgundy. The recent history of California Chardonnay parallels the stylistic evolution of several other varietals over the past 15 years or so. In the late sixties and early seventies, most winemakers tried to maximize the favorable growing conditions of California by producing rich, powerful, opulent wines. The grapes were left to ripen as fully as possible, which meant more sugar in the juice and, as a result, more alcohol in the wine. The wines were then aged in small French oak barrels. New oak adds nuances of flavor to the wine, as well as complexity, but too much oak can obscure the taste of the wine. Only a few years ago, winemakers and consumers alike admired high-alcohol, heady, rather oaky Chardonnays that made a tremendous impression at a tasting but were difficult to enjoy at the dinner table.

In recent years, many winemakers have begun to produce wines with more restraint, elegance, and balance, and with the liveliness and zest contributed by the natural acidity in grapes. As one winemaker put it, "Some people like chamber music; I prefer a full orchestra."

Some examples of moderately priced Chardonnays that display the appeal and fruit of this variety ($6 to $8) include Beringer Buena Vista, Fetzer, Parducci, and Pedroncelli. Well-balanced, stylish wines with somewhat more substance and complexity (about $10 to $15) are those of Iron Horse, Robert Mondavi, Joseph Phelps, Simi, Sterling, and Trefethen. Château St. Jean produces a number of lush but complex Chardonnays (about $18), and Chalone (about $20) is a good example of a richer, oakier style.

> The Bicentennial wine tasting in Paris confirmed what many experts already knew—that California was producing wines that were on par with the best produced anywhere.

Many oenophiles consider Sauvignon Blanc second only to Chardonnay as a "serious" white wine. If Sauvignon Blanc lacks the elegance and complexity of top Chardonnays, it nevertheless has one of the most distinctive personalities of any white wine. The words most often used to describe Sauvignon Blanc are herbaceous, weedy, and grassy.

The popularity of Sauvignon Blanc, and the respect with which it is now treated, is a relatively recent phenomenon. Twenty years ago there were many different versions to be found—some dry, others semisweet, a few too sweet to be enjoyed with food, and most of them fairly bland. Then, in the late sixties, Robert Mondavi introduced a crisp, dry Sauvignon Blanc that he named Fumé Blanc. The wine and the name both achieved great success.

Although virtually all Sauvignon Blancs made today—whether labeled as such or as Fumé Blanc—are dry, they do differ in style. Some wineries, such as Dry Creek, Kenwood, Preston, and Zaca Mesa, produce assertive, relatively acidic wines with intense varietal aroma and taste, very much in the style of Sancerre. Other wineries, such as Brander and Concannon, have as their model the more restrained style of a dry Graves. They prefer balance to intensity and often add a proportion of Sémillon grapes to round out the wine. The stylish examples of Château St. Jean, Joseph Phelps, and recent bottlings from Robert Mondavi seem to combine varietal character and complexity. But whatever their styles, most cost $8 to $12.

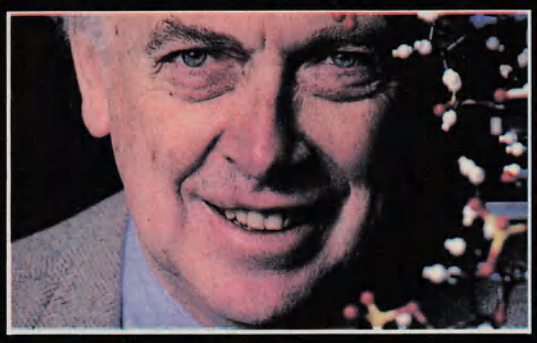
The well-defined taste of Sauvignon Blanc makes it a very good all-purpose wine to enjoy with flavorful foods. (If the food is *very* spicy, beer is a better choice.) It's also a good wine to serve during the summer, because it has enough flavor to complement cold meats, composed salads, and other summer dishes that would overwhelm bland wines.

The most widely acclaimed California reds are those made from the Cabernet Sauvignon grape. This classic variety is the one most widely planted in the Médoc district of Bordeaux, and it is the dominant grape in such wines as Lafite-Rothschild, Mouton-Rothschild, Latour, and Margaux. In California, too, this grape produces richly textured, well-defined, complex, and elegant wines. With more than 200 wineries producing Cabernet Sauvignon, there are a great many styles to be found. In the early seventies, the preferred style among new wineries was one that emphasized power, intensity, and the harsh astringent taste that indicates the presence of tannin. While some winemakers still prefer this powerful style, many others are now striving to restrain the natural abundance of flavors that are contributed by California's warmth and sunshine in order to produce Cabernets that are subtly complex rather than one-dimensional.

Most top Cabernets need at least two or three years to round out their taste; some appealing, moderately priced examples, which are usually ready to drink when they are marketed (about $6 to $9), include Beaulieu Vineyard Beau Tour, Beringer, Buena Vista, Fetzer, Martini, Parducci, and Pedroncelli. Wineries known for stylish, elegant Cabernets on a somewhat bigger scale (about $11 to $18) include Heitz, Jordan, Robert Mondavi, Joseph Phelps, Simi, and Trefethen. Those who want to sample some of the bigger, more tannic wines might try Burgess, Chappellet, Clos du Val, and Sterling (about $12 to $15). William Hill, Mayacamas, and Ridge (about $15 to $18) produce deeply colored, intense, powerful wines that need several years of bottle age before they achieve their full potential.

COMING IN THE MAY Omni

INTERVIEW



James Watson was one of three men to win the Nobel Prize in 1962 for discovering the structure of DNA, the master molecule of heredity. Today he heads an important genetics lab that is trying to reveal the dreadful workings of tumor-causing oncogenes. In this rare interview, Watson addresses a novel blend of questions: What is life? Could computers have discovered the double helix? What will be the biggest payoffs from recombinant-DNA research? Why will the Catholic church have to approve abortion? For Watson's pungent answers, tune in to *Omni*'s May issue.

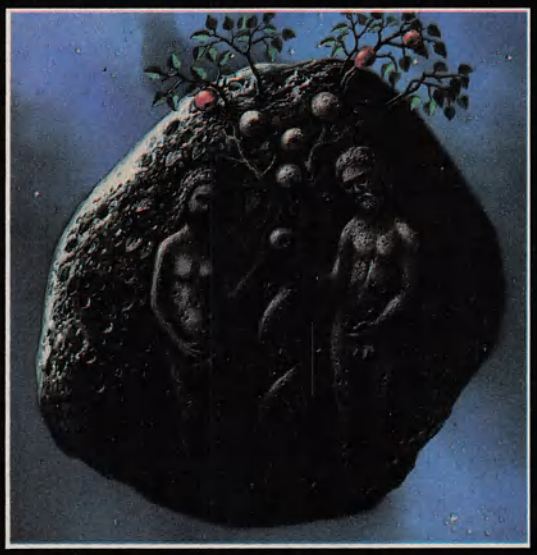
COMET RIDING

While some scientists draft plans for intricate vehicles to carry humans to the stars, futurists are looking to "natural" spaceships: comets. Future settlers may land on frigid cometary surfaces and build mines and solar collectors. They'll draw deuterium from the frozen water to fuel fusion plants. And from on-hand materials, they'll construct space habitats to float near the comet as it continues on its vast circuit around the sun. Cometary colonies will support later generations of pioneers on their way to the stars. The plans of two American scientists—and speculation about the kinds of people who would hitch their fortunes to a comet—are outlined in May's *Omni*.

HOT FLASH

The geothermic hot spot of Vestmannaeyjar erupts onto the pages of *Omni* this month. Photographer Pete Turner caught the majestic moment when the volcano began to spew its molten rocks and fiery gases over a tiny island in the North Atlantic. Descendants of the Vikings, the inhabitants of this island have learned to accept with casual indifference this awesome example of the earth's tempestuous nature. But its beauty and spectacle are captured in May's pictorial.

RIGHTEOUS STUFF



"I felt an overwhelming sense of the presence of God on the moon. I felt His spirit more closely than I have ever felt it on Earth, right there beside me—it was amazing." "I felt a hand on my shoulder pulling me out of bed, and I got up and went into the next room and knelt down, and my hands went up in surrender to God." The testimonials carry the conviction of sermons delivered along the sawdust trail. But these and other statements of religious fervor come from a special group of astronauts: men who have landed on the moon. Our next issue introduces the gospel according to James Irwin, Edgar Mitchell, and Charles Duke, three men who, after their reentry into the world, began to go public with views of the hereafter. Scientists all, they once had the right stuff but now have begun to view material things in a different light. (Matter, says Mitchell, is "dense thought.") And each now believes his spiritual quest is more exciting than his trip to the moon.

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DEEP SIX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

Pusan and Hong Kong. The line prospered and Min Koryo bore René Bougainville three sons. Then the war came and the Japanese overran China and Korea. René was killed in a bombing raid, and the three sons were lost somewhere in the South Pacific after being forced into the Imperial Japanese Army. Only Min Koryo and one grandson, Lee Tong, survived.

After Japan surrendered, she raised and salvaged one of her husband's ships, which had been sunk in Pusan Harbor. Slowly she built up the Bougainville fleet, buying old surplus cargo ships, never paying more than their scrap value. Profits were few and far between, but she hung on until Lee Tong finished his master's degree at the Wharton School of Business of the University of Pennsylvania and began running the day-to-day operations. Then, almost magically, the Bougainville Shipping Line grew like a fertilized weed, and Lee Tong moved the principal offices to New York. Now, in a ritual going back 30 years, he sat dutifully near her bedside in the evening discussing the current dealings of their far-flung financial empire.

"By tomorrow the FBI will know how the president disappeared," said Min Koryo.

"I doubt it," Lee Tong said confidently. "Their chemical-analysis people are good, but they aren't that good. I say it will be closer to three days. And then a week to find the ship."

"Enough time so no loose threads can be traced to us?"

"Time enough, *aumuni*," said Lee Tong, addressing her by the Korean term for mother. "Rest assured, all threads lead to the grave."

Min Koryo nodded. The inference was crystal: The handpicked team of seven men who had aided Lee Tong in the abduction had been murdered by his own hand.

"Still no news from Washington?" she asked.

"Not a word. The White House is acting as though nothing happened. In fact, they're using a double for the president."

She looked at him. "How did you learn that?"

"The six o'clock news, said Lee Tong." The TV cameras showed the president boarding *Air Force One* for a flight to his farm in New Mexico."

"And the others?"

"They appear to have stand-ins, too."

Min Koryo sipped a cup of tea. "Seems odd that we must depend on Secretary of State Oates and the president's Cabinet to provide a successful masquerade until Lugovoy is ready."

"It's the only road open to them," said Lee Tong. "They won't dare make any kind of an announcement until they know what has happened to the president."

Dr. Lugovoy was profoundly impressed by the facilities provided by the Bougainvilles. The electronics and laboratory equipment went far beyond any he'd seen in the Soviet Union. Every piece of the several hundred items he had requested was present and installed. Nor had any creature comforts been overlooked for his staff.

And yet, the self-contained habitat also served as a luxurious prison. Lugovoy's staff was not permitted to come and go. The elevator doors were sealed at all times, and there were no outer controls. He made a compartment-to-compartment search but detected no windows or visible crack of an exterior exit. No sounds filtered in from the outside.

An inspection tour was cut short by the arrival of his subjects. They were semiconscious from the effects of sedation and oblivious to their surroundings. Each was prepared and laid inside a separate cubicle called a "cocoon." The padded insides were seamless, with rounded corners, giving no reference point for the eye to dwell on.

Lugovoy still found it difficult to grasp the power he held. He trembled inwardly at knowing he was embarking on one of the great experiments of the century. What he did in the next ten days could affect the world as radically as the development of atomic energy.

"Dr. Lugovoy?"

Lugovoy's concentration was interrupted by the strange voice, and he turned, surprised to see a stocky man with rugged Slavic features and shaggy black hair, who had seemingly stepped out of a wall.

"Who are you?" he blurted.

The stranger spoke very softly as though he didn't wish to be overheard. "Suvorov, Yuri Suvorov, foreign security."

Lugovoy paled. "My God, you're KGB! How did you get here?"

"Pure luck," Suvorov muttered sarcastically. "You were assigned to my security section for observation from the day you set foot in New York. After your suspicious visit to the Bougainville Shipping offices, I took over your surveillance myself. I was present on the ferryboat when you were contacted by the men who brought you here. The darkness made it easy to mingle with your staff and be included for the trip to wherever it is we are. I've kept to my room since we arrived."

"Do you have any idea what you've stuck your nose into?" Lugovoy said, his face flushing with anger.

"Not yet," Suvorov said, unperturbed. "But it is my duty to find out."

"This operation originates from the highest level. It is of no concern to the KGB."

"I'll be the judge—"

"You'll be crap in Siberian frost," Lugovoy hissed, "if you interfere with my work here."

Suvorov appeared mildly amused at Lu-

govoy's irritated tone. But it slowly began to dawn on him that he might have overstepped his authority. "Perhaps I could be of help to you."

"How?"

"You may have need of my special skills."

"I don't require the services of an assassin."

"I was thinking more of escape."

"There is no reason to escape."

Suvorov was becoming increasingly annoyed. "You must try to understand my position."

Lugovoy was in command now. "There are more important problems to occupy my mind than your bureaucratic interference."

"Like what?" Suvorov swept his hand around the room. "Just what is going on here?"

Lugovoy stared at him consideringly for a long moment before he answered. "A mind-intervention project."

Suvorov's eyebrows rose. "Mind intervention?"

"Brain control if you prefer."

Suvorov faced the video monitor and nodded at the image. "Is that the reason behind the small helmet? I don't see any electrode terminals."

"From a bygone era," answered Lugovoy. "Everything we wish to record can be telemetered through the atmosphere. We no longer rely on the unnecessary bulk of wires and terminals."

"You can actually understand what he's thinking?" asked Suvorov incredulously.

Lugovoy nodded. "The brain speaks a language of its own, and what it says reveals the inner thoughts of its landlord. Night and day, the brain speaks incessantly, providing us with a vivid look into the working mind, how a man thinks and why. The impressions are subliminal, so lightning-quick that only a computer designed to operate in picoseconds can memorize and decipher them."

"A form of controlled brainwashing."

"This is not a crude brainwashing," Lugovoy replied indignantly. "Our sophistication goes far beyond anything the Chinese invented. They still believe in destroying a subject's ego in order to reeducate him. When I finish with the subject, he will reenter reality and return to his personal life-style as though he had never left it. All I intend to do is to alter his political perspective."

"Who is the subject?"

"Don't you know? Don't you recognize him?"

Suvorov intently studied the video display. Gradually his eyes widened and he moved two steps closer to the screen, his face taut, his mouth working mechanically.

"The president?" His voice was an unbelieving whisper. "Is that really the president of the United States?"

"In the flesh."

"How . . . where . . .?"

"He was a gift from our hosts," Lugovoy explained vaguely.

"He'll suffer no permanent side effects?" Suvorov asked in a daze.

"None."

"Will he remember any of this?"

"When he wakes up ten days from now he will only recall having gone to bed."

"You can do this thing, really do it?" Suvorov questioned with a security man's persistence.

"Yes," Lugovoy said with a confident gleam behind his eyes. "And we can do much more."

The president sat upright in a black-leather-cushioned chrome chair, his body held firmly in place by nylon belts. His eyes stared off into the distance, unfocused and vacant. Wireless sensor scans were taped onto his chest and forehead, transmitting the physical signatures of eight different life functions to a computer network.

The operating room was small, no more than a hundred square feet, and crammed with electronic monitoring equipment. Lugovoy and four members of his surgical team were quietly and efficiently preparing for the delicate operation. Captain Suvorov stood in the only empty corner, looking uncomfortable in a green sterile gown. He watched as one of Lugovoy's technicians, a woman, pressed a small needle into one side of the president's neck and then the other.

Suvorov looked puzzled. "I've studied your file and the file of every member of your staff. None of you has surgical qualifications."

"Because we don't require them." Lugovoy dismissed Suvorov and scrutinized the TV display again. Then he nodded. "We can begin now. Set the laser in place."

The man at the laser nodded. "Position set."

"Commence," Lugovoy directed.

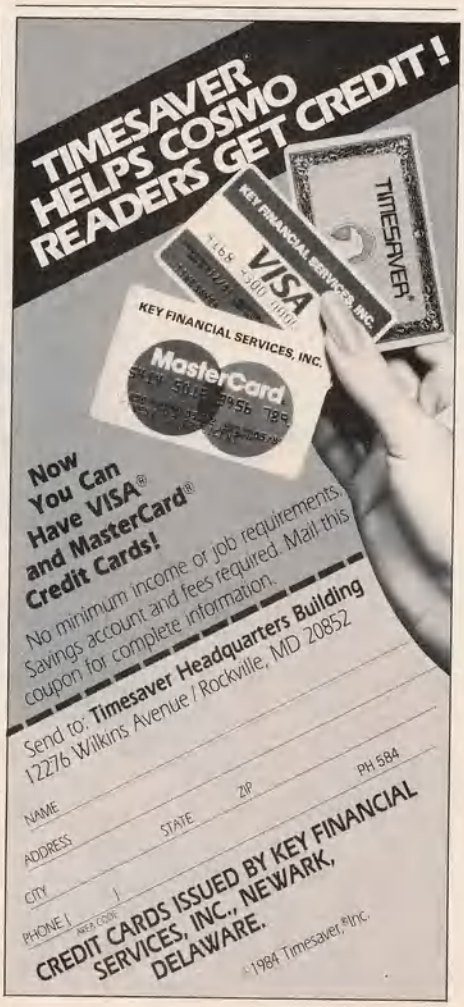
A wisp of smoke, so tiny that only the laser operator could see it in the microscope, signaled the contact of the imperceptibly thin blue-green beam on the president's skull.

It was a strange scene. Everyone stood with his back to the patient, watching the monitors. The images were magnified until the beam could be seen as a weblike filament. With a precision far above human dexterity, the computer guided the laser in cutting a minute hole one thirtieth of a millimeter in the bone, penetrating only to the membrane covering the brain and its fluid. Suvorov moved closer in rapt fascination.

"What does the implant use for an energy source?"

"The brain itself produces ten watts of electricity," Lugovoy explained. "The president's brain waves can be telemetered to a control unit thousands of miles away, translated, and any required commands returned. You might say it's like changing TV channels with a remote-control box."

Suvorov stepped back from the micro-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scope and stared at Lugovoy. "The possibilities are even more overwhelming than I thought," he murmured. "We'll be able to learn every secret of the United States government."

"We'll also be able to manipulate his days and nights for as long as he lives," Lugovoy continued. "And, through the computer, direct his personality so that neither he nor anyone close to him will notice."

"Very impressive," Suvorov said earnestly. "And that is the end of it?"

"Not entirely. As an added safety margin, one of my staff, a highly skilled hypnotist, will put the president in a trance and wipe out any subconscious sensations he might have absorbed while under our care. He'll also be primed with a story in vivid detail about where he's been for ten days."

"As the Americans are fond of saying: You have all the bases covered."

Lugovoy shook his head. "The human brain is a magical universe we will never fully understand. We may think we've finally harnessed its three and a half pounds of grayish-pink jelly, but its capricious nature is as unpredictable as the weather."

"What you're saying is that the president might not react the way you want him to."

"It's possible," Lugovoy said seriously. "Unfortunately, it's also possible for his brain to break the bonds of reality and, in spite of our control, command him to do something that would have terrible consequences for us all."

"Got a minute, Dan?" Curtis Mayo asked as Dan Fawcett exited his car in the private street beside the White House.

"You'll have to catch me on the run," Fawcett replied, without looking in Mayo's direction. "I'm late for a meeting."

"Another heavy session in the situation room?"

Fawcett sucked in his breath. Then, as calmly as his trembling fingers would permit, he locked the car door and picked up his attaché case.

"Care to comment?" Mayo asked.

Fawcett marched off toward the security gate. "I shot an arrow into the air . . ."

"It fell to earth, I know not where," finished Mayo, keeping step. "Longfellow. Want to see my arrow?"

"Not particularly."

"This one is going to land on the six o'clock news."

Fawcett slowed his pace. "Just what are you after?"

Mayo took a large videotape cassette from his pocket and handed it to Fawcett. "You might like to view this before airtime."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Call it professional courtesy."

"Now *that's* news."

"There must be some mistake. I'm looking for Accounts Payable."

Mayo smiled. "Like I said, view the tape."

"Save me the trouble. What's on it?"

"A folksy scene of the president playing farmer, only it isn't the president."

Fawcett drew up and stared at Mayo. "You're full of crap."

"Can I quote you?"

"Don't get cute," snapped Fawcett. "I'm in no mood for a slanted interview."

"Okay, straight question," said Mayo. "Who is impersonating the president and vice-president in New Mexico?"

"Nobody."

"I've got proof that says otherwise. Enough to use as a news item. I release this and every muckraker between here and Portland will crawl over the White House like an army of killer ants."

"Do that and you'll have a dozen eggs on your face when the president stands as close to you as I am and denies it."

"Not if I find out what sort of mischief he's been up to while a double played hide-and-seek down on the farm."

"I won't wish you luck because the whole idea is outlandish."

"Level with me, Dan. Something big is going down."

"Trust me, Curt, nothing off-limits is happening. The president will be back in a couple of days. Then you can ask him yourself."

"What about the sudden burst of secret Cabinet meetings at all hours?"

"No comment."

"It's true, isn't it?"

"Who's your source for that little gem?"

"Someone who's seen a lot of unmarked cars entering the subbasement of the Treasury Department in the dead of night."

"So the Treasury people are burning the midnight oil."

"No lights go on in the building. My guess is they're sneaking into the White House through the utility tunnel and congregating in the situation room."

"Think what you like, but you're dead wrong. That's all I have to say on the subject."

"I'm not going to drop it," said Mayo defiantly.

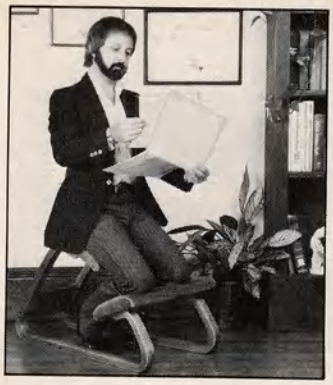
"Suit yourself," Fawcett replied indifferently. "It's your funeral."

Mayo dropped back and watched as Fawcett walked through the security gate. The presidential adviser had put up a good front, he thought, but that was all it was—a front. Any doubts Mayo might have entertained about sinister maneuvers emanating from behind the walls of the nation's executive branch were swept away.

He was more determined than ever to damn well find out what was going on.

Dan Fawcett slid the cassette into a video tape recorder and sat down in front of the TV screen. He ran the tape three times, examining every detail until he knew what Mayo had caught.

Wearily he picked up a phone and



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IN THE MAY FORUM

SCHOOL FOR SEX SURROGATES

Professional female sex partners come in two kinds—the prostitute and the surrogate for dysfunctional male patients. The two have often been confused and held in equally low repute—especially since Masters and Johnson disavowed the use of surrogates in 1970. But over the years the successful clinical treatment of sexual problems has given new legitimacy to these skilled sensualists. Who are these women and how did they get that way? For several years, Bryce Britton supervised intensive training programs and internships for surrogates. In this behind-the-scenes look, she describes the techniques by which they are taught to get in tune with their own sexuality in order to unleash and free others.

DID ELVIS NEED SEX THERAPY?

Onstage the king of rock and roll was a potent turn-on for many women. But in bed his sexual life was marked by severe anxiety and, occasionally, bizarre behavior. New biographical data purport to show that Presley was a mama's boy with voyeuristic and fetishistic impulses who suffered sexual trauma in childhood. *Forum* invited six prominent sex therapists to analyze the known facts about the erotic Elvis and determine whether treatment was called for.

IF IT'S MIDNIGHT, IT MUST BE JERRI

Clark Gristus thought all of his erotic fantasies were about to come true. During a share-a-ride trip to Colorado, his attractive backseat companion treated him to midnight fellatio and invited him home. The next day he met a punk-rocker with a flair for spontaneous sex. Life was a lark for the first five or six orgasms, but soon his mile-high-number of lovers turned his holiday into a sexual farce bordering on nightmare.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

asked for a secure line to the State Department. After a few moments the voice of Doug Oates answered through the earpiece.

"Yes, Dan, what is it?"

"We have a new development."

"News of the president?"

"No, sir. I've just had a talk with Curtis Mayo. He's on to us."

There was a taut pause. "What can we do?"

"Nothing," said Fawcett somberly, "absolutely nothing."

Fawcett felt no enthusiasm for the day ahead. As he scraped the beard from his chin, he occasionally glanced at the stack of newspapers spilling off the bathroom sink. Mayo's story had made front-page news across every morning edition in the nation. Suddenly the press began to ask why the president hadn't been reachable for ten days. Half the editorial columns demanded he step forward and make a statement. The other half asked, "Where is the real president?"

Wiping the remaining lather away with a towel and slapping his face with a mild after-shave lotion, Fawcett decided his best approach was to play the Washington enigma game and remain silent. He would cover his personal territory, slide artfully into the background, and gracefully permit Secretary of State Oates to carry the brunt of the media onslaught.

Time had slipped from days to a few hours. Soon only minutes would be left. The inner sanctum could stall no longer.

Fawcett couldn't begin to predict the complications that would arise with the announcement of the abduction. No crime against the government had ever approached this magnitude.

His only conviction was that the great perpetuating bureaucracy would continue to function somehow. The power elite were the ones who were swept in and swept out at the whim of the voters. But the institution endured.

He was determined to do everything within his shrinking realm of influence to make the next president's transition as painless as possible. With luck, he might even save his job.

Putting on a dark suit, he left the house and drove to his office, dreading every mile. Oscar Lucas and Alan Mercier were waiting for him as he entered the west wing.

"Looks grim," was all Lucas said.

"Someone has to make a statement," said Mercier, whose face looked like it belonged in a coffin.

"Anybody I know draw the short straw?" asked Fawcett.

"Doug Oates thought you'd be the best man to hold a press conference and announce the kidnapping."

"What about the rest of the Cabinet?" asked Fawcett incredulously.

"They concurred."

"Screw Oates!" Fawcett said coarsely. "The whole idea is stupid. He's only trying to save his own ass. I don't have the credentials to drop the bombshell. As far as the grass-roots voters are concerned, I'm a nonentity. Not one out of a thousand can recite my name or give my position in the administration. You know exactly what would happen. The public would immediately sense that their nation's leaders are floundering in a sinking boat, shrinking behind closed doors to save their political hides. And when it's over, any respect the United States ever had will be wiped out. No, I'm sorry. Oates is the logical choice to make the announcement."

"But you see," Mercier said patiently, "If Oates is forced to take the heat and plead ignorance to a lot of embarrassing questions, it might seem he had something to do with the abduction. As next in line for the presidency, he has the most to gain. Every muckraker in the country will scream 'conspiracy.' Remember the public backlash when former Secretary of State Alexander Haig said he had everything under control, right after Reagan was shot by Hinckley? Unwarranted or not, his image as being a power seeker mushroomed. The public didn't like the idea of his running the country. His base of influence eroded until he finally resigned."

"You're comparing catsup with mustard," Fawcett said. "I'm telling you, the people will be incensed if I stand up and state that the president, the vice-president, and the two majority leaders of Congress have mysteriously vanished and are presumed dead. Hell, no one would believe me."

"We can't sidestep the main issue," Mercier said firmly. "Douglas Oates has to go into the White House as pure as the driven snow. He can't do a decent job of picking up the pieces if he's surrounded by doubt and malicious rumor."

"Oates is not a politician. He's never expressed the slightest wish of attaining the presidency."

"He has no choice," Mercier said. "He must serve in the interim until the next elections."

"Can I have the Cabinet standing behind me for support during the press conference?"

"No, they won't agree to that."

"So I'm to be run out of town on a rail," said Fawcett bitterly. "Is that the mutual decision?"

"You're overstating your case," said Mercier mildly. "You won't be tarred and feathered. Your job is secure. Doug Oates wants you to remain on as White House chief of staff."

"All right," Fawcett said, his voice trembling in anger. He pushed past Mercier and Lucas. "Go and tell Oates he's got his human sacrifice."

He never turned back but strode down the hallway and went directly to his office, where he paced the floor, fuming with rage. The bureaucracy, he thought—its wheels were about to rumble over him inexorably. His priorities no longer mattered. He cursed the whole mess out loud,

lost in self-pity, and did not notice the president's secretary, Megan Blair, enter the room.

"Mercy, I've never seen you so agitated," she said.

Fawcett turned and managed to smile. "Just complaining to the walls." "Can I help you with anything?" he asked impatiently.

"Speaking of complaining," she said testily, "why wasn't I told the president had returned from his farm?"

"Must have slipped my mind." He stopped and gazed at her queerly. "What did you say?"

"The president's back and no one on your staff warned me."

Fawcett's expression turned to abject disbelief. "He's in New Mexico."

"Certainly not," Megan Blair said. "He's sitting at his desk this very moment. He chewed me out for coming in late."

Megan was not a woman who could lie easily. Fawcett looked deeply into her eyes and saw she was telling the truth.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

Fawcett didn't answer. He ran from his office and down the hallway, meeting Lucas and Mercier, who were still conferring in hushed tones. They looked up, startled, as Fawcett frantically pounded around them.

"Follow me!" he shouted over one shoulder, arms flung wide.

They stood stock-still for a moment, blinking in utter confusion. Then Lucas reacted and dashed after Fawcett, with a huffing Mercier bringing up the rear.

Fawcett burst into the Oval Office and stopped, his face was dead white.

The president of the United States looked up and smiled. "Good morning, Dan. Ready to go over my appointment schedule?"

Less than a mile away, in a secure room on the top floor of the Russian Embassy, Aleksei Lugovoy sat in front of a large monitor and read the deciphered brain waves of the president. The display screen showed the thoughts in English while nearby a printer produced paper copies translated into Russian.

He sipped a cup of thick black coffee. Standing up, keeping his eyes on the green letters, he raised his heavy, bunched eyebrows in controlled conceit.

From a distance, the president's brain transmitted its every thought, speech pattern, and even the words spoken by others nearby as they were received and committed to memory.

The second stage of the Huckleberry Finn Project was a success.

Lugovoy decided to wait a few more days before he entered the final and most critical stage, the issuing of commands. If all went well, he knew with a sinking certainty his revered project would be taken over by the men in the Kremlin. And then Chairman of the Party Antonov and not the president would direct policy for the United States.

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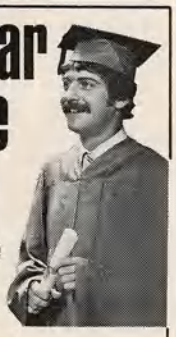

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

lection of it the next day. I had to run a videotape to see what happened because I was told Dean and I were on television. I don't have any recollection of doing telethons '73, '74, '75, '76, '77. I don't remember those five years. Those five years are blank.

Penthouse: Was a major reason you stopped making films because you were unable to handle their management?

Lewis: I think so. I was not able to handle the management of my life.

Penthouse: The drug also made you impotent?

Lewis: The constipation was worse. On six or seven a day, you're not only impotent but you also can go without a bowel movement for four weeks.

Penthouse: How did you manage to stay awake with all those Percodans in your system?

Lewis: Uppers. Dexedrine. When I got up in the morning it would take 20 minutes for me to get out of bed, having slept in a brace all night. When I stayed in hotels, I would give a bellboy $25 or $30 every day to knock on my door, open it with the passkey, crush three Percodans with a spoon for me, then dissolve them in hot water from room service so they would get into the bloodstream faster. I'd lay there for 20 fucking minutes, until I could move, then get up and pop a Dexedrine.

Penthouse: What prompted your suicide attempt?

Lewis: Pain. It got so bad one afternoon. It didn't compare with anything I'd felt before: a futile pain I just couldn't beat. I felt everything was finished. I didn't have the stamina to sustain one more sweep of that red hand on the clock, and it would be over so fast, and would be such a relief.

Penthouse: What did you do?

Lewis: I had a combination lock on the drawer. Took ten minutes to undo it because I was nervous and in such fucking pain. I got the .38 out, flicked it open, checked it, loaded it, took it off the empty chamber, put it on a full chamber, and put it right into my mouth. You know how you chew a piece of gum sometimes with a bit of tinfoil still stuck to it, that terrible feeling? Put a fucking .38 barrel in your mouth and see what that tastes like. All of that couldn't have taken more than 45 seconds; the continuation of it would have been another 5 seconds. I'm starting the action on that Smith and Wesson, baby, and then . . . I heard my kids running down the hall, laughing, and I stopped.

Penthouse: Have you ever considered suicide since then?

Lewis: No. I've had the same pain since, but I've learned how to handle it, and handle it clean. I can almost turn it into pleasure. All I do is float. I lean my head back, close my eyes, and think, "I'm alive, this [pain] is for a reason, and it will pass."

Penthouse: When you began in the film business you had a reputation as a ladies' man.

Lewis: Oh, yeah, I did good. That reputation, which I would oh so love to keep at this time of my life, in the autumn of my life, was no different from anyone else in Hollywood, except I was a little busier. I used to have numbers: 29? Is 18 still waiting?

Penthouse: Was this a tacit understanding with your wife, Patti?

Lewis: No.

Penthouse: Was she unaware of your extramarital activities?

Lewis: She'd kick it under the rug if she were aware of it.

Penthouse: Were you generally discreet about it?

Lewis: I was discreet. A couple of times I was as discreet as a fucking bull taking a piss in your living room.

Penthouse: Then why did you stay together?

Lewis: Because I was a fucking idiot.

Penthouse: But you stayed together 30 years.

> Don't go talking draft if you're going to go playing in El Salvador. You ain't getting any of my sons. If I have to, I'll make cunts out of them. I'll go chop.

Lewis: So we had 30 good years. Only one day I guess I realized, "Hey, you only go around once. I'm at the three-quarter turn. I haven't had a lot of fucking laughs." I went to Florida to make *Hardly Working* and felt a distinct difference in how happy I was, with all of those responsibilities left behind in California. I was literally playing bachelor for the first time, and I really enjoyed it. I finally let Patti know that I wasn't making my children happy, I wasn't making her happy, and maybe I needed to be a bachelor. I never figured on meeting Sam. She fucked up the whole game plan, for chrissakes! I was going to do such swinging, with plenty of playing. "Let's get a yacht, fuck three-quarters of Brazil, Fred." But Sam came along and touched my heart—and saved my heart.

Penthouse: You were one of the first, if not the first, major filmmakers to recognize Steven Spielberg's enormous talent. How did you cross paths with him?

Lewis: I heard about him from one of my students and asked him to bring his short film, *Amblin'*, to my class. And you could see that the work he was doing in his first week in filmmaking was brilliant. You didn't have to be a Rhodes scholar to know he was a fucking genius.

Penthouse: You must have felt wonderful to have been present at the *E.T.* screening in Cannes in 1981, when the audience gave Spielberg a tumultuous round of applause.

Lewis: It was the longest ovation I'd ever seen. At the end of *E.T.* the audience stood, yelling "bravo" and applauding and stamping and whistling. And we're talking about a black-tie-to-the-teeth, jewels-swinging-around-women's-necks audience paying their praise to this young guy. It went on and on and on. Steven was up in the mezzanine, taking his bows. That terrible, wonderful discomfort of that kind of ovation. And I knew that he knew I was down in second-row orchestra. All the photographers were shooting, and in the middle of all this the lights spilled from Steven to the orchestra, and he saw me in clear view. And he just waved his hand, pointing and acknowledging my presence. Then, after the showing, we were together again at the Carlton Hotel. I put my arms around him and he said, "Was the teacher proud of me?" And was I ever. I was also jealous and envious. And anybody who says that he doesn't know those feelings either doesn't know what the creative process is or he is a liar. I was so proud of him. But I could feel my pride in him getting shoved by my jealousy of him.

Penthouse: You were offered a chance to perform at the Nixon White House. Why did you refuse?

Lewis: I received a call from Vice-President Agnew asking me if I would be kind enough to consider doing a one-man show at the White House for President Nixon. I said, "Mr. Vice-President, I hope you understand. I respect deeply, profoundly, the honor of being invited to entertain that office, but I could not in good conscience make myself available to perform for Richard M. Nixon." The vice-president was very impressed with my candor. As I recall, the vice-president had to play two roles. He wanted to say to me, "It's nice to talk to a set of balls for a change," but he'd been given the job of securing a show. I said, "I also hope you understand that I did not want to say, 'I'm not available,' or say Okay and then make believe I got sick. I want *you* to know." I was very impressed with the vice-president's calling. Usually that's left to the protocol office. I was very nervous making the turndown, but, with deep pride, I felt good about myself. Agnew said, "Is it because of the list?"

Penthouse: You mean the "enemies list"?

Lewis: No, not the one everyone knows about. This was a deeper list, which I found out about through friends and sources, that had a couple of hundred people on it. It was a "pull-tab-label-sticker list" that you'd be taken off of if you did a nice thing for them. Fucking sicko. Okay. *Pièce de résistance.* After I turned down the White House, the IRS came in and did

an audit on my books, payable on demand. My attorneys wanted to fight, but I said, "Pay the fucking $375,000." That cocksucker.

Penthouse: Were you pleased when Nixon wasn't put on trial?

Lewis: No. Oh, no. I was afraid that the whole judicial process would just crumble. And when I hear that Nixon is surfacing again, I think they didn't nail enough of our beautiful young Americans at Kent State.

Penthouse: What about all the Nixon people who turned to Christ?

Lewis: Colson. Yes, born-again Christian. The only thing I liked about it was they had to shove him back up his mother's cooz for him to be born again.

Penthouse: Is it coincidental that it wasn't until 1974 that your relationship to MDA and the telethon was impeached?

Lewis: From 1948 to 1974 we never had one letter that said, "We don't believe in what you're doing. We don't like the organization. Does Jerry get paid?" From 1948 to 1974, 26 years, not one negative letter, until Watergate. The moment Watergate happened, the mail started to trickle in. After Nixon—that infamous cocksucker—said good-bye on August 6, when he waved good-bye, we got our first letter: "Does Jerry get paid?"

Penthouse: It's also been suggested that some of the corporate officers with whom you deal, and who donate money to your cause, would not socialize with you because you're a Jew.

Lewis: If a guy's going to give me $3 million, he can call me a Jew prick. I'll put on a skirt and makeup, dance with him, suck him if necessary, and get the $3 million if I can see the children not sitting in wheelchairs anymore. That's not the time for integrity. That's the time to prove what kind of man you are.

Penthouse: Have you encountered much anti-Semitism recently?

Lewis: Well, there was a guy in Columbus, Georgia, who had never met a Jew before. Came up to me in a restaurant. "Hey, sir, they tell me you're with the Hollywood folk doing that film right there. Can I put my hands on the back of your head, feel your horns?" I said, "Feel this," and I put his fucking head into a tray of fucking dishes. At a Paris press conference, someone said, "Jews get the bad reputation for making money." I responded, "No, the Jews get the reputation for surviving. Because when you got 200 guys chasing you down an alley and you make it, they're pissed."

Penthouse: Were you surprised by your rapid rise to the top once you and Dean Martin teamed up?

Lewis: Surprised that it happened? No. Surprised by the speed at which it happened? Completely. Remember, Dean was a $150-a-week act when we started; so was I. But in less than four weeks we got a check for $3,000. Then I saw one for nine, then 29 . . . how about one for $259,000? That was a shock. But it was my plan. It was all working. My plan wasn't to make that kind of loot with that kind of speed, but that's what happened.

Penthouse: Do you regret any of the decisions you made in your quest of a film contract?

Lewis: Sure. There was a terribly selfish Jerry in there, in the early years, but I'm not thrilled about making the admission. I had an all-consuming desire to be in the movies. I used Dean and us and what we had, and geared for that.

Penthouse: Was he aware of this? Was he shooting for it as much as you were?

Lewis: Oh, yeah. Yeah. He let me do the work because we knew too many people talking at one time could mess things up. We were looking to just make movies, that's all. And never having to ever leave Hollywood again.

Penthouse: Did you stay together, in part, because of a separation of powers on-screen and off?

Lewis: Yeah. It worked for both of us. If we had wanted to do the same thing, we'd have bumped into each other. Dean had no feelings for the technology of the business. "Say, Pallie, where'd they put the camera?", that was Dean. "Do I sing my song today, Pallie?" "No, Dean, you sang that last week." "Oh, groovy, I can play golf this afternoon." He got in no one's way, which was perfect, because the way he would have gotten into would have been mine.

Penthouse: In essence, your real-life and screen roles were reversed? In the movies, you were the flunky, but in real life . . .

Lewis: He felt *he* was being the stooge. He felt he wasn't getting a fair share of the laughs. But all the films that Dean and I did had become so formularized that it just

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worked out that way.

Penthouse: You've chosen to do films that are light, not introspective, and serve the purpose of providing entertainment. Why is it that you don't set out to make a picture of a more serious nature?

Lewis: I really don't know. I don't know if I'm scared. I don't know if I can cut it. In my heart I know I'm a better writer today than I was 20 years ago.

Penthouse: Do you feel you've held yourself back?

Lewis: You hit a nerve.

Penthouse: Have you been wary of trying something different because you're afraid of having your feelings hurt?

Lewis: I suffer from that fucking human illness called sensitivity. But like my dad, rest his soul, used to say, "You want to get up on the stage? They're going to take shots at you. If you can't handle the shots, then buy a ticket and sit in the back." I never want to buy a ticket and sit in the back, ever. I want to be right there, with the brightest light on me. And everyone out there who bought tickets should look at me.

Penthouse: Your son Gary fought in Vietnam and came home a changed man. Did you try to get him out of having to go?

Lewis: I was going to call Bobby Kennedy to spring Gary from going to Vietnam. I explained what I could do and Gary said, "What do you want me to do?" I said, "I need you to be clear about the decision that you make." He said he wanted to go and serve his country, and I was proud of him.

Penthouse: You were supportive of the war?

Lewis: That's where we were at the time. I ran around Hollywood yelling, "Want to hear what my son said?" I only knew we were at war and they were going to draft my son. Once he was gone, I don't think it took six months before I found out the fucking trouble we were in. I made three trips to Washington and by the time I came back I knew what we were doing in Vietnam—the immorality of it, the none of our fucking business of it. Now I carry fatherly guilt for being so fucking naive.

Penthouse: Most of the country was that naive.

Lewis: But if I had known the facts, when my son said, "I want to fight for my country," I'd have ripped his fucking throat open. Instead, I got him back three years later and didn't recognize him. The story he told of having lunch with one of his friends who got splattered across his chest—that's real, that's not movies! I'd come home from the studio and I'd see Gary sitting, staring out into space. Eight months, nine months, just sitting. I said, "Talk to me, just talk to me."

Penthouse: Did you understand what he said when you did talk?

Lewis: Well, I knew about guns. We'd hunted together. But what could I say when my son asked, "Father, did you ever have your finger on the trigger and as you looked through the sight you see this man coming, who's got a daughter like Sara Jane, and you have to squeeze the trigger or he's going to get you?" I said, "You squeezed it, or you wouldn't be here." He said, "But she doesn't have him." I said, "Fuck him. I don't know him. I don't know if he has a daughter. You can help yourself by understanding that you might have got a single guy." I didn't know what the hell to say. But he had a favorite line: "Justify this for me, would you, Father? Tell me about this one." Remember, Gary was cooking when he went into the service. Very, very big with his act, making a million dollars. Came back a mess, an absolute fucking zucchini. And the only thing that brought him around was a lot of love, a lot of care, a lot of understanding. He was smoking marijuana and he was taking 'ludes and this and that. I got him cleaned out, but then I supplied him with marijuana. He needed it for whatever his pains were. He came around pretty good.

Penthouse: What did you do when it came time for your second son to go?

Lewis: I was ready for "Stockholm, here I come." Seriously thinking of looking for land around Sweden. They'll never get another one of mine. They'll have to come and get me. "It's against the United States of America for you to withhold . . . " Really? Listen to this: [He mimics a gunshot.] Next? Who else is out there? Now if I saw the Ruskies on the shore of Malibu, I'd stick a gun in my granddaughter's hand. That's different. But don't you go talking draft to me if you're going to go playing in El Salvador. Fuck you with your El Salvador and Allende and Felbabi and Colonel Kelbobi. You ain't getting any of my sons. If I have to make cunts out of them, I go chop. I'll castrate them. Do you get the picture?

Penthouse: What are your views on the legalization of marijuana, and have you, in your time, smoked it?

Lewis: Yes. I've smoked it. And it is one of the greatest painkillers known to man. They are using it in a variety of medical situations that I know of, for glaucoma patients and cancer patients. I used it to get to sleep when I hurt my spine and got hooked on Percodan. The only thing that would give me the slightest degree of relief, so that I didn't go through the wall every night of my life, was smoking a joint. All I'd need was two hits and I'd be asleep. They'd better legalize it because it's too important and there are too many good doctors who haven't come up with a reason it must be abandoned. Percodan, yes. You should be taken and put away for 30 years if you take a Percodan. That's how dangerous that sucker is. But marijuana . . . take a look at the English and how they handle drugs.

Penthouse: Have you ever tried writing while stoned on grass?

Lewis: I did once, and I don't think it's very smart. Because it looked like an elf came

in in the middle of the night, ate my mohair jacket, and wrote something that looked like the ball of the IBM machine: klzmagpszdna. When I smoke grass I get silly. I eat anything and anyone. I had a cousin Herb who hasn't been seen for a year now. My Aunt Jean, her teeth are very loose because I sucked her gums out of her mouth from one kiss after having a couple of hits on grass. I wouldn't dream of walking on the stage when I'm stoned. I'd eat the audience.

Penthouse: Marijuana has a reputation as an aphrodisiac. Has it ever affected you that way?

Lewis: Generally I fall asleep too fast or eat, but once I came from January 3 to mid-February. It was the longest shoot in the history of America. I mean, it sucked my skin inward and became part of my marrow. The one thing that I wanted to do was experiment and smoke a joint with this chick I was seeing in Florida. I had had all kinds of fantasies about what that kind of insanity would be. But I couldn't get a fuckin' hard going.

Penthouse: Do you get silly?

Lewis: Oh, Christ. Do you know that I took chocolate Easter eggs and wrapped them in smoked salmon? Then I added a hunk of whitefish and pressed it together to make a sandwich! I also do new characters when I'm stoned. I've done voices I never knew I had.

Penthouse: Robert De Niro has the reputation of being a tough actor to work with. What was your experience with him and Martin Scorsese on *The King of Comedy*?

Lewis: In order to work with Bobby you have to make a deal with the Devil. Does that say it? He's one of the best actors I've ever seen in my fuckin' life when he's banging it out of the park. Bobby is very, very much like Babe Ruth in that he gets 60 out of that park. But remember, Ruth struck out 3,766 times.

Penthouse: So you've got to wait until he gets it right?

Lewis: You bet. Bobby is no fool. He knows his craft. And that his craft needs his time, it needs his gut to go for it. Marty could tell him from now until next Tuesday that Take 5 was super. But De Niro knows fucking well that if he goes into Take 12 and 14 and 15, he'll find an "if" and an "and." If he does Take 20, he'll pick up a quick turn, and on Take 28 he's got lips tightening, which he never had through the first 27 takes. I watched him feign poor retention just to work a scene. I watched him literally look like he couldn't remember the dialogue. He knew the fucking dialogue. It was masterful. There's nothing he did that didn't stagger me. Not the end result. What he did to get it done. I'm sure he worked the same way in his other films. *Raging Bull*, what a great film! Yet it didn't make as much money as *Hardly Working*, probably the worst film I've ever made. I can't understand that. I'm awestruck by Bobby's work, by his commitment. But he fears intellect. He fears anyone who can say anything other than "Hi."

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Penthouse: Was the role of the talk-show host, Jerry Langford, a tough part for you to play?

Lewis: It was the easiest thing I've ever had to do. And when you get critical acclaim for not really doing anything, you have to say, "Hey, wait a minute. That was a piece of cake." I was almost embarrassed to take the money for it.

Penthouse: If it's easy, that doesn't mean it's not good.

Lewis: I didn't say it wasn't good. But it would have been one that was overlooked if it was done by a straight actor.

Penthouse: There's a scene in *The King of Comedy* where the Robert De Niro character comes to your house uninvited, and you, the big TV star, get enraged at his arrogance. Is it true that De Niro started insulting you, saying that Jews caused all the problems in the world, to get your anger up?

Lewis: Yeah. I said, "You cocksucker, you're lucky you're alive. I'll rip your fucking head off." I didn't know he and Marty had met already, to go for it. "Do you realize you are close to my ripping your fucking head off?" And the cameras are rolling. I know Marty is getting what he wants. I know Bobby is feeding me. But for me not to be aware of two cameras and an entire crew, and Bobby De Niro, throwing dialogue at me, "Maybe the Jews were motherfuckers in the first place." That didn't . . . But, "If Hitler had lived, he'd have gotten all of you cocksuckers," was the fucking trigger. He knew . . . the son of a bitch knew. And he's doing this to me because he's just off camera. I pulled him into the scene by three feet, and I was on my way. Whew! He came into the dressing room. "Are you okay?" "Yes, I'm fine. I never want to work with you again."

Penthouse: You've had a lot of experience as a talk-show host, filling in for Johnny Carson on occasion. You also seem to be one of the chosen few who can get away with destroying him on the air, like pouring things on him or ripping his clothes off. Does Carson make it known that you have license to create mayhem on his show?

Lewis: Yes, but by attitude, not verbal authorization. John knows that I'm not going to go that one step too far, and neither is he. You know, when I was wearing all that shit in my hair, he had the classic line, "If you'd ever take that shoe polish out of your hair, you'd be a nice-looking boy." And that was at the beginning of the telethon, right? In front of 100 million people. You know what a joy it is for me never to use that shit?

Penthouse: Why did you?

Lewis: Because I kept my hair long and it's very, very fine. I can't stand stuff in my eyes, so I used that shit to keep my hair out of the way. But, oh, I got some pictures where I look like Anthony Quinn's cunt. . . . I don't know what that means.

Penthouse: Do you gamble when you work in casinos?

Lewis: I love to gamble. When I'm in Vegas I do it every two or three weeks.

Penthouse: When was the first time you gambled?

Lewis: Flamingo Hotel, Vegas, 1948. Dean and I opened there, getting $1,500 a week. Opening night I lost $137,000.

Penthouse: Excuse us . . . did you say $137,000?

Lewis: Yeah. So Bugsy Siegel's boys called me into the office and said, "What the fuck right do you have to have markers here for $137,000 and you're only earning $1,500 and you've got to split that with your partner?" And I said, "What the fuck right did you have to give me the markers?" I'm staring Louie Sedgeway right in the face. He looks at the other guys. "Fucking kid's right." I said, "I'll pay it off. I don't know how long it will take, because we're only getting $1,500 a week. Unless Dean will let me have his $750, it will take a long time." I paid it back in less than 28 months.

Penthouse: How did you get so wiped out? Craps? Roulette?

> I don't have any recollection of doing telethons '73, '74, '75, '76, '77. I don't remember those five years. Those five years are blank.

Lewis: Everything. Did my first show, we were a smash hit. And between the first and second shows I was in $137,000. Before we went to bed I said to Dean, "Can I borrow your $750 so I can . . ." But my reputation with the group became spotless, and from then onward all of their dealings were with me. And that's unusual, because Dean was the Italian. I used to hear things like, "Talk to the Jew, talk to the kid, the little one." I was six feet tall, just like Dean. But I could make a phone call right now, and if you could guarantee me a date, I could get you a million dollars, cash.

Penthouse: Have you ever needed that kind of money?

Lewis: I was having trouble with a film I was doing in Florida. And a dear friend, who just passed away, brought me $4 million in a Samsonite briefcase. He put it down and said, "You're all straight." I said, "Sweetheart, I can't touch that. My life is not just as a film director or an actor. I have a whole muscular-dystrophy life. Do you understand?" "Shit," he said, "there's got to be a way." I said, "Not in your lifetime." And I was hurtin' bad. That would have straightened me out. When they are your friends, they're astonishing people. And as long as they deal with me on a one-to-one basis, that's fine. But they know that I know they sell black babies, I know they're into fuckin' dope and all the other shit. So meet with me for this meeting, relative to what this is about, and let me go. And it's been that way for 35 years.

Penthouse: You can't make jokes about them.

Lewis: No sense of humor when it comes to what they do. For them, to have you scratched is like you putting your hand up to your mouth. (Snaps his fingers.) I've seen it, I've lived through it, I've watched it, I understand it. (Snaps his fingers.) That's all it takes. Cut in on their territory . . . that's a reprimand. You fuck with one of their wives (snaps his fingers), that's that. Hurt their children or their loved ones (snaps his fingers), that's that. They'll handle toe-to-toe with territories: Who's going to have the coke, who's going to have the marijuana, who's going to handle the other shit? Longshoremen? Who is the troublemaker? "Spank him." A spanking to these guys is 17 weeks in Montefiore Hospital. That's a spanking. "Slap his wrist" means you go to the Copa with a Band-Aid on your ear. The worst is "shake their hand and back off." That's where your balls are cut off and stuck in your mouth.

Penthouse: That's "shake their hand and back off"?

Lewis: Yeah. If you shake a man's hand and don't live up to your agreement . . . murder is too fucking easy. Because scientifically the body can be numbed and you can know what's being done to you, and you can live through watching them put your balls in your mouth. Many people have.

Penthouse: In today's film market, it doesn't matter to a studio that Jerry Lewis can turn a small profit on a movie, because they only go for the potential megahit. It must drive you nuts to see the movie business being run by studio executives who don't care about tomorrow or the day after. They only want to know the week's figures so they can call each other and say, "*War Games* made 8 million 2."

Lewis: That's it, right on the fucking head. I have lived with gamblers all my life. They don't give a fuck if they win, they don't give a fuck if they lose. They just want to be in on the action. The only bad part about losing is being put out of the action.

Penthouse: But you know that's the way the ballgame works and that's the way you have to play it?

Lewis: Those are the ground rules. And that's okay. My love is making film. My happiest heart is when I know that tomorrow a film is opening somewhere. And I get equally as much of a thrill knowing that it's been on television last night, or they're running a retrospective in New York City. I love film. I love what I've done. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. I just wish the fuck I could have done it better. That's all.

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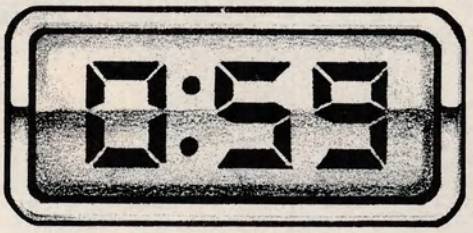

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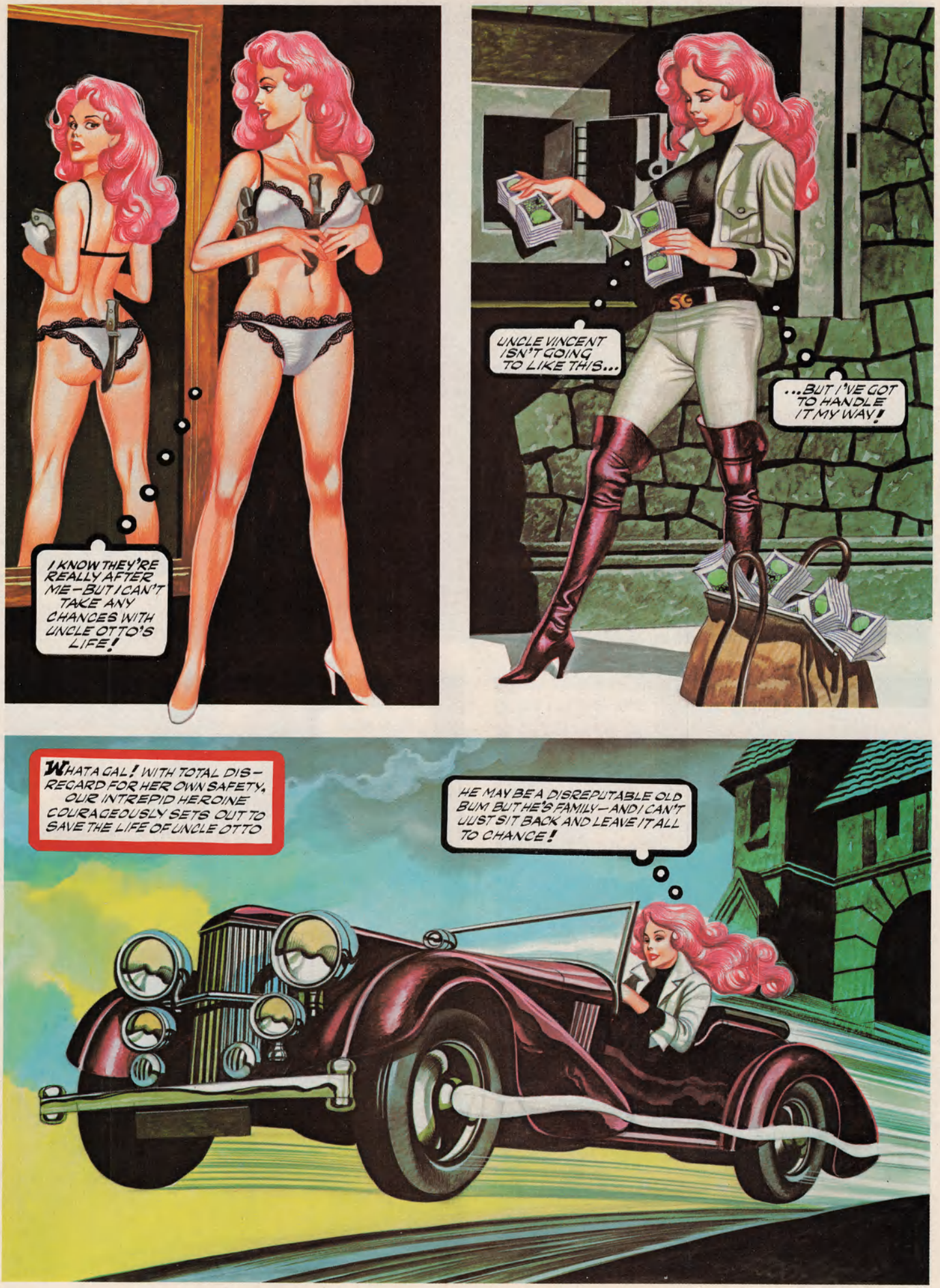
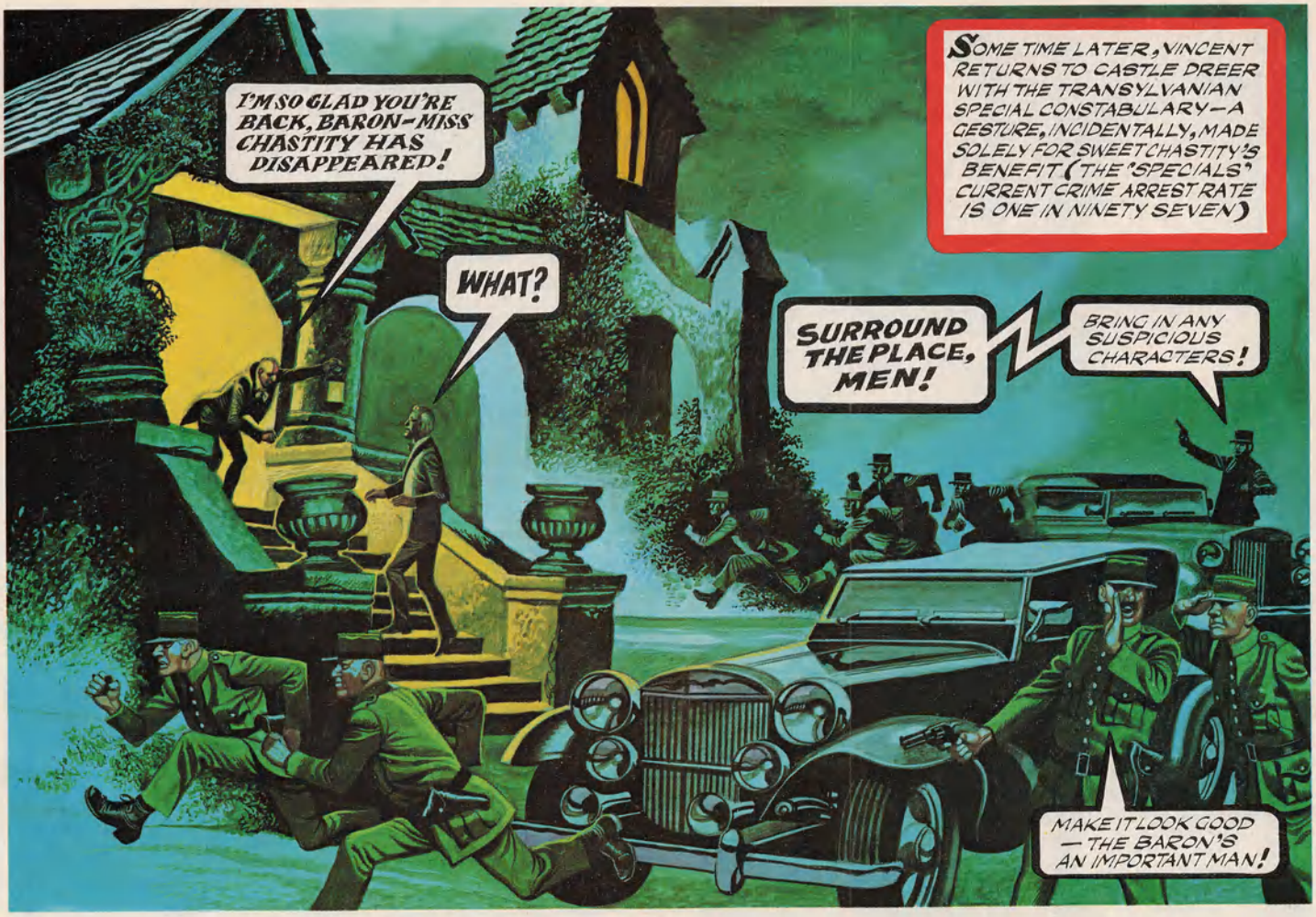
...BUT SWEET CHASTITY, BLESS HER HEART, IS GENUINELY CONCERNED.....
OH, THE SADNESS OF OLD AGE! WHEN THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FAILS TO STIR THE BLOOD!
A LETTER FOR YOU, MISS CHASTITY
GOSH! IT MUST BE ANOTHER NOTE FROM THE KIDNAPPERS!
IT AIN'T FUNNY! —SHE TAKES THREE SHOWERS A DAY!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
"BRING $1000,000 TO THE OLD VISIGOTH TOWER. COME ALONE. TELL NO ONE OR THE BARON DIES. BURN THIS NOTE"
IS THE BARON IN, TOOMBS?
NO, MISS CHASTITY-HE WENT TO REPORT MR OTTO'S DISAPPEARANCE TO THE AUTHORITIES
OOH! I'M NOT AS OLD AS I THOUGHT!
IF THIS WERE ANYWHERE ELSE HE'D BE CHARGED WITH SEXUAL HARASSMENT!


I KNOW THEY'RE REALLY AFTER ME—BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH UNCLE OTTO'S LIFE!
UNCLE VINCENT ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS...
...BUT I'VE GOT TO HANDLE IT MY WAY!
WHAT A GAL! WITH TOTAL DISREGARD FOR HER OWN SAFETY, OUR INTREPID HEROINE COURAGEOUSLY SETS OUT TO SAVE THE LIFE OF UNCLE OTTO
HE MAY BE A DISREPUTABLE OLD BUM BUT HE'S FAMILY—AND I CAN'T JUST SIT BACK AND LEAVE IT ALL TO CHANCE!


I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK, BARON—MISS CHASTITY HAS DISAPPEARED!
WHAT?
SOME TIME LATER, VINCENT RETURNS TO CASTLE DREER WITH THE TRANSYLVANIAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY—A GESTURE, INCIDENTALLY, MADE SOLELY FOR SWEET CHASTITY'S BENEFIT (THE "SPECIALS" CURRENT CRIME ARREST RATE IS ONE IN NINETY SEVEN)
SURROUND THE PLACE, MEN!
BRING IN ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS!
MAKE IT LOOK GOOD — THE BARON'S AN IMPORTANT MAN!

SHE RECEIVED A LETTER THIS MORNING—AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE!
SHE'S CLEANED OUT THE PETTY CASH!
OH, MY GOD! SHE'S GONE TO PAY THE RANSOM!
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THAT LETTER, TOOMBS!

I'M AFRAID SHE'S BURNED IT!
THE LITTLE FOOL! AND ALL BECAUSE OF THAT LOUSY BROTHER OF MINE!

GIVE US HALF AN HOUR, BARON — WE'LL GET A CONFESSION! MAYBE TWO OR THREE!
I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT AN ARREST IS IMMINENT! ER—WHAT WAS THE CRIME AGAIN?
NOT THEM, YOU IDIOTS! THAT'S MY FAMILY— MY STAFF!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CONCEALED WEAPON!
YOU'LL GET 20 YEARS FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE!
THAT'S IT! UP AGAINST THE WALL!
NOTHING HERE!
ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING HARD ENOUGH!
OKAY, CHILD MOLESTER — WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE KID!
CONFESS, YOU POTHEAD!

MEANWHILE, SWEET CHASTITY HAS ARRIVED AT THE OLD VISIGOTH TOWER.....
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
GOT THE MONEY?
YES—IT'S HERE!
SEARCH HER, MOOSE—AND BRING HER UP TO THE TOWER!
NOW DAT'S WHAT I CALL A GUTSY BROAD—A REAL LI'L TIGER!
SO THAT'S WHAT A MILLION BUCKS LOOKS LIKE!
YOU HAVEN'T HURT UNCLE OTT—UNCLE VINCENT, HAVE YOU?
HE'S ALL IN ONE PIECE! HERE'S YOUR PRECIOUS UNCLE VINCENT!
CHASTITY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL THESE IDIOTS THAT I'M NOT.....
SHHH! UNCLE VINCENT—DON'T SAY ANY MORE!
CHAIN HER UP! YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW THE OLD GUY'S BRAINS OUT!
OLD? OLD? HOW DARE SHE!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN! YOU'RE A BIG MAN IN INTERNATIONAL CIRCLES— HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO.....
BUT...
LISTEN TO HER, UNCLE VINCENT — SHE MEANS BUSINESS!
FIRST OF ALL YOU'RE GOING TO SECURE THE RELEASE OF ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS HELD BY CROWN PRINCE BORIS! YOU WILL THEN APPEAR ON TELEVISION AND ANNOUNCE THAT CHASTITY IS IN THE HANDS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY AND THAT YOU ARE COMPLYING WITH THEIR DEMANDS
CLEAR?
SHE'S REAL PURTY—JES' LIKE A LI'L DOLL!
CLEAR!
OH, GOD! I WISH I'D NEVER LEFT ALASKA!

AND WHEN I'VE DONE THAT YOU'LL RELEASE MY NIECE?
WHEN YOU'VE DONE THAT—WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO NEXT!
CHASTITY! I.....I....
GO ON, UNCLE VINCENT — DO AS THEY SAY! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!
GERROFF! I SAW HER FIRST!
WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE SWEET CHASTITY IN THE HANDS OF THESE CREEPS UNTIL NEXT MONTH! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO HER? THE BLOOD RUNS COLD AT THE THOUGHT!

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MILLIONAIRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

the artwork for a printed circuit board that cut assembly time from 60 hours to 6. To raise the $1,300, Steve sold his Volkswagen bus and Woz his Hewlett-Packard 65 calculator.

"You could just plug in the parts to this thing and solder it, and it would work," says Steve, still sounding amazed that it did. "So what we were going to do was sell blank circuit boards to our friends, and hope to sell maybe 100 of them. We could make them for $25. We figured if we could sell them for $50, we could make $2,500 profit and recoup our transportation costs and calculation abilities."

Since they didn't have the money to make the boards, they decided it would be prudent to collect cash up front. "So I was out trying to sell some of these boards one day, and the Byte Shop, this computer store down in El Camino, said, 'We'll take 50.' "

Visions of computer-assembly lines danced in Steve's head. "Of course we saw dollar signs," he admits. "The only hitch is that the Byte Shop wanted the machines fully assembled." That required thousands of dollars' worth of parts. So Steve went out and did what he does better than anyone else: He convinced people to buy into his dream. "I went down to three local electronics-parts distributors and on sheer enthusiasm convinced them to sell us about $25,000 worth of parts on 30 days' credit. We had no assets. Just nothing. And they took a gamble.

"So we built 100 computers. We delivered 50 to the Byte Shop for cash, took the cash over and paid the distributors in 29 days. We run the business on cash flow to this day."

As a child of the television age, the importance of advertising didn't have to be explained to Steve. He asked Regis McKenna to represent him. "I figured as long as we couldn't afford anybody, we might as well not afford the best." McKenna turned Steve down three times. That only whetted his appetite. "Finally, the fourth time, I said, 'Regis, I have no money to pay you. I want you to do our ads. We're going to be an incredibly successful computer company. Trust me. Just trust me. I'll pay you in a year. And he looked me right in the eye, and he said, 'Okay.' "

Steve exhibits the same tenacity in his personal as in his professional life. One story involves a beautiful woman he met on a flight from Munich to Paris with whom he instantly fell in love. He saw her at the airport check-in line but got separated from her—one of the drawbacks of flying first class when your peers travel tourist. When the plane landed he located her at the baggage claim and started to chat with her. They shared a cab into Paris and made a tentative date to meet for dinner. But Steve fell asleep when he arrived at

his hotel and awoke already 20 minutes late for the appointment. He rushed out the door and through pouring rain to the bridge overlooking the Seine where they had arranged to meet. She wasn't there and he'd forgotten to get her address or phone number.

"He turned the world upside down looking for her," Regis McKenna recalls. "He got somebody in the French government to look up the passport. He really searched."

Steve did finally locate her. She was a well-known model living with a man in New York. Steve said he never got in touch with her.

In any event, Jobs is a true romantic. "I was in an executive staff meeting with all the officers in the company, and Steve turns to me and says, 'Can I talk to you for a minute?' " recalls Trip Hawkins, a former Apple executive, the same age as Steve, who left Apple to start his own company. "So we go sit in his office. At the time, I was going out with a woman six years older than me who had children. Steve started to ask me all these questions about what it's like. And then he starts telling me he's going out with a woman who's older and has some kids. We talk about it for 45 minutes. It was a delightful conversation; it wasn't until about four months later that I figured out he was talking about Joan Baez."

Steve's personality seems to be less warm than it is compelling in its self-absorption. He doesn't share confidences; he bestows them. He draws you into his dream. "Almost on the spur of the moment, he can have a conversation with you and tell you things that make you feel as if you're having great secrets revealed to you," Trip Hawkins says.

His ego is epic. According to Apple insiders, Steve started the Mackintosh project after the vice-president, John Couch, was given management responsibility for Lisa, Apple's powerful new office computer. Steve recruited some of Apple's best engineers, sequestered them at a separate facility, and had them work in direct competition with Lisa. At one point Steve and Couch had a $5,000 bet about which product would hit the marketplace first.

Steve insists ego played no part in the Mackintosh project. "I felt the Lisa project was getting a little too large," he says. "I felt Apple needed another small personal computer." He confirmed the existence of the $5,000 bet but said its purpose was to get the people working on both projects "fired up."

Steve claims to be unaffected by his wealth. "You've got to remember this happened pretty slowly," he says. (When you're 28 and working in an industry where strategic advantage is measured in microseconds, eight years is a long time.) "We went public in September 1980. People said, 'God, you've got all this money. It's going to change you.' My response was, 'I was worth a million dollars on paper when I was 23, 10 million when I was

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24, and 100 million when I was 25. I had several years to figure out what I thought about all this stuff before it got to epidemic proportions."

But others find Steve's attitude toward money ambivalent. "On the one hand he'll tell you things like, 'I don't feel like it's my money. I'm just its keeper for a few decades.' On the other hand, he's the kind of guy the price of Apple stock is very important to. He's got a lot of pride tied up in his net worth," Trip Hawkins says. Since Apple went public, Steve has sold virtually none of his shares.

When the price of Apple stock plummeted recently, reflecting the overall competitiveness of the personal-computer industry, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Steve's net worth dropped $278 million. Steve claims to be unperturbed by this turn of events. "I never worry about the stock price," he asserts. "I worry about running the business. The stock price will reflect how well we run Apple."

Steve lives like both the prince and the pauper. His Tudor-style house is sparsely furnished, though he moved in several years ago. Yet he also bought a duplex apartment overlooking Central Park, in Manhattan, and hired I. M. Pei to design it.

Ultimately, it's power more than money that intrigues Steve. Since he's on the leading edge of technology, he's got loads of it. He's met with the president of France, leaders of Congress, and anyone who counts at the White House.

"Apple has a social responsibility to share some of the things we think about what the technology is going to be in five or ten years," Steve says. "My attitude is, if they want to know anything, we'll try to help them."

Last year Steve went to Washington to personally lobby 130 congressmen and almost half the Senate to support a bill that would have allowed computer companies tax credits for donating computers to schools. The bill died in the Senate, but a similar bill passed in California. Under a program called "Kids Can't Wait," Apple is donating over 9,000 personal computers, one to virtually every elementary and secondary school in the state.

Steve has also started to speak out on the arms race and has raised eyebrows with his Strangelovian alternatives to nuclear deterrence. "Nuclear deterrence is a strategy that's fundamentally warped," he states flatly. "So what you do is you let the Soviet Union build a beautiful bunker in Central Park, a real nice one with statues and waterfalls and a 100-megaton hydrogen device below. And we do the same under their cities, and it's all over. Mutually guaranteed annihilation. We don't need to spend another dime. Just minor maintenance."

He adds that he only espouses the theory because it underlines the absurdity of the arms race. "The concept of nuclear war is Strangelovian, so the minute you start talking about it you sound Strangelovian," he says. "I am actually a proponent of unilateral disarmament. But I think that would never fly in this country."

Whatever his political dreams for the future, at the moment Steve seems committed to Apple. Spectacular as his success has been, he believes it's only the overture to what he and his Apple corps are capable of accomplishing. He refers to the last eight years as "boot camp."

"We've done a good job, but we have a chance to do a great job in the next five years if we can really pull it off," he says. "I was on my way to Japan to sit in a monastery when all this started, so I sort of consider this monastery experience."

TOD FRYE

Scribbled at the bottom of a Pac-Man poster that hangs in Atari headquarters, in Sunnyvale, California, is the question, "Why Frye?" The question refers to Tod Frye, the 26-year-old high-school dropout and former hippie panhandler who transformed one of the most popular of all arcade games into a home videocassette that sold several million copies and earned him almost $1 million in royalties.

"I knew I could make it," says Tod Frye, inventor of the Pac-Man home videocassette. "I was a burnout, but I was a very bright burnout from the start."

If a vote had been taken among his fellow programmers at Atari, Tod would probably have been elected least likely to succeed. He was once reprimanded for turning in a game late and in sloppy shape. "When I started Pac-Man, I was the lowest-paid programmer there. I wasn't necessarily the lowest performing. I wasn't necessarily the least competent. Actually, I may have been the lowest performing," says Tod, who sometimes engages in dialogues with himself.

The only thing he seemed to excel at was behaving strangely. He earned the nickname "Arfman" for his curious habit of barking like a dog as he traveled along the company's corridors. And he bronzed his image as a wacko when he suffered his "sprinkler lobotomy." Tod was literally walking the walls one afternoon—he discovered a way to wedge his body between two walls of a narrow hallway and to shimmy along it. He was proceeding at record pace—until he smashed into a ceiling sprinkler. Tod got a free ride in an ambulance and several stitches. He was almost fired. "They said, 'Look, you're probably a real good programmer but you're not putting out.' And I buckled down."

But to those who knew him best, Tod's success came as no surprise, and the wild behavior was the best clue to his ability. "He's done a lot of pushing the limits," says Elise White, the woman who's been a surrogate mother to Tod since his own mother died when he was 12. "The thing that makes him different from many people is his positive approach to unknowns. Most men will tell you very quickly why an idea that is a bit crazy is no good and will say, 'You can't do that because. . .' Tod takes exactly the opposite tack, which is to quickly try to see the merit in it and then to start hunting for ways to enable the idea to succeed."

"He's always been embarrassingly good at the things he's done," adds Stephen White, Elise's son, and one of Tod's oldest friends. "He starved for a while and was a hippie scum bag and was quite good at it. He went from being a ditchdigger for a carpenter here in the Bay Area to being his No. 2 man in a couple of months. He used to be able to crank the work out, producing twice as much on a daily basis as the other guys on the crew."

"I knew I could make it," says Tod, brazen as always. "I was a burnout, but I was a very bright burnout from the start."

The Oakland house Tod shares with a roommate who is a fellow Atari programmer combines elements of a 1960s crash pad and the home of the future. Tod's bedroom looks like it was hit by a meteorite. There are beer cans, dollar bills, and books everywhere. Dostoyevski's *Notes from Underground* rests on Tod's never-made bed next to *Improvising Jazz Bass*.

Tod fancies himself a future David Bowie or Elvis Costello. Last year, in addition to a ranch in New Mexico and many ephemeral investments, he bought 15 vintage guitars. He also backed a record by a San Francisco rock group on the VOB (Victims of Biology) label and is himself the author of such would-be anthems as "Brain Damaged Baby/Comatose Cutey" and "Android Mind Police."

The room next to Tod's bedroom looks like the cockpit of a space shuttle. It is filled floor to ceiling with computer terminals and printers. Some of them belong to Tod and some of them belong to Atari. Tod owns five personal computers, including a couple that sit in the trunks of his Alfa-Romeos should he get the urge to program on the road, presumably not while he's driving.

Tod has no specific schedule or workplace. He sometimes goes for weeks without visiting Sunnyvale. He can work wherever there's an electrical outlet to plug in his computer. "I don't have a normal schedule, but I'm trying to create one," he said. "When I was doing Pac-Man, it took eight months and I used to work until three or four in the morning ev-

ery day. Now it's getting a lot closer to up by 9, to bed by 12."

Tod still works more according to when his muse beckons than when the sun shines. He worked day and night throughout a recent weekend to find the solution to another arcade game. "He will totally miss paying important bills because he's busy tripping off about some new programming technique," says Andy Fuchs, a friend of Tod's from high school who also works at Atari. "He'll dream programmese. A lot of times he can't be bothered by regular life."

Tod inserts a Pac-Man cassette into a video player, and Pac-Man appears on the screen, devouring dots with ghosts in hot pursuit. Transforming an arcade game into a home cartridge is more of an accomplishment than it might seem. It's equivalent to translating a feature-length film into a three-minute cartoon without losing any of the thrill. Arcade games cost thousands of dollars and are filled with sophisticated electronics. Home games cost only a couple of hundred dollars and have proportionately less capability. "The game has to be scaled down quite a bit," Tod explains, maneuvering Pac-Man through the maze. "It's an abstraction process. I have to identify what it is that characterizes Pac-Man. I believed Pac-Man was characterized by a set of objects called 'ghosts' chasing the little Pac-Man. There's no other word for that. It's an abstraction, a new concept. Wacka, wacka, wacka."

Tod's thought processes are similar to Pac-Man's movements. Occasionally he goes off the screen altogether only to reappear in a completely different place without any loss of momentum. Collecting his thoughts for publication requires some editing. He speaks in sentence fragments, facial expressions, and sounds that would make a dolphin nod knowingly. "The thing that comes to mind when you try to sum up Tod is his use of the language," Stephen White observes. "He's like a little kid playing with a new toy."

Tod plays Pac-Man proficiently but without virtuosity. "I never have time to get good at my games," he says. "I'm much more interested in going on and writing the next game.

"I know a lot of people like it and a lot of people don't like it," he comments, responding to video critics who said the Atari Pac-Man was a poor implementation of the arcade game. "The Pac-Man was chunky. The ghosts flicker. I didn't want to write a game with flicker but I finally decided I didn't think the flicker would detract that much. Hell, ghosts are diaphanous anyway, right?"

Tod becomes distracted in his defense of the game, and a ghost stuns Pac-Man. The little creature emits an electronic scream. "I know it's a good cartridge because during the summer this girl told me she had played Pac-Man to 100,000. She was too pretty to be that bored. She was a smart person who liked the game be-

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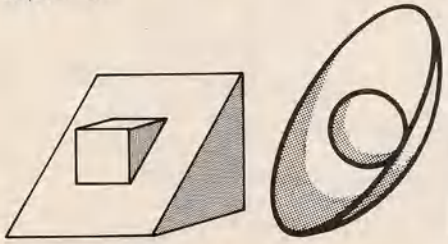
GAMES

ANSWERS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

to devote themselves to religion.
17-l. All escaped being killed by making a change of plans. On December 16, 1960, Hillary missed a connection to a reserved seat on a United flight from Chicago to New York, which collided with a TWA flight from Dayton to New York, killing 134 passengers. Elizabeth Taylor had a fever and couldn't accompany her husband, Michael Todd, on the 1958 flight to a Friars Club dinner. Jennings was to accompany Buddy Holly on a 1959 flight from Mason City, Iowa, but at the last minute gave up his seat to J. P. "The Big Bopper" Richardson, who had the flu. Jerzy Kosinski claims he never made it to Sharon Tate's house the night that Charles Manson's followers killed five people there, because his luggage had been sent to New York instead of Los Angeles.
18-f. Each pair of persons was born on the same day: Channing and Mailer on January 31, 1923; Price and Humphrey on May 27, 1911; Allen and Rawls on December 1, 1935.
19-r. One was born on the day the other died: Gehrig and Keach on June 2, 1941; Benchley and Hawn on November 21, 1945.

1. WAKE UP. To slice a banana inside its skin, you'll require a needle, some thread, and a plan. Insert the threaded needle along one of the five ridges in the skin, and bring it out at the next ridge on the right, as shown in the illustration. Pull a length of thread through, then push the needle through the same hole it just came out of, and proceed to the next ridge to the right. Repeat the stitch until you are back to where you started, as shown. Pull the loop of thread out through the original hole to complete the first slice. Repeat the operation for as many slices as you want. If you are careful, the holes in the skin will be unnoticeable. Besides, most of the evidence of your tampering will be destroyed when the banana is peeled.
2. EGG. Here's a 15-minute solution: Place the egg in the water and start both timers. At the end of 7 minutes, turn over the 7-minute hourglass again. When the 11-minute timer runs out there will be 4 minutes' worth of sand at the *bottom* of the 7-minute timer. At this point, invert the 7-minute timer again (in midstream, so to speak). When it runs out, 15 minutes will have elapsed.
3. ELEVATIONS. These pictures should explain all:



cause there was some meat to it somewhere."

Others would agree with her. Pac-Man has sold over 3 million cartridges, to make it one of the best selling of all video games. Last March Tod received a quarterly royalty check for $300,000. A year later Pac-Man is still making him $50,000 every four months.

Tod squandered a lot of money, but he also gave $10,000 to the Berkeley free-food co-op for which he once panhandled, and a $100,000 endowment in his mother's name to the Center for Women and Religion. The center held a ceremony in Tod's honor, but in typical fashion he never showed up.

"There was a traffic jam on the highway," Tod explains unconvincingly.

"Even if there hadn't been a traffic jam you wouldn't have gone," Andy rebuts. Tod just shrugs his shoulders.

Andy attributes Tod's abysmal manners to selfishness—on the day of the ceremony he was probably solving some programming puzzle and couldn't be bothered. In the special slang the programmers use to communicate with one another, Tod's performance was "charred."

SwordQuest, the four-cartridge video game that Tod invented and is currently programming, is infinitely more complicated than Pac-Man. Unlike the minimalistic Pac-Man who merely moves through a maze, the protagonists in SwordQuest are identical twins who embark on a pilgrimage for a magical sword that takes them through four worlds—Earth, Air, Fire, and Water—where they encounter a variety of challenges that transform them from rogues into wizards.

True to Tod's own nature, the game exists on several levels. The theme of each cartridge is based on a different archetypal image—the zodiac, the cabala, the Hindu chakras, and the *I Ching*. There are also comic books that go along with the game for people who still read a little. And there's an actual jeweled sword worth $50,000 to be won by guessing its location through clues revealed while playing the game. "It's grandiose," Tod admits.

Tod enjoys playing video games only slightly less than inventing them. The arcade version of Defender is his personal favorite. "I believe video games are good," he says. "They teach abstraction, identification, conceptualization. I think they're particularly good for kids because they're interactive."

Frye is critical of those who contend video games are corroding the minds, morals, and eyesight of a generation of young Americans. "It's really not fair to say that learning to shoot planes out of the sky on a television screen will make it any easier for people to shoot planes out of the sky for real. I read spy novels and mysteries, but I'm not a detective.

"There may be a fear that by controlling things electronically, they won't identify with the results. Hell, people have already done that with corporations. Corporate executives do things with toxic wastes; there's the whole baby-food trip in the Third World. People have removed themselves from the consequences of their actions. So there's no reason to think video games will do so any more than has been done before. I think that what they do is teach a sense of involvement."

Much of the time, though, Tod has more practical things on his mind than the morals of American youth. He's worried that his success with Pac-Man may have been a fluke, and he'll never be able to repeat it. "I don't even know if I'm a successful young American," he says laughing. "I tend to be optimistic. I hope that I can make between $300,000 and $500,000 this year. It gets complicated. I mean, it's a hard act to follow because there was an awful lot of luck in Pac-Man."

If all else fails Tod can take his 15 guitars and become a rock star. "I have the fundamentals," he explains. "There's something that tells me I could be great at it."

One of Tod's future projects is to transform his song "Android Mind Police" into a video game—after he works out a couple of kinks. "I can't decide whether I want the androids to win or the people to win," he says, and then pauses to ponder the problem. "Actually," he continues, "I think I'd like the people to win."

JEAN YATES

Some would argue that in an industry where companies shoot up as fast as crabgrass, high-school dropouts become millionaires overnight, and revolutionary ideas become dated in a single season, any analyst must be as much soothsayer as seer. Be that as it may, many people believe that 29-year-old Jean Yates sees a lot more in her crystal ball than others do in theirs. Started ten months ago with an initial investment of only $1,500, Yates Ventures publishes a market newsletter, performs research studies, and produces instruction manuals for software. Jean says she's building the company in order to sell it. Her goal is to make $20 million by the end of the decade. Interest in the company already exists, and it's conceivable she'll achieve her goal well before that.

What draws the attention of investors to Yates Ventures is the woman who owns it. She's hard to miss. At five foot ten and 200 pounds, Jean is one of the stars of the computer-convention circuit, an industry evangelist who tells the technomasses what's hot and what's not in a North Carolina drawl that ranges from coy to forceful. She's a fearless prognosticator who is regularly quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek*, and a score of industry publications.

"I'm considered a colorful person in the industry, sort of a cross between Rona Barrett and Dan Rather," she says. "I create controversy, but I back it up with market research that substantiates my point.

"I've always been someone who stood back and looked at the big picture," she adds. Once Jean starts talking there's not much to do but sit back and relax. "People have always valued my ability to see and get past the marketing hyperbole. I will say, 'What this company is doing is stupid, they're caught up in old mentalities, they don't understand where the market is heading.' And I call them on it and risk offending by being honest. But then I show them how to strategize successfully, so the net effect is positive."

Whether they believe her predictions or not, everybody listens. "There's too much information," explains an industry journalist waiting in line to have a word with Jean at a convention. "In this industry, because of the chaos, you're grateful to have a high priest come along and sort it out for you. If you can get her on your side, she can assure your success."

As recently as five years ago, Jean Yates knew nothing about computers. Her roommate brought home an Apple II, and on New Year's Eve 1979, Jean underwent the Information Age's equivalent of a religious experience. " 'This is like the first automobile,' I said to myself. It immediately became apparent to me that this is the wave of the future," she recalls. "As a student of history, as somebody who has read a lot of books, I saw that whenever there was a major shift in an economy, the people who were in the right place at the right time were able to make out like bandits. I said to myself, 'There's never going to be an opportunity like this again in the global sense. This is an unparalleled change. The whole economy is moving from an industrial to an informational society. And I don't think it's too late to get aboard with the learning curve I have.' "

Part of her drive, Jean admits, is being one of four kids with never enough money around. "I said to myself when I was little, 'I'm never going to be this poor.' I can remember at the age of ten hearing my parents fighting about money, and I said two things to myself: 'birth control' and 'I'm going to be independently wealthy.' "

Despite an occasional extravagance, Jean isn't a big spender. Her income is a combination of the modest salary she pays herself and royalties from her book *The User Guide to the UNIX System*. It comes to about $50,000 a year. "The thing I like about this job is not the money," she says. "If you like the money and you like the prestige and you like the trappings, you'll never make it. What you have to like is the process. You have to like the agony of building it.

"I'm not going to take a whole lot of money out of the company," she adds. "The whole thing is to make the company grow. My goal when I was 22 was to be making $100,000 a year when I was 30. I met that goal when I was 27. My new goal for when I'm 30 is to be worth a million on paper. I'm worth about that right now and I'm not 30 yet."

To Jean, Yates Ventures is but an apprenticeship for the "big time," which she projects will come around 1986 or 1987 "when I start the one I want to make $400 million on. It's a question of how hard you want to work, and how long you want to keep battling—it's a continual battle."

She says she's startled at the resentment she's met in the computer industry because of her success. "People come out of the walls who hate your guts," she says. "These people say, 'I log into UNIX. Why aren't I famous?' I'll tell you why. It's because you work unbelievably hard, and then when it gets tight, you don't fold. The reason there aren't that many self-made millionaires is because it's very hard. You have to go in working harder and being smarter than 99 percent of the population."

Jean's courageous attitude toward competition is reflected in her thoughts about artificial intelligence. "If something better comes along, is that so horrible?" she questioned a reporter who expressed fears of being ruled by robots. "It's like being an American. There's nothing better than being American. There's nothing better than being human. Ridiculous. There are things beyond that, and I don't see why we should be scared of them. It's great. We'll find our niche."

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BAILOUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

every bank in the United States would fold." Even the mention of such a possibility is enough to send congressmen scrambling for the checkbook. Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey has even gone so far as to propose that taxpayers be forced to participate in a massive buy out of the bad loans. His plan would remove the risk of a complete banking collapse by requiring you and other Americans to assume the bad debts for half the countries on earth.

Be thankful for little favors, however. The Bradley plan is going nowhere for the moment, not because it is too generous with the banks, not because it would be the greatest bailout of all time—bar none—but because the banks don't like it. They are holding out for more. They want a 100-percent bailout, one that enables them to continue pocketing windfalls such as those they got from Mexico, Brazil, and other countries during the past year and a half. That means keeping the world at the verge of financial collapse, as it is today. The interest rates the banks can charge under such circumstances go up, and they get more rescheduling fees on a greater volume of loans.

Under the present bailout arrangement, banks get to exploit the risk premium on shaky loans—without absorbing the risk. This turns the principles of free enterprise inside out. Ordinarily you must earn whatever profits you get when you lend money. If you invest in a risky company and it later turns out to be a success, you've earned the profit. If the company fails, you take the loss. Usually, the riskier the investment, the higher the interest rate. If you lent $10,000 to your brother-in-law to finance his fling at the roulette wheels in Las Vegas, you'd be right to demand a high interest rate to reflect the probability that you'd never get your money back. That's known as a "risk premium." The banks are taking such "risk premiums" on loans to foreign governments—but they aren't really earning them.

The risk is there but is being passed on to you. And what a risk it is! It's not at all clear that Mexico and Brazil, let alone Zambia and Poland, will repay the billions they have pocketed from our banks. And unlike investments in even the riskiest company or the unluckiest brother-in-law, there is no legal redress when a foreign country fails to pay. You can't have the U.S. marshal sent out to repossess Poland or Mexico—which is why no one other than a bank would lend them money. Banks alone get to collect the "risk premiums" without really bearing the risk.

Over the last 20 years the politicians have allowed a system of perverse incentives to grow up in the banking business. They've given that system a kind of absentminded slap on the back—without quite seeing that they were shoving the world to the brink of disaster. It's not so much an evil conspiracy of international bankers who in secret meetings in paneled rooms order politicians to sell out the people's interests; it's more a case of politicians doing numskull things because they don't have time to think about anything that reporters won't quiz them about at the next press conference. In fact, it's doubtful whether the last five presidents combined have given as much concerted attention to the problems of international banking as the average NFL backfield coach gives to his opponents' defenses in a single season. They've had little conception of how the banking crisis began or where it is leading.

How did it all happen? You have to go back almost 20 years, to the mid-sixties. At that time there were severe limits on the degree to which any country could go into debt. The gold-reserve system of fixed exchange rates meant that no country, even the United States, could indulge too much in reckless policy without paying for it. That was why politicians didn't particularly like the system. Countries that had wild inflation were forced, by the mechanism of fixed exchange rates, to make rather rapid adjustments. And the Eurodollar market, the source of much of today's foreign lending, was only $16.3 billion in 1965—a mere fraction of its present size.

> As the crisis worsens, you'll have to hustle up more cash for the banks. Whether this happens again in one month or six is anybody's guess, but happen it will.

Another feature of that time was that OPEC was only a name on a door, not a force to be reckoned with in international finance and trade. Pricing and production of petroleum worldwide were controlled by a cartel of American and British companies that kept consumer prices low.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the system was working smoothly in the mid-sixties. The United States, which had had practically all the world's gold in 1944, had been steadily inflating, and as a result our supply of gold was dwindling rapidly. The leaders of other countries, notably France's President de Gaulle, were alarmed at the growing budget deficits in the United States and were demanding gold for dollars. The long-term trend toward irresponsibility accelerated dramatically during the term of President Johnson, who increased domestic spending, while also attempting to wage a costly war in Vietnam, without imposing the taxes to pay for it.

By 1971 the U.S. portion of world monetary reserves had fallen to less than 15 percent. President Richard Nixon, facing reelection, was told that he would have to reduce inflation drastically, otherwise the United States would no longer be able to honor its commitment to redeem gold at $35 an ounce. Believing that a reduction in inflation would put the country into a recession by election time, Nixon opted instead to repudiate the world monetary system. On August 15, 1971, Nixon announced to the world that the dollar was no longer convertible into gold. Since that time the dollar has officially been an "IOU nothing." Because it is tied to nothing, nothing limits the supply of dollars except the willingness of politicians to print them.

About the same time that irresponsible policies in Washington were destroying the prevailing world monetary system, developments were paving the way for the rise of OPEC. As late as 1967 the United States had a substantial excess oil-production capacity. By 1973, when Arabs and Israelis went to war for a second time and an oil boycott was proposed, American excess oil capacity had dwindled to 10 percent of consumption, and our imports had mushroomed. Under those conditions the boycott stuck. In the end, the boycott probably did not hurt the United States as much as it hurt other countries that were not supposed to be targets. Prices shot up worldwide. From the Arab perspective the boycott was successful—by creating an artificial shortage, it started a trend of price hikes that made oil-exporting countries substantially richer.

The dramatic shift of wealth to the oil-producing countries definitely meant that somebody, someplace, had to be poorer. But politicians preferred to duck this reality. This was true not just in the United States but in practically every country. Politicians worldwide were desperate either to borrow or to print the money needed to keep their governments living beyond their means.

In America we could print the indulgence money because the dollar was the main unit of international trade. In Argentina they could print money too, but all they could print were pesos. And nobody wanted pesos, certainly nobody outside of Argentina. In order for the Argentines to really live beyond their means, they had to have dollars. So along with the politicians in a hundred other countries, Argentine leaders scoured the globe for some way of getting their hands on greenbacks. In essence, they sought to borrow back the wealth that had been transferred to OPEC. With this money they hoped to create a little false prosperity until something came along to make things better.

In a sense, the banks, with the connivance of American presidents, became the silent partners of OPEC. By lending money

to Third World governments in what became known as "recycling," the banks postponed the pressures on the cartel to lower oil prices. If the banks had not stepped in, OPEC would have been faced either with lending its own money directly to the developing countries (so that they could keep buying oil and other products tied to oil), or accepting a dramatic fall in oil demand, and with it a lower price. Therefore, the banks kindly relieved OPEC of this dilemma.

The OPEC money managers were by no means eager to elbow the banks out of the way and lend money directly to Poland or Brazil, even though they could have gotten higher interest rates on their money—the same high rates the banks got. They didn't want anything to do with Third World loans, and it wasn't because they were shy. With tens of billions in cash piling up, the Arabs invested in real estate, stocks, and even in the U.S. budget deficit. For a time during the mid-seventies, newspapers in the United States and Britain would have given you the impression that Arabs were buying up both countries. They were clever enough to see the advantages of owning hotels in Florida and mansions in Mayfair, but they saw practically no advantage in lending money to Third World and Iron Curtain governments. Consequently, they didn't.

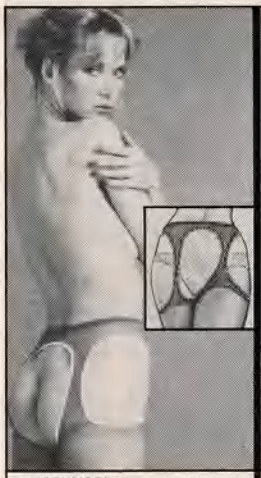
The Arabs and other private investors saw that such loans were risky. They knew there was a good prospect that money lent there would end up in default or be totally repudiated. So the OPEC money managers said in effect:

"We don't trust the Third World and Communist countries to repay their debts. If we lent our money to them directly, we'd have no assurance of ever seeing it again. But we don't think our good friend the American president is going to allow American banks to go broke. So we'll tell you what we'll do: We'll deposit our money in Chase Manhattan and Citibank, say, on eight-day maturity. Then the banks can lend the money to Poland and Brazil if they want to. We don't even mind passing up the higher interest rates we could have had by lending to those governments directly. We'll be happy to let the banks keep that."

So the big deal was struck. Tens of billions were deposited with American banks, much of it money that could be withdrawn without penalty on a week's notice. That money was then lent out, essentially forever, to Argentina, Brazil, Peru, Poland, Hungary, Romania, Zaire, Namibia, and dozens of other countries. It was an arrangement that made the OPEC money managers happy. Their deposits were guaranteed by the American taxpayer. It also pleased the banks. They were able to earn high profits for lending big chunks of cash to foreign governments in an operation whose risks were all absorbed by someone else—you.

In order to proceed on this reckless course, the banks were allowed to set up foreign branches to evade reserve requirements, a move that immediately made foreign lending more profitable than domestic lending. Laws that wisely limited the amount that a bank can lend any one borrower to 10 percent of capital were waived or not enforced as they applied to foreign governments. (The limit has since been raised to 15 percent.) Consequently, bank officers who might have been arrested if they had committed 30 percent of their bank's capital in loans to a single borrower in the United States were given bonuses for doing the same thing in distant countries. Regulators connived with the banks in pretending that loans to dozens of different Mexican or Brazilian government departments and agencies actually represented loans to dozens of different borrowers. By the time Carter left the White House, all semblance of regulating limits on foreign loans had been lifted. There were more than 80 instances of U.S. banks with 30 percent or more of their capital exposed in Third World or Communist countries.

These regulatory absurdities were compounded with another. Banks were allowed to advance the interest owed them by foreign governments, kiting their own debt in order to keep loan payments current. Such a practice would not be tolerated in domestic lending. If a bank examiner catches a small-town bank advancing interest to an indebted hardware store or beauty salon, the loan is declared bad on the spot. The bank is required to write off the bad loan against its capital. Yet federal examiners have winked at the big banks for lending billions to Brazil and other countries so they could pay the interest on overdue debts.



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Given the regulatory incentives the banks faced, it was far and away more profitable to lend money outside the United States than to lend it here. From 1970 through 1975, foreign lending by the top-12 U.S. banks increased at a 30.4 percent annual rate, while domestic lending increased by only 8.8 percent annually. And these foreign loans accounted for the lion's share of the banks' profits. In fact, over 95 percent of the increased earnings for the top-12 U.S. banks during that period resulted from the foreign lending. Because of the regulations the politicians had set up (partly at the banks' suggestion), foreign lending had become approximately *twice* as profitable as loans made in America. By 1975 the top-12 American banks had lent 32 percent of their assets abroad, but those foreign loans provided 63 percent of their earnings. And for the two largest banks in the United States the situation was even more extreme. At Bank of America and First National City Bank (as Citibank was then known), foreign lending accounted for *all* their profits. They actually lost money on their domestic operations.

These earnings figures were distorted by recession, but it was a distortion that big bankers took very much to heart. In 1975 many private businesses were having a tough struggle to survive. In that year Penn Central, which had an undeserved reputation for sound management, unexpectedly went bankrupt. Chrysler Corporation was on the brink. Large real-estate investment trusts, some sponsored by the banks themselves, were unable to meet their payments. On the other hand, the foreign governments seemed to pay without difficulty. So long as they were promptly lent more money with which to pay the interest coming due, they promptly did so. In the eyes of the bankers this made lending to foreign governments and nationalized industries abroad seem less risky than lending to private enterprise here at home. After all, private businesses don't have the power to tax arbitrarily, print money, or toss people in jail for not doing their bidding, but governments do.

Another factor favoring the governments, in the minds of bankers, was the prospect of a bailout if anything went wrong. While big private enterprises are usually bailed out by politicians when bankruptcy threatens, this is not always the case. Bankers could think of examples when, like Penn Central, a big business had gone bust. They could not think of an instance where a government, however hopelessly indebted, had not been given more cash (usually by the U.S. government) so it could continue spending on its merry way. Hence the proclamation by Walter Wriston, chairman of Citibank, that "governments don't go broke."

This exaggerated perception of the dependability of governments, even tyrannical governments, colored the views of bankers from 1975 on, and not even evidence of the increasing insolvency of debtor countries could shake it. For example, at the time Poland's hopeless debt first became an issue in 1981, Willard Butcher, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, told stockholders not to worry. "Our loans to Poland and less-developed countries are less than our risk was to well-known retailers several years ago. There's a big difference between a company and a country being in trouble. Countries don't go broke." This astonishing opinion was generally held within the banking community. As one bank economist told *Business Week*, "The portfolio weighted toward foreign sovereign debt is far more secure than one weighted to private-sector debt."

The appeal of this view, correct or not, led the bankers to establish a sort of spontaneous Ponzi scheme. Seeing the big banks make *twice* the ordinary rate of return on their foreign loans, smaller banks decided that they, too, wanted to get in on a good thing. They stood in line to help ante up the cash the foreign governments needed to make good their existing loans. This increased the profit of the big banks even further, as they collected handsome fees for syndicating the new loans to the smaller banks.

> Foreign lending by banks is an international chain letter adorned by the stamps of finance ministries. Sooner or later the chain will be broken.

As this process continued throughout the 1970s, at first dozens, then hundreds of smaller U.S. banks had leapt into international lending. By the time of a feared Mexican bankruptcy in August 1982, more than 1,500 American banks had lent money to that country alone. Depositors' funds that had previously gone to finance factories, farms, and housing in the United States had been sent instead to pay for the erection of a nationalized steel mill in the jungle or to subsidize the sale of tortillas in Mexico City.

The belief that the federal government would not allow this type of lending to go bad created a temptation that bankers, even down to the community level, found overpowering. After all, why take the risk of lending in this country when the federal government would apparently guarantee you *twice* the profit for shipping capital abroad? And furthermore, it all seemed so much simpler. To lend money in this country was a lot of work. Loan officers actually had to know something about the purposes for which the money was invested. They had to study business plans and check the financial statements of many individual and company borrowers.

No wonder even the smallest banks were willing to participate in these loans to foreign governments. No fuss. No bother. All they had to do was trust the New York banks. They didn't even have to know what the money they were pouring out was to be used for. This was perfectly fine, because the ostensible purposes of these loans were seldom the real purposes anyway.

The tendency to ignore the looming crisis was paradoxically encouraged even more emphatically by the increasing numbers of banks involved. If only a few large money-center banks in two or three states had been involved in all the lending, politicians from other areas of the country might have actively questioned what was going on. But the big bankers were shrewd enough to spread their risk to the small banks, reinforcing the tendency of the system to support what they were doing. By 1982, banks in every part of the country were exposed in loans throughout the world. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan said, "Those banks are located in virtually every state, in virtually every congressional district, and in virtually every community of any size in the country."

Part of the pretense, the "gag" with which everyone went along, was the idea that no one could imagine these loans going bad. The official line was that the prospects for economic growth were excellent in practically every country on earth—no matter how benighted the local dictator or ruling party apparatus appeared to be.

This preposterous pretense was continued right up to the point where Poland's economy collapsed under a mountain of debt. By the end of 1981, output in Poland had actually fallen to 20 percent below 1978 levels. Even more to the point, Poland had failed to make good on its loan payments as they came due. Yet, rather than drawing the indicated conclusion—that they had lent money recklessly to a corrupt and inefficient system—the bankers chose to pretend that Solidarity was at fault and everything could be put right again if General Jaruzelski and the martial-law regime could only crack down hard on enough dissidents' heads. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that "many U.S. bankers see Soviet-style authoritarianism as their best hope for recovering the $1.3 billion that Poland owes them."

The banks knew there was a high probability that the depositors' money they were sending to foreign governments would never be repaid. Congressional hearings established that fact way back in 1977. A committee report on "International Debt, the Banks, and U.S. Foreign Policy" spelled out exactly what was happening. The report noted that the big banks were shifting their lending away

from "investment capital for private corporations to balance-of-payments financing of foreign governments." As the congressional report plainly stated: "Presumably a corporate loan will be self-liquidating once the investment for which the money was borrowed begins yielding a return. But many of the loans to governments have been used not for investment but to maintain a given level of consumption. This does nothing to increase the future earning power of the borrower, and funds to service the loans have to be found elsewhere, perhaps through additional borrowing. It is doubtful that some countries will ever be able to repay the principal on these loans. There are also some that may even have difficulty meeting interest payments."

The banks could read. They have the best lobbying apparatus in Washington. They would have had copies of the Senate staff report even before it was made public. And it is certain in the years following that bank economists and executives were familiar with the same details that allowed Congress to predict the crisis (although it did nothing to prevent it) years before it happened.

As the debt crisis worsens, you'll have to empty your pockets to hustle up more cash for the banks. Whether this happens again in a month or six months is anybody's guess, but happen it will. And when it does you'll hear that the entire economy is in jeopardy. You'll hear that jobs are at stake and American businesses will fold if spending habits in other countries are allowed to fall from the level at which your money sustains them. You'll hear that the situation is precarious, and that the international financial system hangs in the balance. You will even hear that our national security is threatened. And it may be so. But if it is threatened, the reason will be only because the banks made it that way.

The politicians who let them do it are not about to take steps at this late date to make the situation better, so chances are it will get worse. The politicians will continue to stake everything you've got on the tried-and-tested delusion that more credit, in ever-greater amounts, is the solution to problems of debt. And if the good Lord is a banker, they'll be right.

But if there is any truth at all to the principles of sound accounting and sound finance—even a smidgen—then the foreign governments living beyond their means on credit will eventually be overtaken by debt. It is that basic and that simple. The foreign lending amounts to little more than an international chain letter adorned by the stamps of finance ministries. Sooner or later the chain will be broken. A new dictator will give a speech about the suffering and poverty of his people. After about three hours of ranting, he will proclaim, "I am never going to pay the banks." The crowds massed below his balcony will cheer. And the whole silly world will be bankrupt. O+

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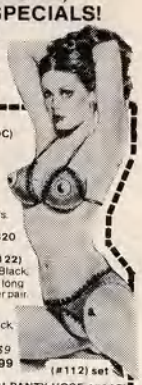

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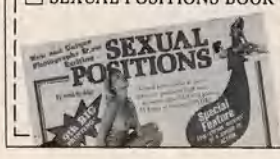

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

in two versions. The Dlx version seats only two in front bucket seats, which leaves a cavernous load area behind. It has basic trim and equipment, is mostly intended for commercial use, and even Toyota calls it the "truck version."

The SR5 is another story. It has a three-place bench seat behind the front buckets, which still leaves plenty of room for gear in the back, and it's fitted with upholstery, trim, and comfort-and-convenience features on a par with Toyota's high-level sedans. Toyota calls the SR5 the "passenger-car version."

The removable top gives the SR5 an open-air capability the others in the group can't come close to matching. Another unique feature of the SR5 is a thickly padded roll bar behind the rear seats.

The 4Runner uses a 2.4-liter four-cylinder engine that produces 96 horsepower. A five-speed manual is the only transmission available.

The 4Runner goes the Montero's inclinometer one better. Make that two better. The Toyota not only has separate gauges for pitch and roll but also has an altimeter. That's so you can see how high you are before you fall off the mountain.

Ford, intending to leave no potential mini-utility 4 × 4 buyer untempted, offers its Bronco II in four variations. The standard Bronco II is the plain-Jane, basic, four-wheel-drive device. It actually isn't all that plain, just not as dressed up as its more expensive brothers. The XLS version is the next step up, followed by the XLT and a special Eddie Bauer trim package. The differences, of course, are in equipment and upholstery. The more you pay the more you get.

At the heart of every Bronco is a 2.8-liter V-6 engine that makes 115 horsepower. A four-speed-manual transmission is standard, with a three-speed automatic and five-speed manual optional.

The Bronco II, which has seats for four in a very carlike interior, is only slightly larger than the Montero. Its small size, a tight turning diameter of just over 32 feet, and standard power steering make the Bronco II very maneuverable. And that can be a good thing when some off-roading derring-do has left you very little room between a rock and a hard place.

Other nice touches include optional rear side windows that flip open for ventilation or can be completely removed; a passenger seat that tilts forward for easy access to the rear seat; a top-hinging tailgate that offers some overhead protection from the elements during loading and unloading; and a split rear seat. There's even a special snowplow package if you want to pick up some extra cash during the winter or just want to make your driveway the envy of snowbound neighbors.

Although every Bronco II is ready for off-road duty, it would be a good idea to order optional heavy-duty shocks, limited-slip axles, the heavy-duty cooling system, and maybe even a pair of tow hooks if you're interested in serious off roading.

Jeep, which practically invented four-wheeling, has a pair of mini-utility 4 × 4s it calls SportWagons. They're new this year and are not based on any existing Jeep vehicles. The Wagoneer is a luxurious four door—you can even have it with "wood" trim—and is basically intended for station-wagon duty. The Cherokee and a high-trim version called the Chief, on the other hand, are built for life in the boondocks.

The Cherokee has a couple of unique features. It's the only mini-utility 4 × 4 to be offered as a four door as well as a two door. And it offers a choice of two four-wheel-drive systems. The standard system, called Command-Trac, is a part-time system that permits shifting into and out of four-wheel-drive high range while moving. ("Part-time" means for use only in snow, mud, or on other slippery surfaces but not on dry pavement.) The optional Selec-Trac system permits the use of four-wheel drive in all conditions, including normal, dry-pavement motoring.

You have a choice of two engines in the Cherokee: a 2.8-liter V-6 built by Chevrolet or a new 2.4-liter four-cylinder developed by Jeep's parent, American Motors. Jeep doesn't quote horsepower but if you guessed 115 horsepower for the V-6 and 110 for the four cylinder, you would be close. A four-speed manual is standard, with a five-speed and three-speed automatic optional.

Chevy's S-10 Blazer comes in three versions: standard, Tahoe, and Sport. They're all alike under the skin, of course. The difference is in how the skin and the interiors are dressed. You also have a choice of engines. There's an 83-horsepower, 2.0-liter four, and a 2.8-liter V-6 that makes 100 horsepower. A four-speed-manual transmission is standard, with a five speed optional. The optional automatic is a four speed. That doesn't mean much off road, but it can save some fuel going to and from the boonies.

Chevy also offers its version of a shift-on-the-fly, four-wheel-drive system called Insta-Trac. (Doesn't anyone in Detroit know how to spell "track"?) It lets you go from two-wheel high range to four-wheel high without stopping, but you still have to call a halt to go into four-wheel-drive low range.

The four-passenger S-10 Blazer is certainly up to some modest off-road activity wearing nothing more than its basic gear. Serious off-road work, however, calls for optional equipment that Chevy has thoughtfully lumped into one package on the option list. The off-road package provides you with Delco Bilstein gas-pressurized shock absorbers, transfer case, fuel-tank shields, front tow hooks, and jounce bumpers. The off-road pack requires bigger and more aggressive on- and off-road tires and a heavier-payload package. The backseat is also on the options list, so don't overlook it.

The mini-utility 4 × 4 category is only in its second year and already there are six similar but definitely not matching entries from which to choose. They're all good, and each has something unique to recommend it. So if you'd like to put a little brush busting in your weekends, make your choice and enjoy it. Guaranteed you'll grin like a fool.

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BRONCO II	2.8-V6/115	4M 5M 3A	94.0	158.4	3,239	6.5	56.5/56.5	$10,446	optional
S-10 BLAZER	2.0-4/83 2.8-V6/110	4M 5M 4A	100.5	170.3	3,150	6.5	54.1/54.1	$9,685	standard
MONTERO	2.6-4/106	5M 3A	92.5	157.3	3,200	8.2	55.1/54.1	$9,439	optional
TROOPER II	1.9-4/82	4M	104.3	174.2	3,078	8.3	54.5/53.0	(est.) $8,000– $9,000	standard
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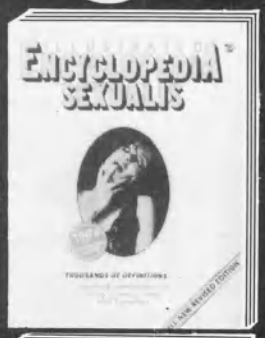

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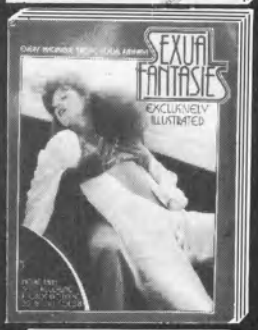

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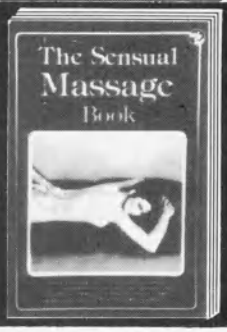

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KLAUS BARBIE WORKED FOR ME

As a member of U.S. intelligence in West Germany in 1948, Erhard Dabringhaus was in charge of a network of agents being used to counter Communist influence. Dabringhaus's No. 1 spy was, he realized to his horror, Klaus Barbie—"Butcher of Lyons"—one of the most infamous and wanted Nazis, who was responsible for the deaths and torture of thousands of Jews and French Resistance fighters. Dabringhaus informed his superiors of Barbie's true identity, but nothing was done. Barbie, aided by American intelligence, eluded his French pursuers and, in 1951, fled to Bolivia. When Barbie was finally returned to France, in 1983, Dabringhaus blew the whistle. Barbie, he informed the world, had been employed by American intelligence. This is the first of a fascinating two-part installment from Dabringhaus's eagerly awaited book (published by Acropolis Books) about his working life with Barbie and the ineptitude and cynicism that led to Barbie's employment by our intelligence service.

WALTER McBRIDE RETNA

WAYNE NEWTON

Nine months a year, seven nights a week, two shows each night, Wayne Newton plays to standing-room-only audiences in Las Vegas. A 35-year-show-business veteran, Newton earns more than $1 million a month in Las Vegas alone. Yet he remains something of an enigma. Hurt by jokes about his looks and his voice—"Until Tiny Tim came along, I was the joke of the industry"—Newton's career has been embroiled in controversy. In this exclusive interview, Newton freely discusses his alleged ties to organized crime, his controversial July 4 concert last summer, his feud with Johnny Carson, and the insecurities he had to overcome to become an unchallenged superstar.

EARL JANDA BLACK STAR

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

By the summer of 1981, Howard Hughes had been dead five years, his body buried in Houston. But by either not executing a valid will, or keeping its whereabouts too secret—or possibly due to foul play—Hughes opened a Pandora's box of would-be heirs to his enormous fortune. This is Suzanne Finstad's story, from a forthcoming book to be published by Texas Monthly Press, of some of the more hilarious attempts to claim Hughes's estate. It is a story that the most legendary recluse of modern times might have appreciated—a Texas courtroom was turned into a scene out of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Next.*

EARL MILLER

THE FIRST TIME

The overwhelming response to our "Losing It in the Eighties" questionnaire, published last spring in *Penthouse,* has provided new insights into sexuality and relationships during this supposedly most-liberated decade. In Marjorie Rosen's follow-up article, based on your answers, you'll learn whether it's easier and more pleasurable to lose one's virginity these days. You'll discover what kind of person makes an ideal first partner and if achieving orgasm is the exception or the rule. While the responses may vary, one major finding of our survey is clear: The two sexes are as different getting it as they are losing it.

SEIZING THE MOMENT

Opportunity knocks only once, but not everybody hears it. Not everybody is even listening. According to Michael Korda, hard work and talent are often not enough to achieve success—one must also be astute and quick enough to recognize a decisive moment when it happens. Drawing upon his own experiences and those of other successful people, the best-selling author of *Power* and *Success* tells you what to do—and what not to do—when that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity arises.

Rum on the Rocks. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.

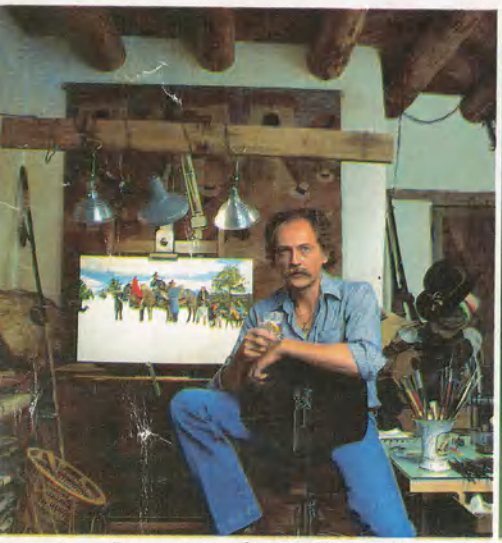
Real estate developer Tom Williams and wife Lyn enjoy rum on the rocks in the comfort of their New York co-op.

For architect Alex Kimball and his wife Jill, the serenity of their Bainbridge Island home is just a short ferry ride from Seattle's fast pace. With Puget Sound as their backyard, they enjoy the sunset with a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks and a special friend.

Americana expert Jackson Parker, ringed by rare decoys, enjoys a white rum on the deck of his Massachusetts home.

Atop Manhattan's St. James's Tower, Howard and Marilyn Wexler and Puerto Rican visitors Dr. and Mrs. Marcos Vecchini share a night on the town and rum on the rocks.

Rum in the garden. Investment banker José Rodriguez and wife Anita at their Villa Caparra home in Puerto Rico.



For western realist David Nordahl, Santa Fe is a painter's paradise. Here in his adobe studio, he savors an "after painting" white rum.

Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

After the sails are furled, Star skipper Don Gilbert and wife Nancy enjoy the expanse of their New Canaan, Ct. home with a before dinner white rum on the rocks.

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